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"MARRIAGE À LA MODE"

BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DRAWING BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I

"A STIFLING day!" General Hobson lifted his hat and mopped his forehead indignantly. "What on earth this place can be like in June I can't conceive! The tenth of April, and I'll be bound the thermometer's somewhere near eighty in the shade. You never find the English climate playing you these tricks."

Roger Barnes looked at his uncle with amusement.

"Don't you like heat, Uncle Archie? Ah! but I forgot, it's American heat."

"I like a climate you can depend on," said the General, quite conscious that he was talking absurdly, yet none the less determined to talk, by way of relief to some obscure annoyance. "Here we are sweltering in this abominable heat, and in New York last week they had a blizzard, and here, even, it was cold enough to give me rheumatism. The climate's always in extremes — like the people."

"I'm sorry to find you don't like the States, Uncle Archie."

The young man sat down beside his uncle. They were in the deck saloon of a steamer which had left Washington about an hour before for Mount Vernon. Through the open doorway to their left they saw a wide expanse of river, flowing between banks of spring green, and above it thunderous clouds, in a hot blue. The saloon, and the decks outside, held a great crowd of passengers, of whom the majority were women.

The tone in which Roger Barnes spoke was good-tempered, but quite perfunctory. Any shrewd observer would have seen that whether his uncle liked the States or not did not in truth matter to him a whit.

"And I consider all the arrangements for this trip most unsatisfactory," the General continued angrily. "The steamer's too small, the landing-place is too small, the crowd getting on board was something disgraceful. They'll have a shocking accident one of these days. And what on earth are all these women here for — in the middle of the day? It's not a holiday."

"I believe it's a teachers' excursion," said young Barnes absently, his eyes resting on the rows of young women in white blouses and spring hats who sat in close-packed chairs upon the deck — an eager, talkative host.

"H'm — teachers!" The General's tone was still more pugnacious. "Going to learn more lies about us, I suppose, that they may teach them to school-children? I was turning over some of their school-books in a shop yesterday. Perfectly abominable! It's monstrous what they teach the children here about what they're pleased to call their War of Independence. All that we did was to ask them to pay something for their own protection. What did it matter to us whether they were mopped up by the Indians, or the French, or not? 'But if you want us to go to all the expense and trouble of protecting you, and putting down those fellows, why, hang it,' we said, 'you must pay some of the bill!' That was all English

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Ministers asked; and perfectly right, too. And as for the men they make such a fuss about, Samuel Adams, and John Adams, and Franklin, and all the rest of the crew, I tell you, the stuff they teach American school-children about them is a poisoning of the wells! Franklin was a man of profligate life, whom I would never have admitted inside my doors! And as for the Adamses — intriguers — canting fellows! — both of them."

"Well, at least you'll give them George Washington." As he spoke, Barnes concealed a yawn, followed immediately afterwards by a look of greater alertness, caused by the discovery that a girl sitting not far from the doorway in the crowd outside was certainly pretty.

The red-faced, white-haired General paused a moment before replying, then broke out: "What George Washington might have been if he had held a straight course, I am not prepared to say. As it is, I don't hesitate for a moment! George Washington was nothing more nor less than a rebel — a damned rebel! And what Englishmen mean by joining in the worship of him, I've never been able to understand."

"I say, uncle, take care," said the young man, looking round him, and observing with some relief that they seemed to have the saloon to themselves. "These Yankees will stand most things, but——"

"You needn't trouble yourself, Roger," was the testy reply; "I am not in the habit of annoying my neighbors. Well, now, look here, what I want to know is, what is the meaning of this absurd journey of yours?"

The young man's frown increased. He began to poke the floor with his stick. "I don't know why you call it absurd."

"To me it seems both absurd and extravagant," said the other with emphasis. "The last thing I heard of you was that Burdon & Co. had offered you a place in their office, and that you were prepared to take it. When a man has lost his money and becomes dependent upon others, the sooner he gets to work the better."

Roger Barnes reddened under the onslaught, and the sulky expression of his handsome mouth became more pronounced. "I think my mother and I ought to be left to judge for ourselves," he said rather hotly. "We haven't asked anybody for money *yet*, Uncle Archie. Burdon & Co. can have me in September just as well as now; and my mother wished me to make some friends over here, who might be useful to me."

"Useful to you? How?"

"I think that's my affair. In this country there are always openings — things turning up — chances — you can't get at home."

The General gave a disapproving laugh. "The only chance that'll help you, Roger, at present — excuse me if I speak frankly — is the chance of regular work. Your poor mother has nothing but her small fixed income, and you haven't a farthing to chuck away on what you call chances. Why, your passage by the *Lucania* alone must have cost a pretty penny. I'll bet my hat you came first class."

The young man was clearly on the brink of an explosion, but controlled himself with an effort. "I paid the winter rate; and mother, who knows the Cunard people very well, got a reduction. I assure you, Uncle Archie, neither mother nor I is a fool, and we know quite well what we are about."

As he spoke he raised himself with energy, and looked his companion in the face.

The General, surveying him, was mollified, as usual, by nothing in the world but the youth's extraordinary good looks. Roger Barnes' good looks had been, indeed, from his childhood upwards the distinguishing and remarkable feature about him. He had been a king among his school-fellows largely because of them, and of the athletic prowess which went with them; and while at Oxford he had been cast for the part of Apollo in the Eumenides, Nature having clearly designed him for it, in spite of the lamentable deficiencies in his Greek scholarship, which gave his prompters and trainers so much trouble. Nose, chin, brow, the poising of the head on the shoulders, the large blue eyes, lidded and set with a Greek perfection, the delicacy of the lean, slightly hollow cheeks, combined with the astonishing beauty and strength of the head, crowned with ambrosial curls — these possessions, together with others, had so far made life an easy and triumphant business for their owner. The "others," let it be noted, however, had till now always been present; and, chief amongst them, great wealth and an important and popular father. The father was recently dead, as the black band on the young man's arm still testified, and the wealth had suddenly vanished, wholly and completely, in one of the financial calamities of the day. General Hobson, contemplating his nephew, and mollified, as we have said, by his splendid appearance, kept saying to himself: "He hasn't a farthing but what poor Laura allows him; he has the tastes of forty thousand a year; a very indifferent education; and what the deuce is he going to do?"

Aloud he said:

"Well, all I know is, I had a deplorable letter last mail from your poor mother."

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The young man turned his head away, his cigarette still poised at his lips. "Yes, I know — mother's awfully down."

"Well, certainly your mother was never meant for a poor woman," said the General, with energy. "She takes it uncommonly hard. And yet she was never an extravagant woman, either."

Roger, with face still averted, showed no inclination to discuss his mother's character on these lines.

The General resumed:

"She was always, in fact, a first-rate manager. No one ever cheated *her*. I should have thought if anybody could have reconciled themselves to being poor, it might have been your mother. However, she'll get along all right, if you do your duty by her," he added, not without a certain severity.

"I mean to do it, sir." Barnes rose as he spoke. "I should think we're getting near Mount Vernon by this time. I'll go and look."

He made his way to the outer deck, the General following. The old soldier, as he moved through the crowd of chairs in the wake of his nephew, was well aware of the attention excited by the young man. The eyes of many damsels were upon him; and, while the girls looked and said nothing, their mothers laughed and whispered to each other, as the young Apollo passed.

Standing at the side of the steamer, the uncle and nephew perceived that the river had widened to a still more stately breadth, and that, on the southern bank, a white building, high placed, had come into view. The excursionists crowded to look, expressing their admiration for the natural scene, and their sense of its patriotic meaning in a frank, enthusiastic chatter, which presently enveloped the General, standing in a silent endurance, like a rock among the waves.

"Isn't it fine to think of his coming back here to die, so simply, when he'd made a nation?" said a young girl — perhaps from Omaha — to her companion. "Wasn't it just lovely?"

Her voice, restrained, yet warm with feeling, annoyed General Hobson. He moved away, and, as they hung over the taffrail, he said with suppressed venom to his companion: "Much good it did them to be 'made a nation!' Look at their press — look at their corruption — their divorce scandals!"

Barnes laughed, and threw his cigarette-end into the swift brown water.

"Upon my word, Uncle Archie, I can't play up to you. As far as I've gone, I like America and the Americans."

"Which means, I suppose, that your mother gave you some introductions to rich people in New York, and they entertained you?" said the General drily.

"Well, is there any crime in that? I met a lot of uncommonly nice people."

"And didn't particularly bless me when I wired to you to come here?"

The young man laughed again and paused a moment before replying.

"I'm always very glad to come and keep you company, Uncle Archie."

The old General reddened a little. Privately, he knew very well that his telegram summoning young Barnes from New York had been an act of tyranny — mild, elderly tyranny. He was not amusing himself in Washington, where he was paying a second visit after an absence of twenty years. His English soul was disturbed and affronted by a wholly new realization of the strength of America, by the giant forces of the young nation, as they are to be felt pulsing in the Federal City. He was up in arms for the Old World, wondering sorely and secretly what the New might do with her in the times to come, and foreseeing an ever-increasing deluge of unlovely things — ideals, principles, manners — flowing from this Western civilization, under which his own gods were already half buried, and would soon be hidden beyond recovery. And in this despondency which possessed him, in spite of the attentions of embassies, and luncheons at the White House, he had heard that Roger was in New York, and could not resist the temptation to send for him. After all, Roger was his heir. Unless the boy flagrantly misbehaved himself, he would inherit General Hobson's money and small estate in Northamptonshire. Before the death of Roger's father this prospective inheritance, indeed, had not counted for very much in the family calculations. The General had even felt a shyness in alluding to a matter so insignificant in comparison with the general scale on which the Barnes family lived. But since the death of Barnes *père*, and the complete pecuniary ruin revealed by that event, Roger's expectations from his uncle had assumed a new importance. The General was quite aware of it. A year before this date he would never have dreamed of summoning Roger to attend him at moment's notice. That he had done so, and that Roger had obeyed him, showed how closely even the family relation may depend on pecuniary circumstance.

The steamer swung round to the landing-place under the hill of Mount Vernon. Again, in disembarkation, there was a crowd and rush which set the General's temper on edge. He

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emerged from it, hot and breathless, after haranguing the functionary at the gates on the inadequacy of the arrangements, and the likelihood of an accident. Then he and Roger strode up the steep path, beside beds of blue periwinkles, and under old trees just bursting into leaf. A spring sunshine was in the air and on the grass, which had already donned its "livelier emerald." The air quivered with heat, and the blue dome of sky diffused it. Here and there a magnolia in full flower on the green slopes spread its splendor of white or pinkish blossom to the sun; the great river, shimmering and streaked with light, swept round the hill, and out into a pearly distance; and on the height the old pillared house with its flanking colonnades stood under the thinly green trees in a sharp light and shade, which emphasized all its delightful qualities — made, as it were, the most of it, in response to the eagerness of the crowd now flowing round it.

Half way up the hill Roger suddenly raised his hat.

"Who is it?" said the General, putting up his eyeglass.

"The girl we met last night, and her brother."

"Captain Boyson? So it is. They seem to have a party with them."

The girl whom young Barnes had greeted moved towards the Englishmen, followed by her brother.

"I didn't know we were to meet to-day," she said gaily, with a mocking look at Roger. "I thought you said you were bored — and going back to New York."

Roger was relieved to see that his uncle, engaged in shaking hands with the American officer, had not heard this remark. Tact was certainly not Miss Boyson's strong point.

"I am sure I never said anything of the kind," he said, looking brazenly down upon her; "nothing in the least like it."

"Oh! oh!" the lady protested, with an extravagant archness. "Mrs. Philips, this is Mr. Barnes. We were just talking of him, weren't we?"

An elderly lady, quietly dressed in gray silk, turned, bowed, and looked curiously at the Englishman.

"I hear you and Miss Boyson discovered some common friends last night."

"We did, indeed. Miss Boyson posted me up in a lot of the people I have been seeing in New York. I am most awfully obliged to her," said Barnes. His manner was easy and forthcoming, the manner of one accustomed to feel himself welcome and considered.

"I behaved like a walking 'Who's Who,' only I was much more interesting, and didn't tell half as many lies," said the girl, in a high, penetrating voice. "Daphne, let me introduce you to Mr. Barnes. Mr. Barnes — Miss Floyd; Mr. Barnes — Mrs. Verrier."

Two ladies beyond Mrs. Philips made vague inclinations; and young Barnes raised his hat. The whole party walked on up the hill. The General and Captain Boyson fell into a discussion of some military news of the morning. Roger Barnes was mostly occupied with Miss Boyson, who had a turn for monopoly; and he could only glance occasionally at the two ladies with Mrs. Philips. But he was conscious that the whole group made a distinguished appearance. Among the hundreds of young women streaming over the lawn they were clearly marked out by their carriage and their clothes — especially their clothes — as belonging to the fastidious cosmopolitan class, between whom and the young school-teachers from the West, in their white cotton blouses, leathern belts, and neat short skirts, the links were few. Miss Floyd, indeed, was dressed with great simplicity. A white muslin dress, à la Romney, with a rose at the waist, and a black-and-white Romney hat deeply shading the face beneath — nothing could have been plainer; yet it was a simplicity not to be had for the asking, a calculated, a Parisian simplicity; while her companion, Mrs. Verrier, was clearly attired in what the fashion-papers would have called a "creation in mauve." And Roger knew quite enough about women's dress to be aware that it was a creation that meant dollars. She was a tall dark-eyed, olive-skinned woman, thin almost to emaciation: and young Barnes noticed that, while Miss Floyd talked much, Mrs. Verrier answered little, and smiled less. She moved with a languid step, and looked absently about her. Roger could not make up his mind whether she was American or English.

In the house itself the crowd was almost unmanageable. The General's ire was roused afresh when he was warned off the front door by the polite official on guard, and made to mount a back stair in the midst of a panting multitude.

"I really cannot congratulate you on your management of these affairs," he said severely to Captain Boyson, as they stood at last, breathless and hustled, on the first-floor landing. "It is most improper, I may say dangerous, to admit such a number at once. And, as for seeing the house, it is simply impossible. I shall make my way down as soon as possible, and go for a walk."

Captain Boyson looked perplexed. General Hobson was a person of eminence; Washington

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had been very civil to him; and the American officer felt a kind of host's responsibility.

"Wait a moment; I'll try and find somebody." He disappeared, and the party maintained itself with difficulty in a corner of the landing against the pressure of a stream of damsels, who crowded to the open doors of the rooms, looked through the gratings which bar the entrance without obstructing the view, chattered, and moved on. General Hobson stood against the wall, a model of angry patience. Cecilia Boyson, glancing at him with a laughing eye, said in Roger's ear: "How sad it is that your uncle dislikes us so."

"Us? What do you mean?"

"That he hates America so. Oh, don't say he doesn't, because I've watched him, at one, two, three parties. He thinks we're a horrid, noisy, vulgar people, with most unpleasant voices, and he thanks God for the Atlantic — and hopes he may never see us again."

"Well, of course, if you're so certain about it, there's no good in contradicting you. Did you say that lady's name was Floyd? Could I have seen her last week in New York?"

"Quite possible. Perhaps you heard something about her?"

"No," said Barnes, after thinking a moment, "I remember — somebody pointed her out at the opera."

His companion looked at him with a kind of hard amusement. Cecilia Boyson was only five-and-twenty, but there was already something in her that foretold the formidable old maid.

"Well, when people begin upon Daphne Floyd," she said, "they generally go through with it. Ah! here comes Herbert."

Captain Boyson, pushing his way through the throng, announced to his sister and General Hobson that he had found the curator in charge of the house, who sent a message by him to the effect that if only the party would wait till four o'clock, the official closing hour, he himself would have great pleasure in showing them the house when all the tourists of the day had taken their departure.

"Then," said Miss Floyd, smiling at the General, "let us go and sit in the garden, and feel ourselves aristocratic and superior."

The General's brow smoothed. Voice and smile were alike engaging. Their owner was not exactly pretty, but she had very large dark eyes, and a small glowing face, set in a profusion of hair. Her neck, the General thought, was the slenderest he had ever seen, and the slight, round lines of her form spoke of youth in its first delicate maturity. He followed her obediently, and they were all soon in the garden again, and free of the crowd. Miss Floyd led the way across the grass with the General.

"Ah! now you will see the General will begin to like us," said Miss Boyson. "Daphne has got him in hand."

Her tone was slightly mocking. Barnes observed the two figures in front of them, and remarked that Miss Floyd had a "very — well — a very foreign look."

"Not English, you mean? — or American? Well, naturally. Her mother was a Spaniard — a South American — from Buenos Ayres. That's why she is so dark, and so graceful."

"I never saw a prettier dress," said Barnes, following the slight figure with his eyes. "It's so simple."

His companion laughed again. The manner of the laugh puzzled her companion, but, just as he was about to put a question, the General and the young lady paused in front, to let the rest of the party come up with them. Miss Floyd proposed a seat a little way down the slope, where they might wait the half-hour appointed.

That half-hour passed quickly for all concerned. In looking back upon it afterwards two of the party were conscious that it had all hung upon one person. Daphne Floyd sat beside the General, who paid her a half-reluctant, half-fascinated attention. Without any apparent effort on her part she became, indeed, the center of the group who sat or lay on the grass. All faces were turned towards her, and presently all ears listened for her remarks. Her talk was young and vivacious, nothing more. But all she said came, as it were, steeped in personality, a personality so energetic, so charged with movement and with action that it arrested the spectators — not always agreeably. It was like the passage of a train through the darkness, when, for the moment, the quietest landscape turns to fire and force.

The comparison suggested itself to Captain Boyson as he lay watching her, only to be received with an inward mockery, half bitter, half amused. This girl was always awakening in him these violent or desperate images. Was it her fault that she possessed those brilliant eyes, eyes, as it seemed, of the typical, essential woman? — and that downy brunette skin, with the tinge in it of damask red? — and that instinctive art of lovely gesture in which her whole being seemed to express itself? Boyson, who was not only a rising soldier, but an excellent amateur artist, knew every line of the face by heart. He had drawn Miss Daphne from the life on several occasions; and from memory scores of times. He was not likely to draw her from life any more; and thereby hung a

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tale. Once again his mind returned to the train simile. As far as he was concerned the train had passed — in flame and fury — leaving an echoing silence behind it.

What folly! He turned resolutely to Mrs. Verrier, and tried to discuss with her an exhibition of French art recently opened in Washington. In vain. After a few sentences, the talk between them dropped, and both he and she were once more watching Miss Floyd, and joining in the conversation whenever she chose to draw them in.

As for Roger Barnes, he, too, was steadily subjugated — up to a certain point. He was not sure that he liked Miss Floyd, or her conversation. She was so much mistress of herself and of the company, that his masculine vanity occasionally rebelled. A little flirt! — that gave herself airs. It startled his English mind that at twenty — for she could be no more — a girl should so take the floor, and hold the stage. Sometimes he turned his back upon her — almost; and Cecilia Boyson held him. But, if there was too much of the "eternal womanly" in Miss Floyd, there was not enough in Cecilia Boyson. He began to discover also that she was too clever for him, and was in fact talking down to him. Some of the things that she said to him about New York and Washington puzzled him extremely. She was, he supposed, intellectual; but the intellectual women in England did not talk in the same way. He was equal to them, or flattered himself that he was; but Miss Boyson was beyond him. He was getting into great difficulties with her, when suddenly Miss Floyd addressed him:

"I am sure I saw you in New York, at the opera?"

She bent over to him as she spoke, and lowered her voice. Her look was merry, perhaps a little satirical. It put him on his guard.

"Yes, I was there. You were pointed out to me."

"You were with some old friends of mine. I suppose they gave you an account of me?"

"They were beginning it; but then Melba began to sing, and some horrid people in the next box said 'Hush!'"

She studied him in a laughing silence a moment, her chin on her hand, then said:

"That is the worst of the opera; it stops so much interesting conversation."

"You don't care for the music?"

"Oh, I am a musician!" she said quickly. "I teach it. But I am like the mad King of Bavaria — I want an opera-house to myself."

"You teach it?" he said, in amazement.

She nodded, smiling. At that moment, a bell rang. Captain Boyson rose.

"That's the signal for closing. I think we ought to be moving up."

They strolled slowly towards the house, watching the stream of excursionists pour out of the house and gardens, and wind down the hill; sounds of talk and laughter filled the air, and the western sun touched the spring hats and dresses.

"The holidays end to-morrow," said Daphne Floyd demurely, as she walked beside young Barnes. And she looked smiling at the crowd of young women, as though claiming solidarity with them.

A teacher? A teacher of music? — with that self-confidence — that air as though the world belonged to her! The young man was greatly mystified. But he reminded himself that he was in a democratic country where all men — and especially all women — are equal. Not that the young women now streaming to the steamboat were Miss Floyd's equals. The notion was absurd. All that appeared to be true was that Miss Floyd, in any circumstances, would be, and was, the equal of anybody.

"How charming your friend is!" he said presently to Cecilia Boyson, as they lingered on the veranda, waiting for the curator, in a scene now deserted. "She tells me she is a teacher of music."

Cecilia Boyson looked at him in amazement, and made him repeat his remark. As he did so, his uncle called him, and he turned away. Miss Boyson leant against one of the pillars of the veranda, shaking with suppressed laughter.

But at that moment the curator, a gentle, gray-haired man, appeared, shaking hands with the General, and bowing to the ladies. He gave them a little discourse on the house and its history, as they stood on the veranda; and private conversation was no longer possible.

II

A SUDDEN hush had fallen upon Mount Vernon. From the river below came the distant sounds of the steamer, which, with its crowds safe on board, was now putting off for Washington. But the lawns and paths of the house, and the formal garden behind it, and all its simple rooms upstairs and down, were now given back to the spring and silence, save for this last party of the sightseers. The curator, after his preliminary lecture on the veranda, took them within; the railings across the doors were removed; they wandered in and out as they pleased.

Perhaps, however, there were only two persons among the six now following the curator

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to whom the famous place meant anything more than a means of idling away a warm afternoon. General Hobson carried his white head proudly through it, saying little or nothing. It was the house of a man who had wrenched half a continent from Great Britain; the English Tory had no intention whatever of bowing the knee. On the other hand, it was the house of a soldier and a gentleman, representing old English traditions, tastes, and manners. No modern blatancy, no Yankee smartness anywhere. Simplicity and moderate wealth, combined with culture, — witness the books of the library, — with landowning, a family coach, and church on Sundays: these things the Englishman understood. Only the slaves, in the picture of Mount Vernon's past, were strange to him.

They stood at length in the death-chamber, with its low white bed, and its balcony overlooking the river.

"This, ladies, is the room in which General Washington died," said the curator, patiently repeating the familiar sentence. "It is, of course, on that account sacred to every true American."

He bowed his head instinctively as he spoke. The General looked round him in silence. His eye was caught by the old hearth, and by the iron plate at the back of it, bearing the letters G. W. and some scroll work. There flashed into his mind a vision of the December evening on which Washington passed away, the flames flickering in the chimney, the winds breathing round the house and over the snow-bound landscape outside, the dying man in that white bed, and around him, hovering invisibly, the generations of the future.

"He was a traitor to his king and country!" he repeated to himself firmly. "No Englishman has a right to think anything else." Then, his withers quite unwrung by any gibing sense of humor, he added the hurried reflection— "But it is, of course, natural that Americans should consider him a great man."

The French window beside the bed was thrown open, and these privileged guests were invited to step on to the balcony. Daphne Floyd was handed out by young Barnes. They hung over the white balustrade together. An evening light was on the noble breadth of river; its surface of blue and gold gleamed through the boughs of the trees which girdled the house; blossoms of wild cherry, of dogwood, and magnolia sparkled amid the coverts of young green.

Roger Barnes remarked, with sincerity, as he looked about him, that it was a very pretty place, and he was glad he had not missed it. Miss Floyd made an absent reply, being in fact occupied in studying the speaker. It was, so to speak, the first time she had really observed him; and, as they paused on the balcony together, she was suddenly possessed by the same impression as that which had mollified the General's scolding on board the steamer. He was indeed handsome, the young Englishman! — a magnificent figure of a man, in height and breadth and general proportions; and in addition, as it seemed to her, possessed of an absurd and superfluous beauty of feature. What does a man want with such good looks? This was perhaps the girl's first instinctive feeling. She was, indeed, a little dazzled by her new companion, now that she began to realize him. As compared with the average man in Washington or New York, here was an exception — an Apollo, — for she too thought of the Sun-god. Miss Floyd could not remember that she had ever had to do with an Apollo before; young Barnes, therefore, was so far an event, a sensation. In the opera-house she had been vaguely struck by a handsome face. But here, in the freedom of outdoor dress and movement, he seemed to her a physical king of men; and, at the same time, his easy manner — which, however, was neither conceited nor ill-bred — showed him conscious of his advantages.

As they chatted on the balcony she put him through his paces a little. He had been, it seemed, at Eton and Oxford; and she supposed that he belonged to the rich English world. His mother was a Lady Barnes; his father, she gathered, was dead; and he was traveling, no doubt, in the lordly English way, to get a little knowledge of the barbarians outside, before he settled down to his own kingdom, and the ways thereof. She envisaged a big Georgian house in a spreading park, like scores that she had seen in the course of motoring through England the year before.

Meanwhile the dear young man was evidently trying to talk to her, without too much reference to the gilt ginger-bread of this world. He did not wish that she should feel herself carried into regions where she was not at home, so that his conversation ran amicably on music. Had she learnt it abroad? he had a cousin who had been trained at Leipsic; wasn't teaching it trying sometimes — when people had no ear? Delicious! She kept it up, talking with smiles of "my pupils" and "my class," while they wandered after the others upstairs to the dark low-roofed room above the death-chamber, where Martha Washington spent the last years of her life, in order that from the high dormer window she might command the tomb on the slope below, where her dead husband lay. The curator told the well-known story. Mrs. Ver-

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rier, standing beside him, asked some questions, showed indeed some animation.

"She shut herself up here? She lived in this garret? That she might always see the tomb? That is really true?"

Barnes, who did not remember to have heard her speak before, turned at the sound of her voice, and looked at her curiously. She wore an expression — bitter or incredulous — which, somehow, amused him. As they descended again to the garden he communicated his amusement — discreetly — to Miss Floyd.

Did Mrs. Verrier imply that no one who was not a fool could show her grief as Mrs. Washington did? that it was, in fact, a sign of being a fool to regret your husband?

"Did she say that?" asked Miss Floyd quickly.

"Not like that, of course, but ——"

They had now reached the open air again, and found themselves crossing the front court to the kitchen-garden. Daphne Floyd did not wait till Roger should finish his sentence. She turned on him a face which was grave, if not reproachful.

"I suppose you know Mrs. Verrier's story?"

"Why, I never saw her before! I hope I haven't said anything I oughtn't to have said?"

"Everybody knows it here," said Daphne slowly. "Mrs. Verrier married two years ago. She married a Jew in New York who had changed his name. You know Jews are not in what we call 'society' in New York? But Madeline thought she could do it; she was in love with him, and she meant to be able to do without society. But she couldn't do without society; and presently she began to dine out, and go to parties by herself — he urged her to. Then, after a bit, people didn't ask her as much as before; she wasn't happy; and her people began to talk to him about a divorce — naturally they had been against her marrying him all along. He said — as they and she pleased. So the lawyers set about it. Then, one night about a year ago, he took the train to Niagara — of course it was a very commonplace thing to do — and two days afterwards he was found, thrown up by the whirlpool; you know, where all the suicides are found!"

Barnes stopped short in front of his companion, his face flushing.

"What a horrible story!" he said, with emphasis.

Miss Floyd nodded.

"Yes, poor Madeline has never got over it."

The young man still stood riveted.

"Of course Mrs. Verrier herself had nothing to do with the talk about divorce?"

Something in his tone roused a combative instinct in his companion. She, too, colored, and drew herself up.

"Why shouldn't she? She was miserable. The marriage had been a great mistake."

"And you allow divorce for that?" said the man, wondering. "Oh, of course I know every State is different, and some States are worse than others. But, somehow, I never came across a case like that — first hand —before."

He walked on slowly beside his companion, who held herself a little stiffly.

"I don't know why you should talk in that way," she said at last, breaking out in a kind of resentment, "as though all our American views are wrong. Each nation arranges these things for itself. You have the laws that suit you; you must allow us those that suit us."

Barnes paused again, his face expressing a still more complete astonishment.

"You say that?" he said. "You!"

"And why not?"

"But — but you are so young!" he said, evidently finding a difficulty in putting his impressions. "I beg your pardon — I ought not to talk about it at all. But it was so odd that ——"

"That I knew anything about Mrs. Verrier's affairs?" said Miss Floyd, with a rather uncomfortable laugh. "Well, you see, American girls are not like English ones. We don't pretend not to know what everybody knows."

"Of course," said Roger hurriedly; "but you wouldn't think it a fair and square thing to do?"

"Think what?"

"Why, to marry a man, and then talk of divorcing him because people didn't invite you to their parties."

"She was very unhappy," said Daphne stubbornly.

"Well, by Jove!" cried the young man, "she doesn't look very happy now!"

"No," Miss Floyd admitted. "No. There are many people who think she'll never get over it."

"Well, I give it up." The Apollo shrugged his handsome shoulders. "You say it was she who proposed to divorce him? yet when the wretched man removes himself, then she breaks her heart!"

"Naturally she didn't mean him to do it in that way," said the girl, with impatience. "Of course you misunderstood me entirely! — *entirely!*" she added with an emphasis which suited with her heightened color and evidently ruffled feelings.

Young Barnes looked at her with embarrassment. What a queer, hot-tempered girl! Yet there was something in her which attracted

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him. She was graceful even in her impatience. Her slender neck, and the dark head upon it, her little figure in the white muslin, her dainty arms and hands — these points in her delighted an honest eye, quite accustomed to appraise the charms of women. But, by George! she took herself seriously, this little music-teacher. The air of wilful command about her, the sharpness with which she had just rebuked him, amazed and challenged him.

"I am very sorry if I misunderstood you," he said, a little on his dignity; "but I thought you ——"

"You thought I sympathized with Mrs. Verrier? So I do; though of course I was awfully sorry when that dreadful thing happened. But you'll find, Mr. Barnes, that American girls ——" The color rushed into her small olive cheeks. "Well, we know all about the old ideas, and we know also too well that there's only one life, and we don't mean to have that one spoilt. The old notions of marriage — your English notions —" cried the girl facing him — "make it tyranny! Why should people stay together when they see it's a mistake? We say everybody shall have their chance. And not one chance only, but more than one. People find out in marriage what they couldn't find out before, and so ——"

"You let them chuck it just when they're tired of it?" laughed Barnes. "And what about the ——"

"The children?" said Miss Floyd calmly. "Well, of course, that has to be very carefully considered. But how can it do children any good to live in an unhappy home?"

"Had Mrs. Verrier any children?"

"Yes, one little girl."

"I suppose she meant to keep her?"

"Why, of course."

"And the father didn't care?"

"Well, I believe he did," said Daphne unwillingly. "Yes, that was very sad. He was quite devoted to her."

"And you think that's all right?" Barnes looked at his companion, smiling.

"Well, of course, it was a pity," she said, with fresh impatience; "I admit it was a pity. But then, why did she ever marry him? That was the horrible mistake."

"I suppose she thought she liked him."

"Oh, it was he who was so desperately in love with her. He plagued her into doing it."

"Poor devil!" said Barnes heartily. "All right, we're coming."

The last words were addressed to General Hobson, waving to them from the kitchen-garden. They hurried on to join the curator, who took the party for a stroll around some of the fields over which George Washington, in his early married life, was accustomed to ride in summer and winter dawns, inspecting his negroes, his plantation, and his barns. The grass in these southern fields was already high; there were shining fruit-trees, blossom-laden, in an orchard copse; and the white dogwood glittered in the woods.

For two people to whom the traditions of the place were dear, this quiet walk through Washington's land had a charm far beyond that of the reconstructed interior of the house. Here were things unaltered and unalterable, boundaries, tracks, woods, haunted still by the figure of the young master and bridegroom who brought Patsy Custis there in 1759. To the gray-haired curator every foot of them was sacred and familiar; he knew these fields and the records of them better than any detail of his own personal affairs; for years now he had lived in spirit with Washington, through all the hours of the Mount Vernon day; his life was ruled by one great ghost, so that everything actual was comparatively dim. Boyson, too, a fine soldier and a fine intelligence, had a mind stored with Washingtoniana. Every now and then he and the curator fell back on each other's company. They knew well that the others were not worthy of their opportunity; although General Hobson, seeing that most of the memories touched belonged to a period before the Revolution, obeyed the dictates of politeness, and made amends for his taciturnity indoors by a talkative vein outside.

Captain Boyson was not, however, wholly occupied with history or reminiscence. He perceived very plainly before the walk was over that the General's good-looking nephew and Miss Daphne Floyd were interested in each other's conversation. When they joined the party in the garden, it seemed to him that they had been disputing. Miss Daphne was flushed and a little snappish when spoken to; and the young man looked embarrassed. But presently he saw that they gravitated to each other, and that, whatever chance combination might be formed during the walk, it always ended for a time in the flight ahead of the two figures, the girl in the rose-colored sash, and the tall, handsome youth. Towards the end of the walk they became separated from the rest of the party, and only arrived just in time at the little station, before the cars started. On this occasion, again, they had clearly been arguing and disagreeing; and Daphne had the air of a ruffled bird, her dark eyes glittering, her mouth set in the obstinate lines that Boyson knew by heart. But again they sat together in the car, and talked and sparred all the way home; while

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Mrs. Verrier, in a corner of the carriage, shut her hollow eyes, and laid her thin hands one over the other, and in her purple draperies made a picture à la Mélisande, which was not lost upon her companions. Boyson's mind registered a good many grim or terse comments, as occasionally he found himself watching this lady. Scarcely a year since that hideous business at Niagara, and here she was, in that extravagant dress! He wished his sister would not make a friend of her, and that Daphne Floyd saw less of her. Miss Daphne had quite enough bees in her own bonnet without adopting Mrs. Verrier's.

Meanwhile, it was the General who, on the return journey, was made to serve Miss Boyson's gift for monopoly. She took possession of him in a business-like way, inquiring into his engagements in Washington, his particular friends, his opinion of the place and the people, with a light-handed acuteness which was more than a match for the Englishman's instincts of defence. The General did not mean to give himself away; he intended, indeed, precisely the contrary; but, after every round of conversation, Miss Boyson felt herself more and more richly provided with material for satire at the expense of England and the English tourist, his invincible conceit, insularity, and condescension. She was a clever though tiresome woman; and expressed herself best in letters. She promised herself to write a "character" of General Hobson in her next letter to an intimate friend, which should be a masterpiece. Then, having led him successfully through the rôle of the comic Englishman abroad, she repaid him with information. She told him, not without some secret amusement at the reprobation it excited, the tragic story of Mrs. Verrier. She gave him a full history of her brother's honorable and brilliant career; and here let it be said that the *précieuse* in her gave way to the sister, and that she talked with feeling. And finally she asked him with a smile whether he admired Miss Floyd. The General, who had in fact been observing Miss Floyd and his nephew with some little uneasiness during the preceding half-hour, replied guardedly that Miss Floyd was pretty and picturesque, and apparently a great talker. Was she a native of Washington?

"You never heard of Miss Floyd? — of Daphne Floyd? No? Ah, well!" — and she laughed, — "I suppose I ought to take it as a compliment, of a kind. There are so many rich people now in this queer country of ours that even Daphne Floyds don't matter."

"Is Miss Floyd so tremendously rich?"

General Hobson turned a quickened countenance upon her, expressing no more than the interest felt by the ordinary man in all societies — more strongly, perhaps, at the present day than ever before — in the mere fact of money. But Miss Boyson gave it at once a personal meaning, and set herself to play on what she scornfully supposed to be the cupidity of the Englishman. She produced, indeed, a full and particular account of Daphne Floyd's parentage, possessions, and prospects, during which the General's countenance represented him with great fidelity. A trace of recalcitrance at the beginning — for it was his opinion that Miss Boyson, like most American women, talked decidedly too much — gave way to close attention, then to astonishment, and finally to a very animated observation of Miss Floyd's slender person as she sat a yard or two from him on the other side of the car, laughing, frowning, or chattering with Roger.

"And that poor child has the management of it all?" he said at last, in a tone which did him credit. He himself had lost an only daughter at twenty-one, and he held old-fashioned views as to the helplessness of women.

But Cecilia Boyson again misunderstood him.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with a cool smile. "Everything is in her own hands — everything! Mrs. Philips would not dare to interfere. Daphne always has her own way."

The General said no more. Cecilia Boyson looked out of the window at the darkening landscape, thinking with malice of Daphne's dealings with the male sex. It had been a Sleeping Beauty story so far. Treasure for the winning — a thorn hedge — and slain lovers! The handsome Englishman would try it next, no doubt. All young Englishmen, according to her, were on the look-out for American heiresses. Music teacher indeed! She would have given a good deal to hear the conversation of the uncle and nephew when the party broke up.

The General and young Barnes made their farewells at the railway station, and took their way on foot to their hotel. Washington was steeped in sunset. The White House, as they passed it, glowed amid its quiet trees. Lafayette Square, with its fountains and statues, its white and pink magnolias, its strolling, chatting crowd, the fronts of the houses, the long vistas of tree-lined avenues, the street cars, the houses, the motors, all the openings and distances of the beautiful, leisurely place — they saw them rosily transfigured under a departing sun, which throughout the day had been weaving the quick spells of a southern spring.

"Jolly weather!" said Roger, looking about him. "And a very nice afternoon. How long are you staying here, Uncle Archie?"

"I ought to be off at the end of the week;

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and of course you want to get back to New York? I say, you seemed to be getting on with that young lady?"

The General turned a rather troubled eye upon his companion.

"She wasn't bad fun," said the young man graciously; "but rather an odd little thing. We quarrelled about every conceivable subject. And it's queer how much that kind of girl seems to go about in America. She goes everywhere, and knows everything. I wonder how she manages it."

"What kind of girl do you suppose she is?" asked the General, stopping suddenly in the middle of Lafayette Square.

"She told me she taught singing," said Roger, in a puzzled voice, "to a class of girls in New York."

The General laughed.

"She seems to have made a fool of you, my dear boy. She is one of the great heiresses of America."

Roger's face expressed a proper astonishment.

"Oh! that's it, is it? I thought once or twice there was something fishy — she was trying it on. Who told you?"

The General retailed his information. Miss Daphne Floyd was the orphan daughter of an enormously rich and now deceased lumber-king, of the State of Illinois. He had made vast sums by lumbering, and then invested in real estate in Chicago and Buffalo, not to speak of a railway or two, and had finally left his daughter and only child in possession of a fortune generally estimated at about two million sterling. The money was now entirely in the girl's power. Her trustees had been sent about their business, though Miss Floyd was pleased occasionally to consult them. Mrs. Philips, her chaperon, had not much influence with her; and it was supposed that Mrs. Verrier advised her more than any one else.

"Good heavens!" was all that young Barnes could find to say when the story was told. He walked on absently, flourishing his stick, his face working under the stress of amused meditation. At last he brought out:

"You know, Uncle Archie, if you'd heard some of the things Miss Floyd was saying to me, your hair would have stood on end."

The General raised his shoulders.

"I dare say. I'm too old-fashioned for America. The sooner I clear out, the better. Their newspapers make me sick; I hate the hotels — I hate the cooking; and there isn't a nation in Europe I don't feel myself more at home with."

Roger laughed his clear, good-tempered laugh. "Oh! I don't feel that way at all. I get on with them capitally. They're a magnificent people. And, as to Miss Floyd, I didn't mean anything bad, of course. Only the ideas some of the girls here have, and the way they discuss them — well, it beats me!"

"What sort of ideas?"

Roger's handsome brow puckered in the effort to explain. "They don't think anything's *settled*, you know, as we do at home. Miss Floyd doesn't. They think *they've* got to settle a lot of things that English girls don't trouble about, because they're just told to do 'em, or not to do 'em, by the people that look after them!"

"'Everything hatched over again, and hatched different,'" said the General, who was an admirer of George Eliot; "that's what they'd like, eh? Pooh! That's when they're young. They quiet down, like all the rest of the world."

Barnes shook his head. "But they *are* hatching it over again. You meet people here in society you couldn't meet at home. And it's all right. The law backs them up."

"You're talking about divorce!" said the General. "Aye! it's astounding! The tales one hears in the smoking-room after dinner! In Wyoming, apparently, six months' residence, and there you are. You prove a little cruelty, the husband makes everything perfectly easy, you say a civil good-bye, and the thing's done. Well, they'll pay for it, my dear Roger — they'll pay for it. Nobody ever yet trifled with the marriage law with impunity."

The energy of the old man's bearing became him.

Through Roger's mind the thought flashed: "Poor, dear Uncle Archie! If he'd been a New Yorker he'd never have put up with Aunt Lavinia for thirty years!"

They turned into their hotel, and ordered dinner in an hour's time. Roger found some English letters waiting for him, and carried them off to his room. He opened his mother's first. Lady Barnes wrote a large and straggling hand, which required many sheets and much postage. It might have been observed that her son looked at the sheets for a minute, with a certain distaste, before he began upon them. Yet he was deeply attached to his mother, and it was from her letters week by week that he took his marching orders. If she only wouldn't ride her ideas quite so hard; if she would sometimes leave him alone, to act for himself!

Here it was again — the old story:

"Don't suppose I put these things before you on *my* account. No, indeed; what does it matter what happens to me? It is when I think that you may have to spend your whole

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life as a clerk in a bank, unless you rouse yourself now (for you know, my dear Roger, though you have very good wits, you're not as frightfully clever as people have to be nowadays), that I begin to despair. But that is *entirely* in your own hands. You have what is far more valuable than cleverness — you have a delightful disposition, and you are one of the handsomest of men. There! of course, I know you wouldn't let me say it to you in your presence; but it's true all the same. Any girl should be proud to marry you. There are plenty of rich girls in America; and if you play your cards properly you will make her and yourself happy. The grammar of that is not quite right, but you understand me. Find a nice girl — of course a *nice* girl — with a fortune large enough to put you back in your proper sphere; and it doesn't matter about me. You will pay my rent, I dare say, and help me through when I want it; but that's nothing. The point is, that I cannot submit to your career being spoilt, through your poor father's mad imprudence. You must retrieve yourself — you *must*. Nobody is anything nowadays in the world without money; you know that as well as I do. And besides, there is another reason. You have got to forget the affair of last spring, to put it entirely behind you, to show that horrid woman who threw you over that you will make your life a success in spite of her. Rouse yourself, my dear Roger, and do your best. I hope by now you have forwarded *all* my introductions? You have your opportunity, and I must say you will be a great fool if you don't use it. *Do* use it, my dear boy, for my sake. I am a very unhappy woman; but you might, if you would, bring back a little brightness to my life."

After he had read the letter, young Barnes sat for some time in a brown study on the edge of his bed. The letter contained only one more repetition of counsels that had been dinned into his ears for months — almost ever since the financial crash which had followed his father's death, and the crash of another sort, concerning himself, which had come so quick upon it. His thoughts returned, as they always did at some hour of the day or night, to the "horrid woman." Yes, that had hit him hard; the lad's heart still throbbed with bitterness as he thought of it. He had never felt anything so much; he didn't believe he should ever mind anything so much again. "I'm not one of your sentimental sort," he thought, half congratulating himself, half in self-contempt. But he could not get her out of his head; he wondered if he ever should. And it had gone pretty far, too. By Jove! that night in the orchard! — when she had kissed him, and thrown her arms round his neck! And then to write him that letter, when things were at their worst. She might have done the thing decently, have treated a fellow kindly at least. Well, of course it was all done with. Yes, it *was*. Done with!

He got up and began to pace his small room, his hands in his pockets, thinking of the night in the orchard. Then gradually the smart lessened, and his thoughts passed away to other things. That little Yankee girl had really made good sport all the way home. He had not been dull for a moment; she had teased and provoked him so. Her eyes, too, were wonderfully pretty, and her small, pointed chin, and her witch-like, imperious ways. Was it her money, the sense that she could do as she liked with most people, that made her so domineering and masterful? Very likely. On the journey he had put it down just to a natural and very surprising impudence. That was when he believed that she was a teacher, earning her bread. But the impudence had not prevented him from finding it much more amusing to talk to her than to anybody else.

And, on the whole, he thought she had not disliked him, though she had said the rudest things to him, and he had retaliated. She had asked him, indeed, to join them in an excursion the following day, and to tea at the Country Club. He had meant, if possible, to go back to New York on the morrow. But perhaps a day or two longer ——

So she had two millions — the little sprite? She was and would be a handful! — with them or without them. And possessed also of the most extraordinary opinions. But he thought he would go on the excursion, and to the Country Club. He began to fold his mother's letter, and put it back into its envelope, while a slight flush mounted in his cheeks, and the young mouth that was still so boyish and candid took a stiffer line.

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE TREATY AT PORTSMOUTH

A PREMATURE AND DANGEROUS PEACE

BY

GENERAL KUROPATKIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE results of the premature conclusion of peace at Portsmouth, by which Japan was recognized as the conqueror of Russia on the continent of Asia, will unquestionably be painful, not only for Russia, but for all the Powers who have possessions or business interests in Asia. The "Yellow Peril," only recently foreseen, has now arrived.

Painful internal disorders, and a hostile, or, at best, indifferent sentiment among the Russian public toward the war were the real causes for the conclusion of this unfortunate peace by Russia. It was neither desired nor needed by the army. I said in my letter to the Emperor of February 21, 1906: "The frankest and most candid study of our situation cannot diminish the firmly rooted belief of the army in the eventual triumph of our troops in Manchuria, if it had been deemed possible to continue the war." This is the exact truth so far as the army is concerned.

Only a Fraction of the Russian Army in Battle

We had begun this war with insignificant forces, and carried it on under the most unfavorable conditions, weakened by internal disorders in Russia and connected with Russia only by a weak single-track railway. In the battles of Liao-Yang, Sakho, and Mukden only a relatively small proportion of our army had fought against the entire land forces of Japan. In the battle of Mukden, our army fought with less than 300,000 bayonets in its ranks. And even in August and September, 1905, when nearly all the reinforcements assigned to the Russian army had concentrated in the Manchurian theater of war, we had arrayed against Japan only one-third of all our armed forces.

In the meanwhile, we had knocked out of the enemy's ranks, in killed and wounded, almost 300,000 men. The whole northern part of Manchuria, including Kharbin, and a part of southern Manchuria, including Gerin and Kuanchentzsi, were still in our hands. And so far the enemy had not touched Russian territory, with the exception of the undefended island of Sakhalin.

An Army of a Million Men

In March, 1905, our army occupied the so-called Sipinhai position in Southern Manchuria, and maintained it, fighting with ever-increasing energy, and constantly growing stronger, until the conclusion of peace. An army of a million men, well organized, seasoned by fighting, and supplied with officers upon whom we could thoroughly rely, were preparing to continue the bloody conflict with the Japanese. Never in our military history has Russia set out forces of such strength as in September, 1905, when we unexpectedly received the fatal news that an agreement between our representatives and the Japanese had been reached at Portsmouth.

We had, at that time, rid ourselves largely of the older reserves by sending them to the rear-guard, and had obtained in exchange several hundred thousand young men—new recruits, enlisted as regulars, a great proportion of whom had volunteered to join the army. For the first time since the beginning of the war the army was filled up to its full complement. It had received machine guns and batteries of howitzers; field railways insured the transportation of supplies to the army; telegraphs and telephones were at last on hand; the wireless telegraph had arrived; the transportation department had been enlarged; and the sanitary condition of the army was excellent.

"The Women Will Make Fun of Us"

I had impressed it upon the troops, from the moment of my arrival, that no one should return

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THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT PORTSMOUTH

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home until we had achieved a complete victory—that without a victory it would be disgraceful for any one to show himself in Russia. And by dint of the friendly coöperation of the commanding officers of all ranks, I had succeeded in making all the men firmly believe that fighting was necessary, and had so thoroughly imbued them with this thought that even the reserves had begun to admit that a return home without victory was impossible.

"The women will make fun of us," they said to me, more than once. Such a frame of mind is, of course, less valuable than patriotic excitement, than the martial striving to rush forward, and the thirst for daring feats; but under the circumstances in which this war was conducted it afforded a full assurance that in future battles the army would display a dogged courage. Considering these facts, the future historian, when summing up the Russo-Japanese War, will dispassionately decide that our land forces in that war, although they suffered defeats in the first campaign, yet had attained to such strength at last that victory might be regarded as assured to us.

Japan's Dead Exceed Her Whole Regular Army

Judging from numerous data, whose truth we could not doubt, Japan had begun to weaken both morally and materially. All her resources seemed to have been exhausted. It had required extraordinary efforts on the part of the Japanese to push our army through Manchuria, and had cost them enormous losses. According to the information in the hands of our general staff, the entire peace force of the Japanese army consisted of 116,000 men, of which as many as 13,000 were on perpetual leave. The reserve of the territorial army numbered 315,00 men. Thus their entire force of soldiers, according to our calculations, consisted of only 418,000 men. But according to calculations made on the basis of data published by the Japanese sanitary authorities, it is evident that during the war over one million men were summoned to their colors, which created an extraordinary drain on the forces of the population. It was necessary during the war to alter the laws, so that men who had already served out their time in the reserve might be drafted into the active army, and it was necessary to put into the ranks of the army not only the raw recruits of 1904 and 1905, but even the recruits of 1906. We began to meet among the prisoners some who were almost boys, and side by side with them others who were almost aged men.

The losses in killed and wounded were very great. In the cemetery of honor at Tokio alone 60,000 were buried who had been slain in battle, and to these must be added 50,000 who died of their wounds. Thus the Japanese suffered battle losses of 110,000 men—that is to say, a number almost equal to the entire army on a peace footing. Our losses, compared with our army of a million, were several times smaller than those of the Japanese. During the war 554,000 men were treated in the Japanese hospitals, 220,000 of them being wounded. Counting in with the killed and wounded those who died from disease, the Japanese lost 135,000 men.

Japan Exhausted by the War

The Japanese suffered particularly heavy losses among their officers, but their general losses were tremendous. Owing to the doggedness with which they fought, whole regiments and brigades of Japanese were almost completely annihilated by us. This was the case in the battle at Putiloff Crater, on October 2, 1904, and again during the battles of February, 1905. In the battle, of Liao-Yang and Mukden, the majority of the Japanese troops attacking our position from the front suffered heavy losses, and were unsuccessful. Moreover, the constantly increasing stubborness of our own troops in battle could not do otherwise than affect the frame of mind of the Japanese army. Toward the end of the war, their regulars had left their ranks to a great extent, and the raw recruits, taken from the population and hurriedly drilled, could not, in the battles that followed, develop the same power of resistance and the same enthusiastic dash forward that the Japanese had possessed during the first campaign. We felt this markedly in the battles fought on the positions before Mukden, and especially when we took our final stand on the Sipinhai position.

At that time, when our volunteer detachments and the sections of troops in our vanguard were falling upon the Japanese with ever-increasing daring, we no longer noticed on the Japanese side the enterprise, dash, and vigilance that they had previously displayed. The southern temperament revealed itself among the Japanese in weariness of the war. For six whole months before the war closed, the Japanese gave us time to fortify and reinforce ourselves without attempting to attack us, to push us to the Sungari river and inflict a final defeat. During this time, when we were stationed on the Sipinhai position, the number of prisoners began to increase, and many of them no longer displayed that fanaticism which had been observed in the prisoners of 1904. Many of the prisoners frankly admitted that they were overwhelmed by the burden of the war. In many

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A RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' FESTIVAL AT TSCHAUSJANTUM

letters also from their native land, which we found on the killed and on the prisoners, weariness of the war was plainly expressed; and there was news of the heavy taxes, which had increased in an extraordinary degree during the war, and of the costliness of articles of prime necessity and of the absence of earnings. Opposite the position of the 1st Siberian corps, one day, a Japanese company, in full strength, surrendered as prisoners — something that had never occurred before.

The English writer, Norregaard, who was with the Japanese army during the siege of Port Arthur, bears testimony to the breaking down of the patriotic feeling with which the Japanese had been carrying on the war. According to his statement, the reserves of some of the principal military districts of Japan — Yokohama, Kobe, and Osaka — expressed to him a desire to end the war as soon as possible. One of them told him that one of the regiments of the Japanese army, made up from these districts, had even refused to march to an attack.*

Europe Withdraws Financial Support

In a material way, also, Japan did not rest on a bed of roses. Money grew harder and harder to get, and the needs of the army, which was constantly growing in numbers, kept growing correspondingly. To all appearances, the Japanese were troubled even as to how they could supply their artillery sufficient ammunition at the proper time. Their lack of this was particularly noticeable during the battles on the Sakho.

The Japanese could not fail to be worried by the coolness toward their successes that began to be shown by the Powers of Europe and America. It had appeared very advantageous at first for Germany and England to involve Russia in a war with Japan, and, having weakened both nations, to tie their hands. But it was not at all to the interest of the European Powers to permit a complete victory by the Japanese on the Manchurian battlefield. By uniting with China, victorious Japan would have raised still higher her standard with the motto "Asia for the Asiatics." The ruin of all the European and American enterprises in Asia would have been the first aim of the great new power thus formed; and their eventual purpose would have been the expulsion of Europeans from Asia.

Squeezed in her little territory, Europe cannot live without the markets of the whole world. The triumph of the idea "America for the Americans," "Asia for the Asiatics," and "Africa for the Africans" menaces her with heavy losses. The danger that is approaching from this cause is so serious that the European

* Razvyedtchik (the Scout), 1905, No. 820.

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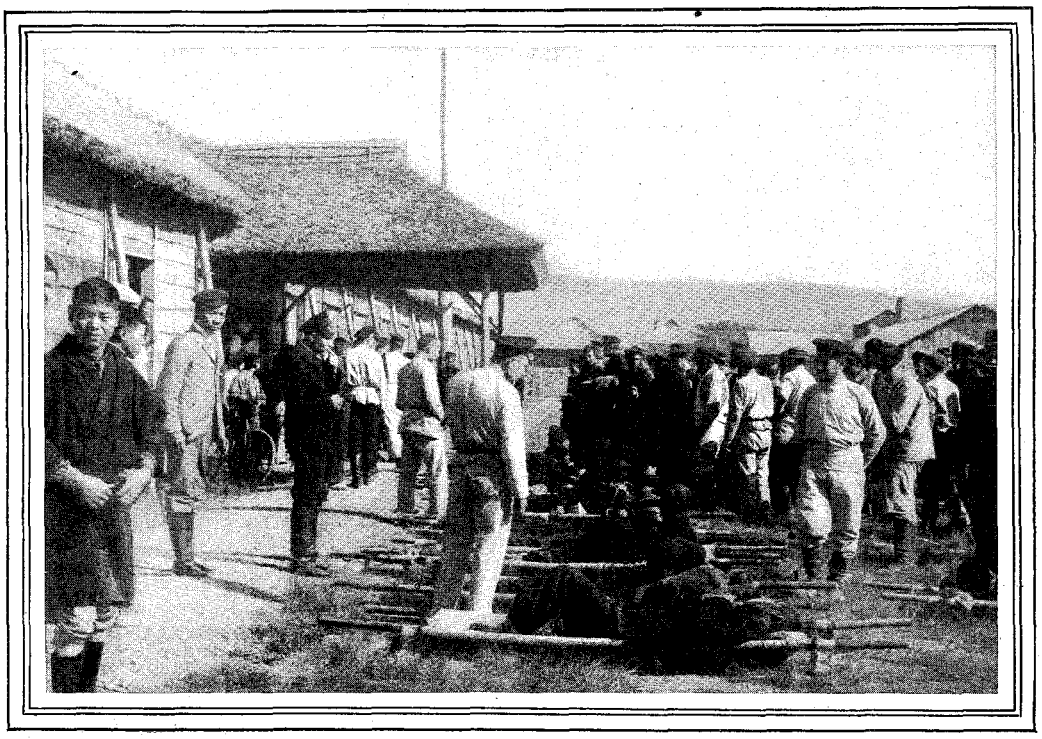

Photographed by Brown Bros., N. Y.

THE ARRIVAL OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS AND INVALIDS AT MATSUYAMA

Powers must forget their mutual quarrels, in order to unite and effectively resist the other nations who are striving to drive her back into her narrow shell, which has long been bursting at every seam.

We were able to profit by this change in public opinion, and, first of all, to obstruct supplies of money to the Japanese. Only one big success on the part of our troops was required to bring about a strong reaction in Japan and among the Japanese troops. With the exhaustion of her financial resources, by stubbornly continuing the war, we might speedily have brought Japan to seek a peace that would have been both honorable and advantageous to us.

Two Centuries of War for Expansion

But the recent war has brought us one important consolation in the consciousness it has given Russia that our western neighbors are not cherishing any plans of conquest so far as Russia is concerned; for if the European Powers had wished to alter the present western frontier of the Empire, the years 1905 and 1906 would have been most favorable for carrying out that purpose. I have shown already how powerfully the fear of complications with our neighbors on the west influenced the fortunes of our war with the Japanese,—especially because of the withholding of our best troops to defend Russia, when they should have been at the front in the Far East.

As I said in my most respectful report to the Emperor, as Minister of War, in 1900: "In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Russia's chief task was the enlargement of her boundaries. And it is unquestionable that the matter of frontiers must still be assigned first place. From this arises the imperative necessity of answering this question: Are we satisfied at the present time with our frontiers? The same question must be settled by our neighbors in regard to the frontiers that march with ours." At that time I arrived at the conclusion, which I still hold, that it would be advantageous to neither ourselves nor our neighbors to change our frontiers. The change would be too costly for either party.

The chief work of our army in the last two hundred years has consisted in the enlargement of our boundaries on the northwest and on the south. In the last two centuries but seventy-two years have been peaceful. In the remaining one hundred and twenty-eight years, thirty-three foreign and two internal wars have been waged. Russia's outlets on the Baltic and Black Seas required the labor of our armed forces for two hundred years, and cost us great sacrifices in killed and wounded. We reached

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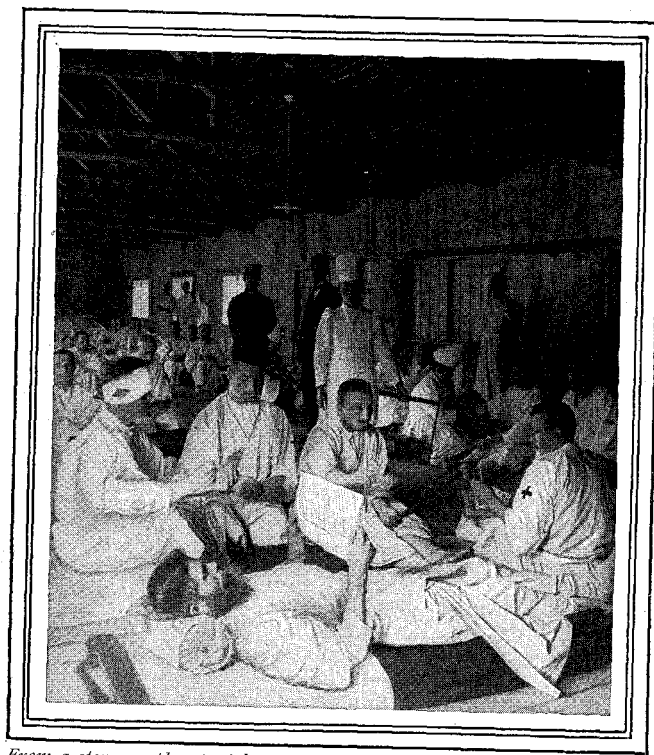
the Pacific in 1897 without bloodshed. But so easy a victory bore within itself the germ of defeat. The enlargement of Russia's boundaries in all directions has brought into her possession divers peoples alien and even hostile to Russia. The borders of the Empire have begun to be surrounded by a population not sufficiently amalgamated with the Russian people. And in this respect, our frontiers in 1900 were less favorable in a military sense than in 1700.

Modern Russia Must Consolidate, Not Expand

Russia, in her frontiers of 11,000 miles, contiguous to nine different kingdoms, needs, in my opinion, no alterations in her boundary lines. This deduction is tranquillizing in the highest degree, for it appears to be entirely probable that if Russia, contenting herself with her frontiers, occupies herself during the twentieth century merely with the consolidation of the kingdom she has won at the cost of such tremendous efforts and sacrifices in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the danger of war with her neighbors will be eliminated. For our present generation, such a course of procedure on the part of Russia is imperatively necessary, for the sacrifices made by original Russia, in enlarging her confines, and the sacrifices still being made by the original sections of Russia for organization and defence of borders are so great that they cannot fail to exercise an influence upon the growth of the Russian population. Our borderlands exist at the expense of the center of Russia, and therefore do not strengthen, but weaken her. Meanwhile, such a mass of demands is presented to the present generation, for organization in all forms, and for the defence of Russia's present limits, that it might turn out utterly beyond the strength of the present generation to bear the burden of new external enterprises.



From a stereograph copyrighted, 1905, by H. C. White & Co., N. Y.
Photographed by H. G. Ponting

A WARD OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS' HOSPITAL, MATSUYAMA

But can the Russian Empire, with the enormous population that it is destined to have in the twentieth century, content itself with the existing boundaries, or must it, during that century, solve further historical problems? This was the question that I put to myself when I presented my report as Minister of War in 1900. I recognized that it would be natural for Russia, during the twentieth century, without enlarging her boundaries either in Europe or in Asia, to make it her aim to find an outlet to the warm seas of the Mediterranean, and outlets open the year round on the Pacific and Indian Oceans. But with regard to the difficulty and danger for us attendant upon such aims, I said in my report of 1900:

All Civilization Holds Back Russia From the Sea

"However legitimate may be our desire to possess outlets from the Black Sea and upon the Indian and Pacific Oceans, yet these matters affect the interest of almost the entire world so deeply that if we started to secure them, we should have to prepare for a conflict against a coalition consisting of England, Germany, Turkey, Austria, and China and Japan. It is not the mere fact of Russia's movement toward this or that of the outlets just mentioned that is ter-

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rible to these Powers, but the consequences that would ensue should the attempt be successful. The possession of the Bosphorus and of an outlet to the Mediterranean Sea would enable us to take decisive action in the Egyptian question, in order to make the Suez Canal international. An outlet on the Indian Ocean would constitute a permanent threat to India. But the thing certain, most of all, to frighten the more cultured peoples of Europe and America, which furnish the whole world with the products of their factories and foundries, would be Russia's entrance into competition with them for the world's market. Holding in our hands railway lines connecting the Pacific Ocean and the Baltic Sea, and having outlets to the Mediterranean and the Indian and Pacific Oceans, Russia, with her inexhaustible natural wealth, would become a formidable commercial competitor to the powers of the entire world.

"In view of the vast bodies of armed forces that the nations concerned possess, it is obvious that neither in the eighteenth or the nineteenth centuries have we encountered such difficulties and dangers as we should inevitably encounter in wars in the twentieth century waged in conflicts for warm seas. The forces of the present generation might prove insufficient for the attainment of possessions necessary only to future generations. More than that, an examination of our military forces might lead to the conclusion that the execution of new tasks, indispensable for the Russia of the year 2,000 — with its 400,000,000 of population — is not only beyond the strength of the generation now living, but that now, in consequence of the relatively greater military preparedness of our neighbors, even the maintenance of Russia's present boundaries in their integrity would become extremely difficult."

No More Danger of Border Wars

On the other hand, I believe it would be no advantage in war to our neighbors to change our present boundaries. Germany's frontier with Russia, extending 1,700 versts, corresponds very badly with the natural physical boundaries. Yet there would be little advantage for Germany to invade Russia with the intention of conquering portions of her territory. The same is true with Austria. The advantages of Persia's geographical position on the Indian Ocean and on the shortest road from Europe to India, together with her backwardness in culture and her military weakness, render her a natural arena for conflict for supremacy between several powers. Up to the present time, Russia and England have been the principal participants in this conflict, but now, apparently, Germany is ready to join in, and is making serious attempts to establish herself as a neighbor to Persia in Asia Minor. But neither political nor military conditions demand alterations in our extensive boundaries with Persia.

Concerning our frontier with Afghanistan, I came to the belief long ago that it was not to Russia's interest to alter her position there for one that might be worse. As long ago as 1878,

Photographed by Brown Bros., N. Y.

BURYING THE DEAD IN TRENCHES

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while I occupied the post on the General Staff connected with Central Asia, I was a thoroughly convinced advocate of the idea that peaceful coöperation between Russia and England in Asia was imperative, and an opponent of all offensive plans in the direction of India. Establishment of friendly relations with England is not only natural but desirable; for, in the event of a rebellion against England in India, we should be on the side of the English. The twentieth century is bound to bring a terrible conflict in Asia between Christian and non-Christian races. For the good of humanity, it is imperative and necessary that in this conflict we should be the ally of Christian England against the non-Christian races of Asia.

The Next Great War in the East

From the developments during the recent war, we may be permitted to hope for the possibility, it seems to me, of arriving at such an understanding with the European Powers that Russia will be given an opportunity, in the case of a fresh attack on us in the Far East, to use all her armed forces in a fight with Japan or with Japan and China. Japan, notwithstanding the fact that the issue of the war was favorable to her, is feverishly augmenting her forces. China, under the guidance of Japanese officers, is forming a large army on the Japanese model. In a very short time, Japan and China will be in a position to throw into Manchuria an army of more than a million and a half armed men. These forces, if directed against Russia, may set themselves the task of wresting from her a considerable part of Siberia, and reducing her to the rank of a second-class power. The danger that threatens Russia from the Far East has now become so obvious that all classes of the Russian population ought to prepare themselves, with the full consciousness of what they are doing, to rise up as one man in defence of the integrity and greatness of their native land, in case of a new attack upon Russia on the part of Japan or China.

The Russo-Japanese War furnished an immense amount of material for judging what we ought to do in order to increase our military preparedness and the efficiency of our army. The three wars waged by Russia in the last fifty years have shown clearly the defects of the body of officers in our army. These are undoubtedly due largely to the backwardness of Russia's culture and the general conditions of life and activity of the whole population. But apart from this, if the military uniform had been made to attract the best and the most energetic men of the nation, unquestionably, from a people numbering many millions, hundreds of men would have been developed, capable of commanding our armies. It would appear to be necessary, therefore, first to make the military uniform attractive to the flower of the Russian youth; and second, to strive insistently to have the most energetic wearers of the uniform pass through the service in the ranks of the army, developing their knowledge and spiritual forces by the constant thought that the army is designed for war.

A National Weakness for Uniforms

We have obtained the first of these objects; the military uniform really did long ago acquire honor in the land of Russia. As a matter of fact, there exists here such an incomprehensible deference to the military uniform as can only be accounted for by the low level of culture of our population. Not so very long ago, a man who merely wore a military cap and a cockade was regarded in the rural districts as possessed of authority. The peasants doffed their hats to him, and in winter turned their heavily laden teams out of the road into the snowdrifts to let him pass, and listened in silence to his vulgar abuse.

But we have failed to obtain the second object, of which I have just spoken, for the mass of the most capable and energetic men who wear the military uniform have not only not served in the ranks of the army, but have not even had any connection with it. As long ago as the eighteenth century, the practice was established of conferring the uniform on children of prominent grandees, who might be promoted in rank while caracoling around the room on a hobby-horse. Then the military uniform, and even the title of general, ceased to mean that a man actually belonged to the army, or was occupied with military affairs. Military uniforms made their appearance in all ranks of society, with the exception of the priesthood. The members of the interior council, ambassadors, senators, honorary wardens, ministers of the various departments, their assistant ministers, governor-generals, governors, prefects, and chiefs of police, and a host of persons in the military public administration on the border marches, all wear the military uniform, and are carried on the rolls of various grades. But, with a few exceptions, they have no connection with the army, and only weaken it. Only a very small number of the generals included in the very thick roster-book of our army perform duty in the line. And worst of all is the fact that those who do perform line duty lag in rank and particularly in pay behind those who do not perform duty in the line. Such being the condition of affairs, it is evident that the strongest,

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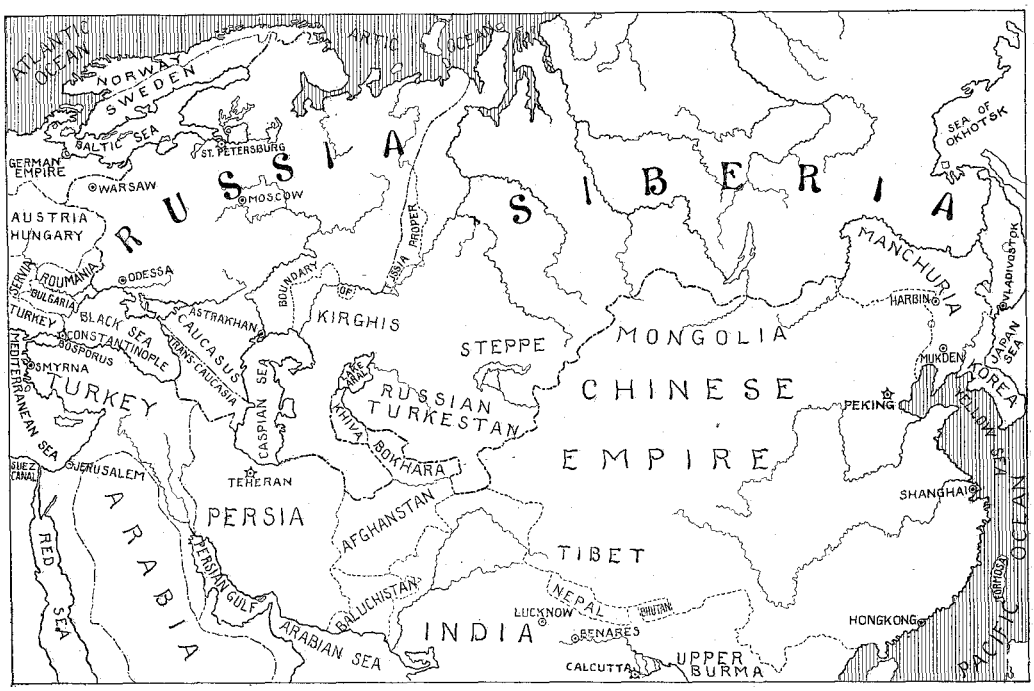

CHART ILLUSTRATING GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S ARGUMENT THAT AN ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF RUSSIA TO REACH THE SEA WOULD PROVOKE INTERNATIONAL WAR

most energetic, and most capable elements must have sought to quit the service in our line.

Officers for Command, Not Desk Work

Having obtained as many as possible of the best elements in the ranks of our army, it is indispensable that the higher officers, as they are promoted, should not be allowed to forget what they have learned. It is indispensable that our higher officers should have actual practice, in time of peace, in commanding troops, and should not be mere office workers, managers of routine business, inspectors, spectators, and arbitrators, as they are now. Hitherto, in proportion as our commanders have been promoted, they have had less and less practice in directly commanding troops in the field. Instances might be cited of men who have been in command of troops in a military district for a very prolonged period, without ever having once commanded troops at manœuvres, and without having mounted a horse for years. It is indispensable that in the future our high military commanders shall be free to devote the greater part of their time to actual work with troops in the field and in barracks.

The defects of our regulars, as well as our reserves, are the defects of the whole Russian people. In Japan, Germany, and other countries, efforts are made to rear the people in a patriotic spirit. The love of the children is aroused for their country, and their pride in it is stimulated. In these countries the people are encouraged to form various patriotic societies; all branches of physical sport are encouraged; the government is not afraid to give hundreds of thousands of rifles into the hands of the population for the practice of marksmanship. We do nothing like this and are afraid to do it, for everywhere we behold visions of the aims of the political and separatist societies among us.*

Need of a Reconstructed National Life

Too little has been done in our schools to encourage a patriotic spirit. The diversity between the various schools — church, county, and national — makes matters worse. The pupils of the higher institutions of learning have long been occupying themselves with politics instead of with science. Everything Russian has long been reviled.

Obviously, it is only by profound reconstruction of our schools and the forms of life of our common man — which should have as its object, along with the improvement of his circumstances, his inspiration with conscious love for his native land, with pride in it, and with a profound consciousness of the necessity of sacrificing everything for it — that we can obtain in the reservist a fighter for his fatherland, not only

* That is, the ambition of Poland, Little Russia, and other sections to become autonomous.

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intelligent, but also animated by lofty sentiment.

Revolution and Discipline

The discipline of the army is a fundamental condition of regular and victorious action in war. But it is almost impossible to maintain that discipline in the army if the masses of the people lose their fear of the authorities; or, on the other hand, if the authorities are afraid of the people committed to their care. A condition of affairs cannot be permitted, in which a soldier does not fear his officer. Now, discipline is being shattered at the present time chiefly by dragging the army into the political situation. On the one hand, the army is being corrupted by the propaganda against the government; on the other hand, the ranks of the army, instead of being occupied with military matters, are called upon for almost constant police service to put down various disorders, and that not only in connection with military riots where it is impossible to dispense with the troops, but in cases where the police and the gendarmes ought to be sufficient to straighten out the matter. Officers are called upon to serve in courts-martial for condemning, shooting, and hanging political and other criminals. Such activity on the part of the army excites the population against it; and in the army it arouses anger, not only against the populace, but also against the officers, who force them to shoot down the citizens. The result is that discipline is unsettled.

The army may and is bound to make energetic efforts to crush sedition, to annihilate every open opposition to the government. But if that sort of activity acquires a chronic character; if the army beholds the governmental authorities powerless to enforce order, even with the aid of the troops: then the ranks in the army will inevitably become permeated with doubt as to the expediency of its activity, and as regards its commanders.

From what reaches me indirectly, it would appear that the heavy task that has fallen to the lot of our army along these lines is approaching its end, and that order is being restored in Great Russia. God grant that this may come to pass, and as speedily as possible, for otherwise our army will become worse instead of better.

As I said in my farewell address to the officers of the 1st Manchurian Army, "It is evident that neither schools nor life have contributed to the development in Great Russia, during the last forty or fifty years, of strong and independent character. Now, by the inflexible will of our Sovereign Chief, the blessing of liberty has been conferred on Russia. The bureaucratic tutelage has been removed from the people, and they have acquired the possibility of freely developing and of applying their forces for the good of our native land. Let us have faith that these blessings of freedom, together with well equipped schools, will soon exercise a beneficial effect in raising the level of the material and moral forces of the Russian people."

Preparation for the Next War

For success in the future war probable in the Far East, we must work along the following lines: First, to have free for use all our armed forces; second, to have at our disposal a strong railway connection between Far Eastern Siberia and European Russia; third, to prepare the waterways of Siberia for the movement of heavy freight from west to east; fourth, to remove the base of the army as far as possible from European Russia into Siberia; and fifth, chief of all, to prepare to carry on a new work, not with the army alone, but with a united patriotic and enthusiastic Russian nation.

Evidently the historical Fates doomed Russia to undergo in the years 1904, 1905, and 1906, a severe trial, not only in Manchuria, but also in Russia herself. Our great people has come renewed and refreshed out of trials still more severe. We cannot doubt that Russia, summoned by her Monarch to a new life, will again speedily recover from her temporary shock and will not depart from a place becoming a great people among the peoples of the world. In the work of regeneration, that is now beginning in Russia for the benefit of the people in the army, we must not fail to bear continually in mind the lofty words of the Sovereign Leader of the Russian army, and the Russian people, addressed to the Army and Fleet almost two years ago (1904): "Russia is mighty. In her life of a thousand years, there have been years of still severer trials, more threatening of danger; and on every occasion she has emerged from the struggle with fresh glory and fresh strength."

Though crushed and sick in soul over our reverses and heavy losses, we will not be troubled. Through them Russian might is being renewed; from them Russian strength will be developed and will grow.

THE END

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THE HOUSE OF MAPUHI

BY

JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

DESPITE the heavy clumsiness of her lines, the *Aorai* handled easily in the light breeze, and her captain ran her well in before he hove to just outside the suck of the surf. The atoll of Hikueru lay low on the water, a circle of pounded coral sand a hundred yards wide, twenty miles in circumference, and from three to five feet above high-water mark. On the bottom of the huge and glassy lagoon was much pearl shell, and from the deck of the schooner, across the slender ring of the atoll, the divers could be seen at work. But the lagoon had no entrance for even a trading schooner. With a favoring breeze cutters could win in through the tortuous and shallow channel, but the schooners lay off and on outside and sent in their small boats.

The *Aorai* swung out a boat smartly, into which sprang half a dozen brown-skinned sailors clad only in scarlet loin-cloths. They took the oars, while in the stern-sheets, at the steering sweep, stood a young man garbed in the tropic white that marks the European. But he was not all European. The golden strain of Polynesia betrayed itself in the sun-gilt of his fair skin and cast up golden sheens and lights through the glimmering blue of his eyes. Raoul he was, Alexandré Raoul, youngest son of Marie Raoul, the wealthy quarter-caste who owned and managed half a dozen trading schooners similar to the *Aorai*. Across an eddy just outside the entrance, and in and through and over a boiling tide-rip, the boat fought its way to the mirrored calm of the lagoon. Young Raoul leaped out upon the white sand and shook hands with a tall native. The man's chest and shoulders were magnificent, but the stump of a right arm, beyond the flesh of which the age-whitened bone projected several inches, attested the encounter with a shark that had put an end to his diving days and made him a fawner and an intriguer for small favors.

"Have you heard, Alec?" were his first words. "Mapuhi has found a pearl — such a pearl. Never was there one like it ever fished up in Hikueru, nor in all the Paumotus, nor in all the world. Buy it from him. He has it now. And remember that I told you first. He is a fool and you can get it cheap. Have you any tobacco?"

Straight up the beach to a shack under a pandanus-tree Raoul headed. He was his mother's supercargo, and his business was to comb all the Paumotus for the wealth of copra, shell, and pearls that they yielded up.

He was a young supercargo, it was his second voyage in such capacity, and he suffered much secret worry from his lack of experience in pricing pearls. But when Mapuhi exposed the pearl to his sight he managed to suppress the startle it gave him, and to maintain a careless, commercial expression on his face. For the pearl had struck him a blow. It was large as a pigeon-egg, a perfect sphere, of a whiteness that reflected opalescent lights from all colors about it. It was alive. Never had he seen anything like it. When Mapuhi dropped it into his hand he was surprised by the weight of it. That showed that it was a good pearl. He examined it closely, through a pocket magnifying glass. It was without flaw or blemish. The purity of it seemed almost to melt into the atmosphere out of his hand. In the shade it was softly luminous, gleaming like a tender moon. So translucently white was it, that when he dropped it into a glass of water he had difficulty in finding it. So straight and swift y had it sunk to the bottom that he knew its weight was excellent.

"Well, what do you want for it?" he asked, with a fine assumption of nonchalance.

"I want ——" Mapuhi began, and behind him, framing his own dark face, the dark faces of two women and a girl nodded concurrence in what he wanted. Their heads were bent forward, they were animated by a suppressed eagerness, their eyes flashed avariciously.

"I want a house," Mapuhi went on. "It must have a roof of galvanized iron and an octagon-drop-clock. It must be six fathoms

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long with a porch all around. A big room must be in the center, with a round table in the middle of it and that octagon-drop-clock on the wall. There must be four bedrooms, two on each side of the big room, and in each bedroom must be an iron bed, two chairs, and a washstand. And back of the house must be a kitchen, a good kitchen, with pots and pans and a stove. And you must build the house on my island, which is Fakarava."

"Is that all?" Raoul asked incredulously.

"There must be a sewing-machine," spoke up Tefara, Mapuhi's wife.

"Not forgetting the octagon-drop-clock," added Nauri, Mapuhi's mother.

"Yes, that is all," said Mapuhi.

Young Raoul laughed. He laughed long and heartily. But while he laughed, he secretly performed problems in mental arithmetic. He had never built a house in his life, and his notions concerning house-building were hazy. While he laughed, he calculated the cost of the voyage to Tahiti for materials, of the materials themselves, of the voyage back again to Fakarava, and the cost of landing the materials and of building the house. It would come to four thousand French dollars, allowing a margin for safety — four thousand French dollars were equivalent to twenty thousand francs. It was impossible. How was he to know the value of such a pearl? Twenty thousand francs was a lot of money — and of his mother's money at that.

"Mapuhi," he said, "you are a big fool. Set a money price."

But Mapuhi shook his head, and the three heads behind him shook with his.

"I want the house," he said. "It must be six fathoms long with a porch all around ——"

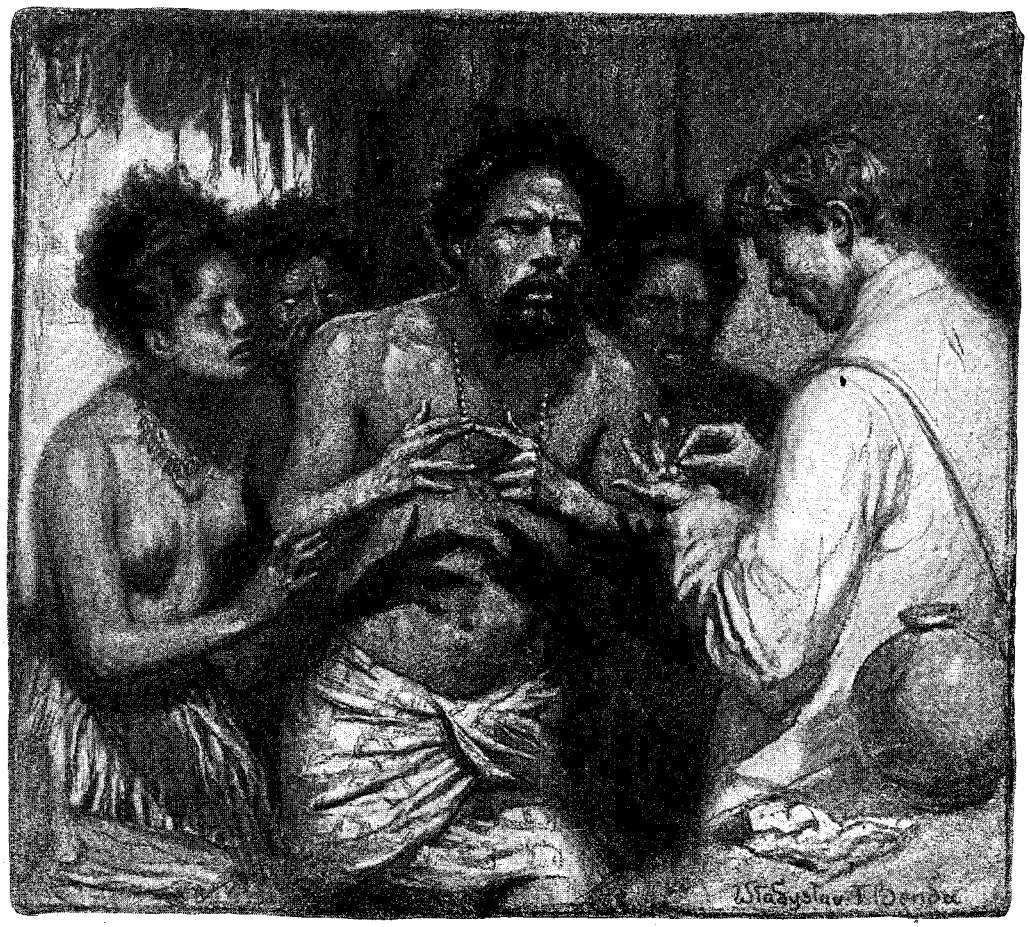
"Yes, yes," Raoul interrupted. "I know all about your house, but it won't do. I'll give you a thousand Chili dollars."

The four heads chorused a silent negative.

"And a hundred Chili dollars in trade."

"I want the house," Mapuhi began.

"What good will the house do you?" Raoul



"'I WANT A HOUSE,' SAID MAPUHI"

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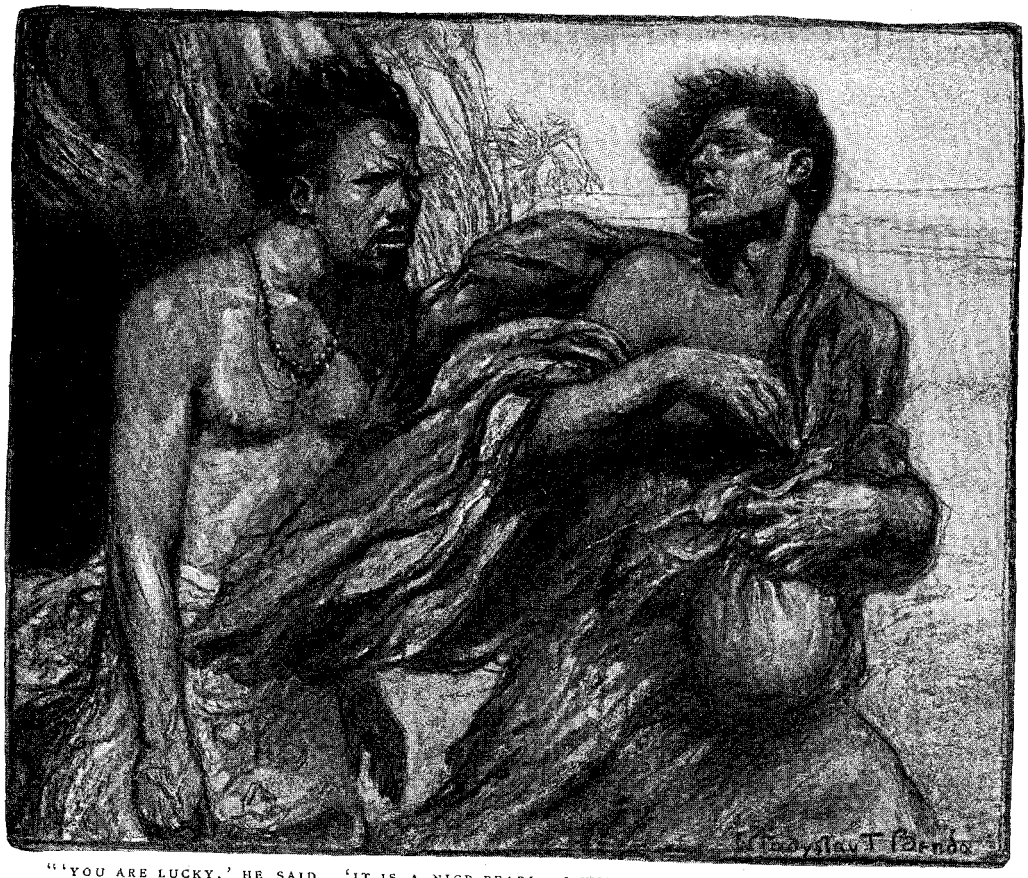

"'YOU ARE LUCKY,' HE SAID. 'IT IS A NICE PEARL. I WILL GIVE YOU CREDIT ON THE BOOKS'"

demanded. "The first hurricane that comes along will wash it away. You ought to know. Captain Raffy says it looks like a hurricane right now."

"Not on Fakarava," said Mapuhi. "The land is much higher there. On this island, yes. Any hurricane can sweep Hikueru. I will have the house on Fakarava. It must be six fathoms long with a porch all around ——"

And Raoul listened again to the tale of the house. Several hours he spent in the endeavor to hammer the house-obsession out of Mapuhi's mind; but Mapuhi's mother and wife, and Ngakura, Mapuhi's daughter, bolstered him in his resolve for the house. Through the open doorway, while he listened for the twentieth time to the detailed description of the house that was wanted, Raoul saw his schooner's second boat draw up on the beach. The sailors rested on the oars, advertising haste to be gone. The first mate of the *Aorai* sprang ashore, exchanged a word with the one-armed native, then hurried toward Raoul. The day grew suddenly dark, as a squall obscured the face of the sun. Across the lagoon Raoul could see approaching the ominous line of the puff of wind.

"Captain Raffy says you've got to get to hell outa here," was the mate's greeting. "If there's any shell, we've got to run the risk of picking it up later on — so he says. The barometer's dropped to twenty-nine-seventy."

The gust of wind struck the pandanus-tree overhead and tore through the palms beyond, flinging half a dozen ripe cocoanuts, with heavy thuds, to the ground. Then came the rain out of the distance, advancing with the roar of a gale of wind and causing the water of the lagoon to smoke in driven windrows. The sharp rattle of the first drops was on the leaves when Raoul sprang to his feet.

"A thousand Chili dollars, cash down, Mapuhi," he said. "And two hundred Chili dollars in trade."

"I want a house ——" the other began.

"Mapuhi!" Raoul yelled, in order to make himself heard. "You are a fool!"

He flung out of the house, and, side by side with the mate, fought his way down the beach toward the boat. They could not see the boat. The tropic rain sheeted about them so that they could see only the beach under their feet and the spiteful little waves from the lagoon that

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snapped and bit at the sand. A figure appeared through the deluge. It was Huru-Huru, the man with the one arm.

"Did you get the pearl?" he yelled in Raoul's ear.

"Mapuhi is a fool!" was the answering yell, and the next moment they were lost to each other in the descending water.

Half an hour later, Huru-Huru, watching from the seaward side of the atoll, saw the two boats hoisted in and the *Aorai* pointing her nose out to sea. And near her, just come in from the sea on the wings of the squall, he saw another schooner hove to and dropping a boat into the water. He knew her. It was the *Orohena*, owned by Toriki, the half-caste trader, who served as his own supercargo and who doubtlessly was even then in the stern-sheets of the boat. Huru-Huru chuckled. He knew that Mapuhi owed Toriki for trade-goods advanced the year before.

The squall had passed. The hot sun was blazing down, and the lagoon was once more a mirror. But the air was sticky like mucilage, and the weight of it seemed to burden the lungs and make breathing difficult.

"Have you heard the news, Toriki?" Huru-Huru asked. "Mapuhi has found a pearl. Never was there a pearl like it ever fished up in Hikueru, nor anywhere in the Paumotus, nor anywhere in all the world. Mapuhi is a fool. Besides, he owes you money. Remember that I told you first. Have you any tobacco?"

And to the grass-shack of Mapuhi went Toriki. He was a masterful man, withal a fairly stupid one. Carelessly he glanced at the wonderful pearl — glanced for a moment only; and carelessly he dropped it into his pocket.

"You are lucky," he said. "It is a nice pearl. I will give you credit on the books."

"I want a house," Mapuhi began, in consternation. "It must be six fathoms——"

"Six fathoms your grandmother!" was the trader's retort. "You want to pay up your debts, that's what you want. You owed me twelve hundred dollars Chili. Very well; you owe them no longer. The amount is squared. Besides, I will give you credit for two hundred Chili. If, when I get to Tahiti, the pearl sells well, I will give you credit for another hundred — that will make three hundred. But mind, only if the pearl sells well. I may even lose money on it."

Mapuhi folded his arms in sorrow and sat with bowed head. He had been robbed of his pearl. In place of the house, he had paid a debt. There was nothing to show for the pearl.

"You are a fool," said Tefara.

"You are a fool," said Nauri, his mother. "Why did you let the pearl into his hand?"

"What was I to do?" Mapuhi protested. "I owed him the money. He knew I had the pearl. You heard him yourself ask to see it. I had not told him. He knew. Somebody else told him. And I owed him the money."

"Mapuhi is a fool," mimicked Ngakura.

She was twelve years old and did not know any better. Mapuhi relieved his feelings by sending her reeling from a box on the ear; while Tefara and Nauri burst into tears and continued to upbraid him after the manner of women.

Huru-Huru, watching on the beach, saw a third schooner that he knew heave to outside the entrance and drop a boat. It was the *Hira*, well named, for she was owned by Levy, the German Jew, the greatest pearl-buyer of them all, and, as was well known, Hira was the Tahitian god of fishermen and thieves.

"Have you heard the news?" Huru-Huru asked, as Levy, a fat man with massive asymmetrical features, stepped out upon the beach. "Mapuhi has found a pearl. There was never a pearl like it in Hikueru, in all the Paumotus, in all the world. Mapuhi is a fool. He has sold it to Toriki for fourteen hundred Chili — I listened outside and heard. Toriki is likewise a fool. You can buy it from him cheap. Remember that I told you first. Have you any tobacco?"

"Where is Toriki?"

"In the house of Captain Lynch drinking absinthe. He has been there an hour."

And while Levy and Toriki drank absinthe and chaffered over the pearl, Huru-Huru listened and heard the stupendous price of twenty-five thousand francs agreed upon.

It was at this time that both the *Orohena* and the *Hira*, running in close to the shore, began firing guns and signaling frantically. The three men stepped outside in time to see the two schooners go hastily about and head off shore, dropping mainsails and flying-jibs on the run in the teeth of the squall that heeled them far over on the whitened water. Then the rain blotted them out.

"They'll be back after it's over," said Toriki. "We'd better be getting out of here."

"I reckon the glass has fallen some more," said Captain Lynch.

He was a white-bearded sea-captain, too old for service, who had learned that the only way to live on comfortable terms with his asthma was on Hikueru. He went inside to look at the barometer.

"Great God!" they heard him exclaim, and rushed in to join with him at staring at a dial which marked twenty-nine-twenty.

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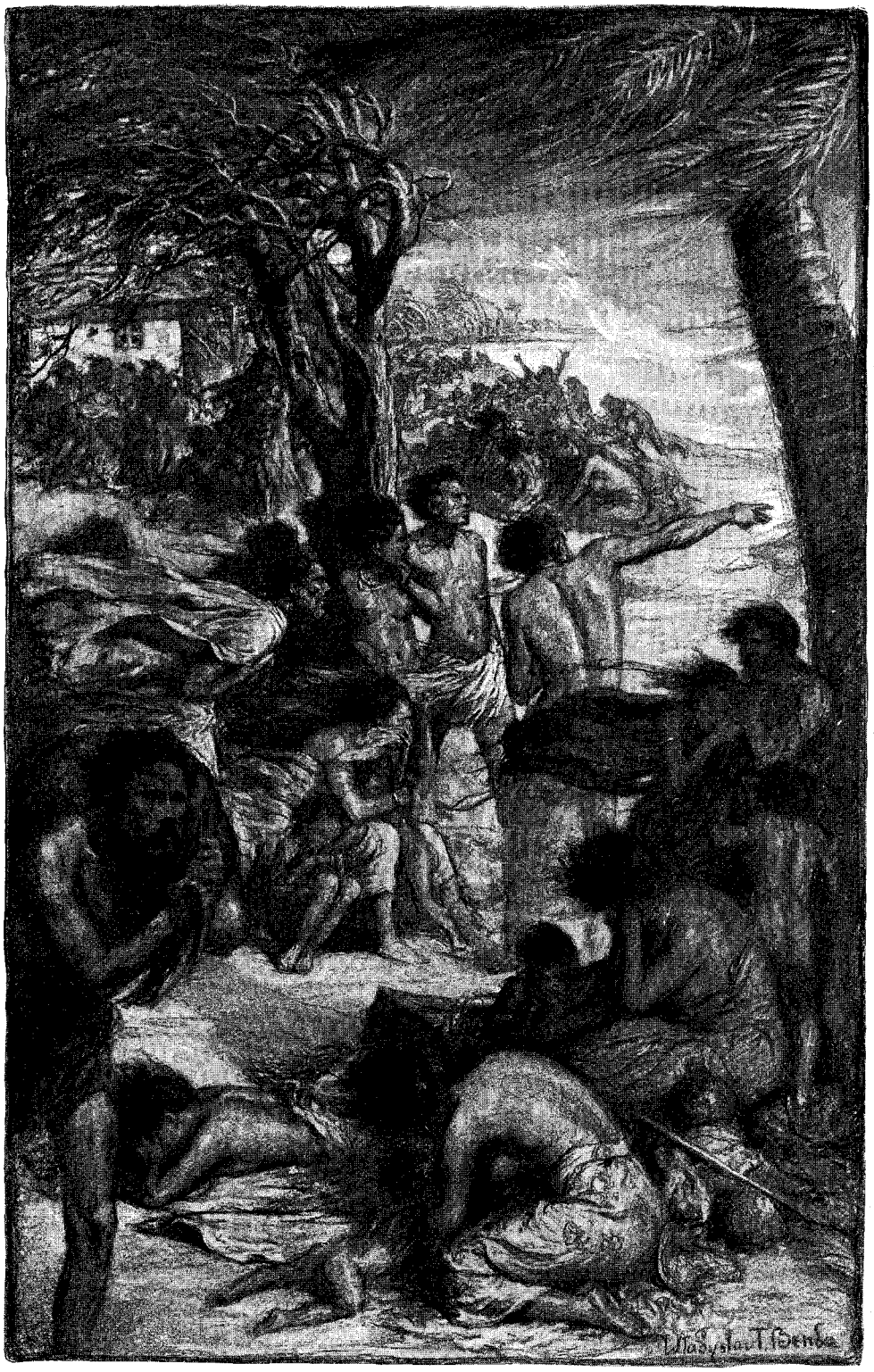

"SEVERAL HUNDRED PERSONS OF ALL AGES AND SEXES WERE CONGREGATED ABOUT THE CAPTAIN'S DWELLING"

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Again they came out, this time anxiously to consult sea and sky. The squall had cleared away, but the sky remained overcast. The two schooners, under all sail and joined by a third, could be seen making back. A veer in the wind induced them to slack off sheets, and five minutes afterward a sudden veer from the opposite quarter caught all three schooners aback, and those on shore could see the boom-tackles being slacked away or cast off on the jump. The sound of the surf was loud, hollow, and menacing, and a heavy swell was setting in. A terrible sheet of lightning burst before their eyes, illuminating the dark day, and the thunder rolled wildly about them.

Toriki and Levy broke into a run for their boats, the latter ambling along like a panic-stricken hippopotamus. As their two boats swept out the entrance, they passed the boat of the *Aorai* coming in. In the stern-sheets, encouraging the rowers, was Raoul. Unable to shake the vision of the pearl from his mind, he was returning to accept Mapuhi's price of a house.

He landed on the beach in the midst of a driving thunder squall that was so dense that he collided with Huru-Huru before he saw him.

"Too late," yelled Huru-Huru. "Mapuhi sold it to Toriki for fourteen hundred Chili, and Toriki sold it to Levy for twenty-five thousand francs. And Levy will sell it in France for a hundred thousand francs. Have you any tobacco?"

Raoul felt relieved. His troubles about the pearl were over. He need not worry any more, even if he had not got the pearl. But he did not believe Huru-Huru. Mapuhi might well have sold it for fourteen hundred Chili, but that Levy, who knew pearls, should have paid twenty-five thousand francs was too wide a stretch. Raoul decided to interview Captain Lynch on the subject, but when he arrived at that ancient mariner's house he found him looking wide-eyed at the barometer.

"What do you read it?" Captain Lynch asked anxiously, rubbing his spectacles and staring again at the instrument.

"Twenty-nine-ten," said Raoul. "I have never seen it so low before."

"I should say not!" snorted the captain. "Fifty years boy and man on all the seas, and I've never seen it go down to that. Listen!"

They stood for a moment, while the surf rumbled and shook the house. Then they went outside. The squall had passed. They could see the *Aorai* lying becalmed a mile away and pitching and tossing madly in the tremendous seas that rolled in stately procession down out of the northeast and flung themselves furiously upon the coral shore. One of the sailors from the boat pointed at the mouth of the passage and shook his head. Raoul looked and saw a white anarchy of foam and surge.

"I guess I'll stay with you to-night, Captain," he said; then turned to the sailor and told him to haul the boat out and to find shelter for himself and fellows.

"Twenty-nine flat," Captain Lynch reported, coming out from another look at the barometer, a chair in his hand.

He sat down and stared at the spectacle of the sea. The sun came out, increasing the sultriness of the day, while the dead calm still held. The seas continued to increase in magnitude.

"What makes that sea is what gets me," Raoul muttered petulantly. "There is no wind, yet look at it, look at that fellow there!"

Miles in length, carrying tens of thousands of tons in weight, its impact shook the frail atoll like an earthquake. Captain Lynch was startled.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, half-rising from his chair, then sinking back.

"But there is no wind," Raoul persisted. "I could understand it if there was wind along with it."

"You'll get the wind soon enough without worryin' for it," was the grim reply.

The two men sat on in silence. The sweat stood out on their skin in myriads of tiny drops that ran together forming blotches of moisture, which, in turn, coalesced into rivulets that dripped to the ground. They panted for breath, the old man's efforts being especially painful. A sea swept up the beach, licking around the trunks of the cocoanuts and subsiding almost at their feet.

"'Way past high-water mark," Captain Lynch remarked; "and I've been here eleven years." He looked at his watch. "It is three o'clock."

A man and woman, at their heels a motley following of brats and curs, trailed disconsolately by. They came to a halt beyond the house, and, after much irresolution, sat down in the sand. A few minutes later another family trailed in from the opposite direction, the men and women carrying a heterogeneous assortment of possessions. And soon several hundred persons of all ages and sexes were congregated about the captain's dwelling. He called to one new arrival, a woman with a nursing babe in her arms, and in answer received the information that her house had just been swept into the lagoon.

This was the highest spot of land in miles, and already, in many places on either hand, the great seas were making a clean breach of the

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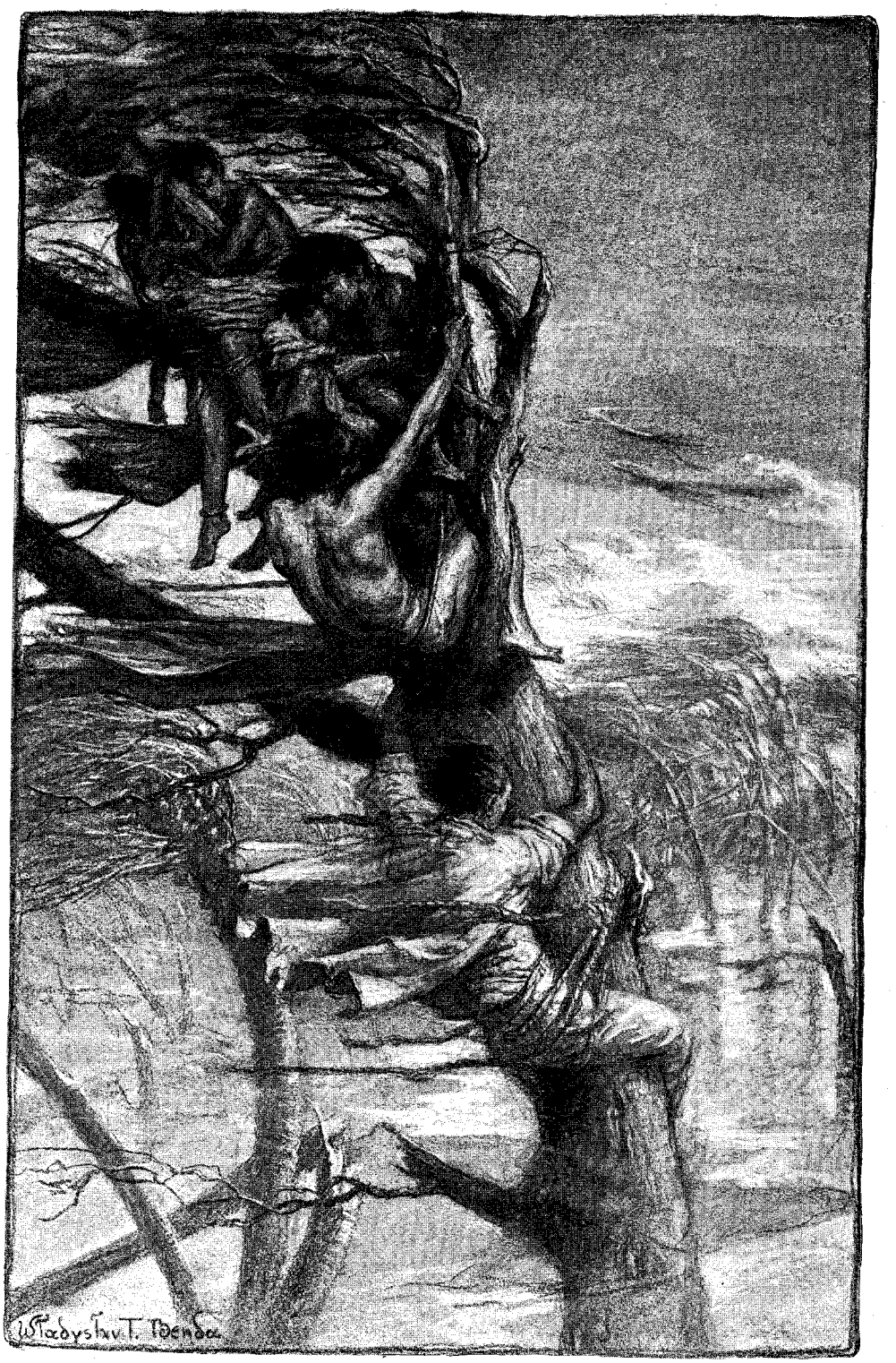

"IT HAD LONG SINCE PASSED BEYOND ALL HIS EXPERIENCE OF WIND"

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slender ring of the atoll and surging into the lagoon. Twenty miles around stretched the ring of the atoll, and in no place was it more than fifty fathoms wide. It was the height of the diving season, and from all the islands around, even as far as Tahiti, the natives had gathered.

"There are twelve hundred men, women, and children here," said Captain Lynch. "I wonder how many will be here to-morrow morning."

"But why don't it blow? — that's what I want to know," Raoul demanded.

"Don't worry, young man, don't worry; you'll get your troubles fast enough."

Even as Captain Lynch spoke, a great watery mass smote the atoll. The sea-water churned about them three inches deep under their chairs. A low wail of fear went up from the many women. The children, with clasped hands, stared at the immense rollers and cried piteously. Chickens and cats, wading perturbedly in the water, as by common consent, with flight and scramble, took refuge on the roof of the captain's house. A Paumotan, with a litter of new-born puppies in a basket, climbed into a cocoanut tree and twenty feet above the ground made the basket fast. The mother floundered about in the water beneath, whining and yelping.

And still the sun shone brightly and the dead calm continued. They sat and watched the seas and the insane pitching of the *Aorai*. Captain Lynch gazed at the huge mountains of water sweeping in until he could gaze no more. He covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight; then went into the house.

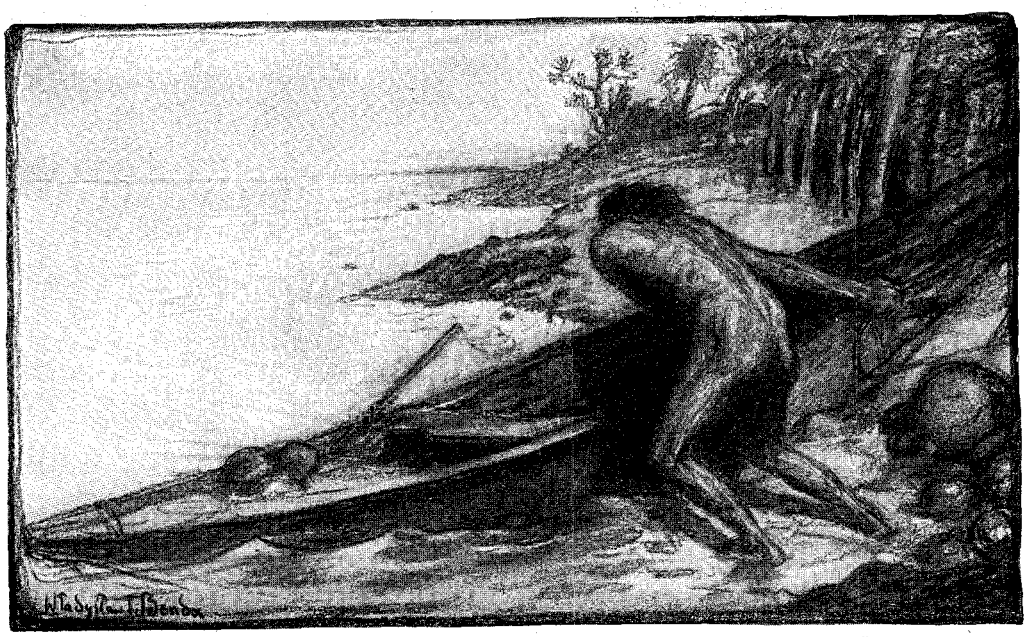
"Twenty-eight-sixty," he said quietly when he returned.

In his arm was a coil of rope. He cut it into two-fathom lengths, giving one to Raoul, retaining one for himself, and distributing the remainder among the women with the advice to pick out a tree and climb.

A light air began to blow out of the northeast, and the fan of it on his cheek seemed to cheer Raoul up. He could see the *Aorai* trimming her sheets and heading off shore, and he regretted that he was not on her. She would get away at any rate, but as for the atoll —— A sea breached across, almost sweeping him off his feet, and he selected a tree. Then he remembered the barometer and ran back to the house. He encountered Captain Lynch on the same errand, and together they went in.

"Twenty-eight-twenty," said the old mariner. "It's going to be fair hell around here — what was that?"

The air seemed filled with the rush of something. The house quivered and vibrated, and they heard the thrumming of a mighty note of sound. The windows rattled. Two panes crashed; a draught of wind tore in, striking them and making them stagger. The door opposite banged shut, shattering the latch. The white door-knob crumbled in fragments to the floor. Then came a new sound like the rattle of musketry, as the spray from a sea struck the wall of the house. Captain Lynch looked at his



"ON THE EIGHTEENTH DAY SHE LAUNCHED THE CANOE THROUGH THE SURF"

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watch. It was four o'clock. He put on a coat of pilot cloth, unhooked the barometer, and stowed it away in a capacious pocket. Again a sea struck the house, with a heavy thud, and the light building tilted, twisted quarter-around on its foundation, and sank down, its floor at an angle of ten degrees.

Raoul went out first. The wind caught him and whirled him away. He noted that it had hauled around to the east. With a great effort he threw himself on the sand, crouching and holding his own. Captain Lynch, driven like a wisp of straw, sprawled over him. Two of the *Aorai's* sailors, leaving a cocoanut tree to which they had been clinging, came to their aid, leaning against the wind at impossible angles and fighting and clawing every inch of the way.

The old man's joints were stiff and he could not climb, so the sailors, by means of short ends of rope tied together, hoisted him up the trunk, a few feet at a time, till they could make him fast, at the top of the tree, fifty feet from the ground. Raoul passed his length of rope around the base of an adjacent tree and stood looking on. The wind was frightful. He had never dreamed it could blow so hard. A sea breached across the atoll, wetting him to the knees ere it subsided into the lagoon. The sun had disappeared, and a lead-colored twilight had settled down. A few drops of rain, driving horizontally, struck him. The impact was like that of leaden pellets. A splash of salt spray struck his face. It was like the slap of a man's hand. His cheeks stung, and involuntary tears of pain were in his smarting eyes. Several hundred natives had taken to the trees, and he could have laughed at the bunches of human fruit clustering in the tops. Then, being Tahitian-born, he doubled his body at the waist, clasped the trunk of his tree with his hands, pressed the soles of his feet against the near surface of the trunk, and began to walk up the tree. At the top he found two women, two children, and a man. One little girl clasped a house-cat in her arms.

From his eyrie he waved his hand to Captain Lynch, and that doughty patriarch waved back. Raoul was appalled at the sky. It had approached much nearer — in fact, it seemed just over his head; and it had turned from lead to black. Many people were still on the ground grouped about the bases of the trees and holding on. Several such clusters were praying, and in one the Mormon missionary was exhorting. A weird sound, rhythmical, faint as the faintest chirp of a far cricket, enduring but for a moment, but in that moment suggesting to him vaguely the thought of heaven and celestial music, came to his ear. He glanced about him and saw, at the base of another tree, a large cluster of people holding on by ropes and by one another. He could see their faces working and their lips moving in unison. No sound came to him, but he knew that they were singing hymns.

Still the wind continued to blow harder. By no conscious process could he measure it, for it had long since passed beyond all his experience of wind; but he knew somehow, nevertheless, that it was blowing harder. Not far away a tree was uprooted, flinging its load of human beings to the ground. A sea washed across the strip of sand, and they were gone. Things were happening quickly. He saw a brown shoulder and a black head silhouetted against the churning white of the lagoon. The next instant that, too, had vanished. Other trees were going, falling and criss-crossing like matches. He was amazed at the power of the wind. His own tree was swaying perilously, one woman was wailing and clutching the little girl, who in turn still hung on to the cat.

The man, holding the other child, touched Raoul's arm and pointed. He looked and saw the Mormon church careering drunkenly a hundred feet away. It had been torn from its foundations, and wind and sea were heaving and shoving it toward the lagoon. A frightful wall of water caught it, tilted it, and flung it against half a dozen cocoanut trees. The bunches of human fruit fell like ripe cocoanuts. The subsiding wave showed them on the ground, some lying motionless, others squirming and writhing. They reminded him strangely of ants. He was not shocked. He had risen above horror. Quite as a matter of course he noted the succeeding wave sweep the sand clean of the human wreckage. A third wave, more colossal than any he had yet seen, hurled the church into the lagoon, where it floated off into the obscurity to leeward, half-submerged, reminding him for all the world of a Noah's ark.

He looked for Captain Lynch's house, and was surprised to find it gone. Things certainly were happening quickly. He noticed that many of the people in the trees that still held had descended to the ground. The wind had yet again increased. His own tree showed that. It no longer swayed or bent over and back. Instead, it remained practically stationary, curved in a rigid angle from the wind and merely vibrating. But the vibration was sickening. It was like that of a tuning-fork or the tongue of a jew's-harp. It was the rapidity of the vibration that made it so bad. Even though its roots held, it could not stand the strain for long. Something would have to break.

Ah, there was one that had gone. He had not seen it go, but there it stood, the remnant,

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broken off half-way up the trunk. One did not know what happened unless he saw it. The mere crashing of trees and wails of human despair occupied no place in that mighty volume of sound. He chanced to be looking in Captain Lynch's direction when it happened. He saw the trunk of the tree, half-way up, splinter and part without noise. The head of the tree, with three sailors of the *Aorai* and the old captain, sailed off over the lagoon. It did not fall to the ground, but drove through the air like a piece of chaff. For a hundred yards he followed its flight, when it struck the water. He strained his eyes, and was sure that he saw Captain Lynch wave farewell.

Raoul did not wait for anything more. He touched the native and made signs to descend to the ground. The man was willing, but his women were paralyzed from terror, and he elected to remain with them. Raoul passed his rope around the tree and slid down. A rush of salt water went over his head. He held his breath and clung desperately to the rope. The water subsided, and in the shelter of the trunk he breathed once more. He fastened the rope more securely, and then was put under by another sea. One of the women slid down and joined him, the native remaining by the other woman, the two children, and the cat.

The supercargo had noticed how the groups clinging at the bases of the other trees continually diminished. Now he saw the process work out alongside him. It required all his strength to hold on, and the woman who had joined him was growing weaker. Each time he emerged from a sea he was surprised to find himself still there, and next, surprised to find the woman still there. At last he emerged to find himself alone. He looked up. The top of the tree had gone as well. At half its original height, a splintered end vibrated. He was safe. The roots still held, while the tree had been shorn of its windage. He began to climb up. He was so weak that he went slowly, and sea after sea caught him before he was above them. Then he tied himself to the trunk and stiffened his soul to face the night and he knew not what.

He felt very lonely in the darkness. At times it seemed to him that it was the end of the world and that he was the last one left alive. Still the wind increased. Hour after hour it increased. By what he calculated was eleven o'clock, the wind had become unbelievable. It was a horrible, monstrous thing, a screaming fury, a wall that smote and passed on but that continued to smite and pass on — a wall without end. It seemed to him that he had become light and ethereal; that it was he that was in motion; that he was being driven with inconceivable velocity through unending solidness. The wind was no longer air in motion. It had become substantial as water or quicksilver. He had a feeling that he could reach into it and tear it out in chunks as one might do with the meat in the carcass of a steer; that he could seize hold of the wind and hang on to it as a man might hang on to the face of a cliff.

The wind strangled him. He could not face it and breathe, for it rushed in through his mouth and nostrils, distending his lungs like bladders. At such moments it seemed to him that his body was being packed and swollen with solid earth. Only by pressing his lips to the trunk of the tree could he breathe. Also, the ceaseless impact of the wind exhausted him. Body and brain became wearied. He no longer observed, no longer thought, and was but semi-conscious. One idea constituted his consciousness: *So this was a hurricane.* That one idea persisted irregularly. It was like a feeble flame that flickered occasionally. From a state of stupor he would return to it — *So this was a hurricane.* Then he would go off into another stupor.

The height of the hurricane endured from eleven at night till three in the morning, and it was at eleven that the tree in which clung Mapuhi and his women snapped off. Mapuhi rose to the surface of the lagoon, still clutching his daughter Ngakura. Only a South Sea islander could have lived in such a driving smother. The pandanus-tree, to which he attached himself, turned over and over in the froth and churn; and it was only by holding on at times and waiting, and at other times shifting his grips rapidly, that he was able to get his head and Ngakura's to the surface at intervals sufficiently near together to keep the breath in them. But the air was mostly water, what with flying spray and sheeted rain that poured along at right angles to the perpendicular.

It was ten miles across the lagoon to the farther ring of sand. Here, tossing tree-trunks, timbers, wrecks of cutters, and wreckage of houses, killed nine out of ten of the miserable beings who survived the passage of the lagoon. Half-drowned, exhausted, they were hurled into this mad mortar of the elements and battered into formless flesh. But Mapuhi was fortunate. His chance was the one in ten; it fell to him by the freakage of fate. He emerged upon the sand, bleeding from a score of wounds. Ngakura's left arm was broken; the fingers of her right hand were crushed; and cheek and forehead were laid open to the bone. He clutched a tree that yet stood, and clung on, holding the girl and sobbing for air, while the waters of the

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lagoon washed by knee-high and at times waist-high.

At three in the morning the backbone of the hurricane broke. By five no more than a stiff breeze was blowing. And by six it was dead calm and the sun was shining. The sea had gone down. On the yet restless edge of the lagoon, Mapuhi saw the broken bodies of those that had failed in the landing. Undoubtedly Tefara and Nauri were among them. He went along the beach examining them, and came upon his wife, lying half in and half out of the water. He sat down and wept, making harsh animal-noise after the manner of primitive grief. Then she stirred uneasily, and groaned. He looked more closely. Not only was she alive, but she was uninjured. She was merely sleeping. Hers also had been the one chance in ten.

Of the twelve hundred alive the night before but three hundred remained. The Mormon missionary and a gendarme made the census. The lagoon was cluttered with corpses. Not a house nor a hut was standing. In the whole atoll not two stones remained one upon another. One in fifty of the cocoanut palms still stood, and they were wrecks, while on not one of them remained a single nut. There was no fresh water. The shallow wells that caught the surface seepage of the rain were filled with salt. Out of the lagoon a few soaked bags of flour were recovered. The survivors cut the hearts out of the fallen cocoanut trees and ate them. Here and there they crawled into tiny hutches, made by hollowing out the sand and covering over with fragments of metal roofing. The missionary made a crude still, but he could not distill water for three hundred persons. By the end of the second day, Raoul, taking a bath in the lagoon, discovered that his thirst was somewhat relieved. He cried out the news, and thereupon three hundred men, women, and children could have been seen, standing up to their necks in the lagoon and trying to drink water in through their skins. Their dead floated about them, or were stepped upon where they still lay upon the bottom. On the third day the people buried their dead and sat down to wait for the rescue steamers.

In the meantime, Nauri, torn from her family by the hurricane, had been swept away on an adventure of her own. Clinging to a rough plank that wounded and bruised her and that filled her body with splinters, she was thrown clear over the atoll and carried away to sea. Here, under the amazing buffets of mountains of water, she lost her plank. She was an old woman — nearly sixty; but she was Paumotan-born, and she had never been out of sight of the sea in her life. Swimming in the darkness, strangling, suffocating, fighting for air, she was struck a heavy blow on the shoulder by a cocoanut. On the instant her plan was formed, and she seized the nut. In the next hour she captured seven more. Tied together, they formed a life-buoy that preserved her life while at the same time it threatened to pound her to a jelly. She was a fat woman, and she bruised easily; but she had had experience of hurricanes, and, while she prayed to her shark god for protection from sharks, she waited for the wind to break. But at three o'clock she was in such a stupor that she did not know. Nor did she know at six o'clock when the dead calm settled down. She was shocked into consciousness when she was thrown upon the sand. She dug in with raw and bleeding hands and feet and clawed against the backwash until she was beyond the reach of the waves.

She knew where she was. This land could be no other than the tiny islet of Takokota. It had no lagoon. No one lived upon it. Hikueru was fifteen miles away. She could not see Hikueru, but she knew that it lay to the south. The days went by, and she lived on the cocoanuts that had kept her afloat. They supplied her with drinking water and with food. But she did not drink all she wanted, nor eat all she wanted. Rescue was problematical. She saw the smoke of the rescue steamers on the horizon, but what steamer could be expected to come to lonely, uninhabited Takokota?

From the first she was tormented by corpses. The sea persisted in flinging them upon her bit of sand, and she persisted, until her strength failed, in thrusting them back into the sea where the sharks tore at them and devoured them. When her strength failed, the bodies festooned her beach with ghastly horror, and she withdrew from them as far as she could, which was not far.

By the tenth day her last cocoanut was gone, and she was shriveling from thirst. She dragged herself along the sand, looking for cocoanuts. It was strange that so many bodies floated up, and no nuts. Surely, there were more cocoanuts afloat than dead men! She gave up at last, and lay exhausted. The end had come. Nothing remained but to wait for death.

Coming out of a stupor, she became slowly aware that she was gazing at a patch of sandy-red hair on the head of a corpse. The sea flung the body toward her, then drew it back. It turned over, and she saw that it had no face. Yet there was something familiar about that patch of sandy-red hair. An hour passed. She did not exert herself to make the identification. She was waiting to die, and it mattered little to her what man that thing of horror once might have been.

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But at the end of the hour she sat up slowly and stared at the corpse. An unusually large wave had thrown it beyond the reach of the lesser waves. Yes, she was right; that patch of red hair could belong to but one man in the Paumotus. It was Levy, the German Jew, the man who had bought the pearl and carried it away on the *Hira*. Well, one thing was evident: the *Hira* had been lost. The pearl-buyer's god of fishermen and thieves had gone back on him.

She crawled down to the dead man. His shirt had been torn away, and she could see the leather money-belt about his waist. She held her breath and tugged at the buckles. They gave easier than she had expected, and she crawled hurriedly away across the sand, dragging the belt after her. Pocket after pocket she unbuckled in the belt and found empty. Where could he have put it? In the last pocket of all she found it, the first and only pearl he had bought on the voyage. She crawled a few feet farther, to escape the pestilence of the belt, and examined the pearl. It was the one Mapuhi had found and been robbed of by Toriki. She weighed it in her hand and rolled it back and forth caressingly. But in it she saw no intrinsic beauty. What she did see was the house Mapuhi and Tefara and she had builded so carefully in their minds. Each time she looked at the pearl she saw the house in all its details, including the octagon-drop-clock on the wall. That was something to live for.

She tore a strip from her *abu* and tied the pearl securely about her neck. Then she went on along the beach, panting and groaning, but resolutely seeking for cocoanuts. Quickly she found one, and, as she glanced around, a second. She broke one, drinking its water, which was mildewy, and eating the last particle of the meat. A little later she found a shattered dug-out. Its outrigger was gone, but she was hopeful, and, before the day was out, she found the outrigger. Every find was an augury. The pearl was a talisman. Late in the afternoon she saw a wooden box floating low in the water. When she dragged it out on the beach its contents rattled, and inside she found ten tins of salmon. She opened one by hammering it on the canoe. When a leak was started, she drained the tin. After that she spent several hours in extracting the salmon, hammering and squeezing it out a morsel at a time.

Eight days longer she waited for rescue. In the meantime she fastened the outrigger back on the canoe, using for lashings all the cocoanut-fiber she could find, and also what remained of her *abu*. The canoe was badly cracked, and she could not make it water-tight; but a calabash made from a cocoanut she stored on board for a bailer. She was hard put for a paddle. With a piece of tin she sawed off all her hair close to the scalp. Out of the hair she braided a cord; and by means of the cord she lashed a three-foot piece of broom-handle to a board from the salmon case. She gnawed wedges with her teeth and with them wedged the lashing.

On the eighteenth day, at midnight, she launched the canoe through the surf and started back for Hikueru. She was an old woman. Hardship had stripped her fat from her till scarcely more than bones and skin and a few stringy muscles remained. The canoe was large and should have been paddled by three strong men. But she did it alone, with a makeshift paddle. Also, the canoe leaked badly, and one third of her time was devoted to bailing. By clear daylight she looked vainly for Hikueru. Astern, Takokota had sunk beneath the sea-rim. The sun blazed down on her nakedness, compelling her body to surrender its moisture. Two tins of salmon were left, and in the course of the day she battered holes in them and drained the liquid. She had no time to waste in extracting the meat. A current was setting to the westward, she made westing whether she made southing or not.

In the early afternoon, standing upright in the canoe, she sighted Hikueru. Its wealth of cocoanut palms was gone. Only here and there, at wide intervals, could she see the ragged remnants of trees. The sight cheered her. She was nearer than she had thought. The current was setting her to the westward. She bore up against it and paddled on. The wedges in the paddle-lashing worked loose, and she lost much time, at frequent intervals, in driving them tight. Then there was the bailing. One hour in three she had to cease paddling in order to bail. And all the time she drifted to the westward.

By sunset Hikueru bore southeast from her, three miles away. There was a full moon, and by eight o'clock the land was due east and two miles away. She struggled on for another hour, but the land was as far away as ever. She was in the main grip of the current; the canoe was too large; the paddle was too inadequate; and too much of her time and strength was wasted in bailing. Besides, she was very weak and growing weaker. Despite her efforts, the canoe was drifting off to the westward.

She breathed a prayer to her shark god, slipped over the side, and began to swim. She was actually refreshed by the water, and quickly left the canoe astern. At the end of an hour the land was perceptibly nearer. Then came her fright. Right before her eyes, not twenty

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feet away, a large fin cut the water. She swam steadily toward it, and slowly it glided away, curving off toward the right and circling around her. She kept her eyes on the fin and swam on. When the fin disappeared, she lay face downward on the water and watched. When the fin reappeared she resumed her swimming. The monster was lazy — she could see that. Without doubt he had been well fed since the hurricane. Had he been very hungry, she knew he would not have hesitated from making a dash for her. He was fifteen feet long, and one bite, she knew, could cut her in half.

But she did not have any time to waste on him. Whether she swam or not, the current drew away from the land just the same. A half-hour went by, and the shark began to grow bolder. Seeing no harm in her, he drew closer, in narrowing circles, cocking his eyes at her impudently as he slid past. Sooner or later, she knew well enough, he would get up sufficient courage to dash at her. She resolved to play first. It was a desperate act she meditated. She was an old woman, alone in the sea, and weak from starvation and hardship; and yet she, in the face of this sea-tiger, must anticipate his dash by herself dashing at him. She swam on, waiting her chance. At last he passed languidly by, barely eight feet away. She rushed at him suddenly, feigning that she was attacking him. He gave a wild flirt of his tail as he fled away, and his sand-paper hide, striking her, took off her skin from elbow to shoulder. He swam rapidly, in a widening circle, and at last disappeared.

In the hole in the sand, covered over by fragments of metal roofing, Mapuhi and Tefara lay disputing.

"If you had done as I said," charged Tefara, for the thousandth time, "and hidden the pearl and told no one, you would have it now."

"But Huru-Huru was with me when I opened the shell — have I not told you so times and times and times without end?"

"And now we shall have no house. Raoul told me to-day that if you had not sold the pearl to Toriki ——"

"I did not sell it. Toriki robbed me."

"—— that if you had not sold the pearl, he would give you five thousand French dollars, which is ten thousand Chili."

"He has been talking to his mother," Mapuhi explained. "She has an eye for a pearl."

"And now the pearl is lost," Tefara complained.

"It paid my debt with Toriki. That is twelve hundred I have made anyway."

"Toriki is dead," she cried. "They have heard no word of his schooner. She was lost along with the *Aorai* and the *Hira*. Will Toriki pay you the three hundred credit he promised? No, because Toriki is dead. And had you found no pearl, would you to-day owe Toriki the twelve hundred? No, because Toriki is dead, and you cannot pay dead men."

"But Levy did not pay Toriki," Mapuhi said. "He gave him a piece of paper that was good for the money in Papeete; and now Levy is dead and cannot pay; and Toriki is dead and the paper lost with him, and the pearl is lost with Levy. You are right, Tefara. I have lost the pearl, and got nothing for it. Now let us sleep."

He held up his hand suddenly and listened. From without came a noise, as of one who breathed heavily and with pain. A hand fumbled against the mat that served for a door.

"Who is there?" Mapuhi cried.

"Nauri," came the answer. "Can you tell me where is my son, Mapuhi?"

Tefara screamed and gripped her husband's arm.

"A ghost!" she chattered. "A ghost!"

Mapuhi's face was a ghastly yellow. He clung weakly to his wife.

"Good woman," he said in faltering tones, striving to disguise his voice, "I know your son well. He is living on the east side of the lagoon."

From without came the sound of a sigh. Mapuhi began to feel elated. He had fooled the ghost.

"But where do you come from, old woman?" he asked.

"From the sea," was the dejected answer.

"I knew it! I knew it!" screamed Tefara, rocking to and fro.

"Since when has Tefara bedded in a strange house?" came Nauri's voice through the matting.

Mapuhi looked fear and reproach at his wife. It was her voice that had betrayed them.

"And since when has Mapuhi, my son, denied his old mother?" the voice went on.

"No, no, I have not — Mapuhi has not denied you," he cried. "I am not Mapuhi. He is on the east end of the lagoon, I tell you."

Ngakura sat up in bed and began to cry. The matting started to shake.

"What are you doing?" Mapuhi demanded.

"I am coming in," said the voice of Nauri.

One end of the matting lifted. Tefara tried to dive under the blankets, but Mapuhi held on to her. He had to hold on to something. Together, struggling with each other, with shivering bodies and chattering teeth, they gazed with protruding eyes at the lifting mat. They saw

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Nauri, dripping with sea water, without her *abu*, creep in. They rolled over backward from her and fought for Ngakura's blanket with which to cover their heads.

"You might give your old mother a drink of water," the ghost said plaintively.

"Give her a drink of water," Tefara commanded in a shaking voice.

"Give her a drink of water," Mapuhi passed on the command to Ngakura.

And together they kicked out Ngakura from under the blanket. A minute later, peeping, Mapuhi saw the ghost drinking. When it reached out a shaking hand and laid it on his, he felt the weight of it and was convinced that it was no ghost. Then he emerged, dragging Tefara after him, and in a few minutes all were listening to Nauri's tale. And when she told of Levy, and dropped the pearl into Tefara's hand, even she was reconciled to the reality of her mother-in-law.

"In the morning," said Tefara, "you will sell the pearl to Raoul for five thousand French."

"The house?" objected Nauri.

"He will build the house," Tefara answered. "He says it will cost four thousand French Also will he give one thousand French in credit, which is two thousand Chili."

"And it will be six fathoms long?" Nauri queried.

"Ay," answered Mapuhi, "six fathoms."

"And in the middle room will be the octagon-drop-clock?"

"Ay, and the round table as well."

"Then give me something to eat, for I am hungry," said Nauri complacently. "And after that we will sleep, for I am weary. And tomorrow we will have more talk about the house before we sell the pearl. It will be better if we take the thousand French in cash. Money is ever better than credit in buying goods from the traders."

A SPANISH TOWN

MEDINACELI

BY

S. GRISWOLD MORLEY

LOFTY above the slowly moving train
I saw the ancient town astride its hill;
So dusty, dry, and scorched, it seemed no rain
Might ever give it fill.

Its houses, tightly clustered, are a patch
Of sordid brown against the grayish rock;
Around it shapeless limestone hills keep watch,
Washed from the selfsame block.

A wretched road twists upward o'er the heath,
Which still the Spanish sun fails not to parch,
And near the town it passes underneath
A triple Roman Arch.

A Roman Arch! Gigantic there it stands,
Imperial still, outlined against the sky.
The great mid-vault, flanked by the two, commands
Castilla from on high.

How dares that puny road to thrust its head
Beneath the mighty reminiscent Arch?
Another road was that which straightly led
The war-scarred legions' march.

Clear as a bolt its well-paved whiteness leapt
From town to town, surmounting hill and vale;
The wild Iberian feared its sight, and crept,
Cowed, on the distant swale.

God knows what glittering legions have passed through
That Arch, or what subdued barbarian hordes,
And softly sobbing women, wondering who
Should be their future lords!

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THE HOPELESS CASE

BY

R. F. FOSTER

TWO visitors walked into the warden's office one wintry afternoon in March to secure the necessary permission to see the penitentiary. One was a minister who had lately taken charge of a Sunday-school class in the prison, and the other was a fat man, well dressed, who looked as if he might answer to the general description, "one of the boys."

"This is one of my church-members, General, who takes a lively interest in all our local charities," said the minister. "I should like very much to take him through the prison, although I believe it is after visiting hours."

The warden knew his visitor by name only as a successful business man and a liberal subscriber to campaign funds. After a few minutes' chat, the usual twenty-five cents was contributed to the library fund, and an officer was called to accompany them through the prison. They went down a few wooden steps from the front office, across a little brick-paved yard, and under an archway, where an officer was sitting just inside a heavy iron-latticed door. He got up as they approached, pushed a large key into the lock, and swung back the gate, which closed after them with a bang.

"Your first visit?" asked the minister.

"Yes. That evangelist, What's-his-name, that was here last year and used to preach to the prisoners Sunday mornings, wanted me to see the place, but I didn't have time. I told him he could call on me for a hundred if he found any deserving cases in here, but he never said anything about it. He told me the officers in the shops were the best judges of how deep the religious business struck in, for they would notice any change in a man that worked under them all the time."

"Evangelists seldom see much of the final results of their efforts," said the minister; "and there are a good many hypocrites among prisoners; but many criminals reform and lead better lives. I believe that there is one sound spot always left in the rottenest heart, if you can only find it."

They went through the foundry and the shoe-shop without meeting anything of interest. Most of the members of the minister's Sunday-school class worked in the marble-shop, and it was not until the guide had pushed open the door to let them in, and all the prisoners had removed their caps, some with a smile of recognition, that the minister felt at home.

"There are ninety men in this shop," he said, "and I have about forty of them."

"They don't look very different from ordinary people," the business man remarked. "I suppose some of them are murderers, eh? It's in this shop that Mitchell, the bank-robber, works, isn't it? Which one is he?" This question was addressed to the guide.

"We ain't allowed to point out prisoners to visitors, sir. If you happen to know them, you can look at them."

"Why, that's funny. A friend of mine went through here not long ago, and he told me he saw all the celebrities he asked about."

"The officer what was taking him through maybe pointed out some one who looked the part," put in the officer of the shop, who had joined the group by the stove, "but I don't think it was the right man. If a prisoner behaves hisself and gives us no trouble, why, we don't want to give him no trouble, neither. When folks come through here to look at the zebras, we ain't going to point out a man to them so as they'll know him on the street after he gets out, just because they've paid a quarter to the library fund."

"Well, say," said the fat man, pulling out his cigar-case and offering it to each of the officers, "I think I could get a bet out of some of the boys at the club on that."

"Thanks. Smoking's not allowed in here; only chewing. You can gamble on what I'm telling you is right. Why, when that fellow Pemberton came in here,—him that killed that girl in Daisy Powell's,—his folks was away up in society where he come from, and for weeks every jay that came in here wanted to see Pemberton. Well, none of 'em ever saw Pemberton to know

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him, not in the whole three years he was here. We had a fellow in here for life,—killed his wife,—and we showed him up for Pemberton. Pemberton was all right; he never give us no trouble, and we was all of us his friends."

"But the man you pointed out might object, if he knew it."

"If he knew it? Well, you see, mister, it's this way. If it's a high-toned crime they're asking about, all these fellows are proud of having done something big. If it's a dirty piece of work like Faling's—" mentioning a man who had been convicted of a particularly revolting crime on an oyster-boat—"we show 'em some dirty dog that ain't no good, like that fellow over there in the corner,"—nodding his head toward the place. "That fellow's been a sort of wax-figure exhibition for all the low-down criminals that's been asked after by visitors for more'n five years. Soon after Faling come in here, we found he was a good prisoner, if he was a bad man outside. One day when a visitor come through the shop and asked which was Faling, the officer as was taking him through pointed out that thing in the corner. Then he turns round to go on to the next shop, thinking his man was following him. But, Lord bless you, just as soon as the officer's back was turned, that man went over in the corner and wiped the floor up with the fellow he thought was Faling. He was in hospital three weeks."

The minister looked sad at the recital of such depravity, but the fat man's face bore an expression of mingled amusement and surprise.

"And what had the man in the corner done?" he asked.

"Done! Why, he's the dirtiest dog that ever lived." The officer stooped to open the door of the stove to give vent to a large mouthful of tobacco juice. "He ought to be in hell—" slamming the stove door almost viciously. "He was in the shoe-shop before he come in here, and the General moved him for fear the officer would kill him, he made so much trouble. One cold afternoon the officer of the shop was a-sitting in front of the stove warming himself, and that fellow Garbage—Partridge is his name, but we call him Garbage, he's that low—reported him for sleeping. Some of the boys put leather cuttings on his knees when he had his eyes shut, and Garbage goes and gives all their names to the General next day. I don't believe he never done a full day's task since he's been here. He always steals some other fellow's work and puts it in his pile. He's always making trouble and carrying tales. There ain't nothing too low nor too dirty for him. He goes out this fall, and I only hopes some one cuts his throat before he comes in here again."

"Is he in your class?" asked the fat man, turning to the minister. "I mean your Sunday-school class, of course."

"No. I am sorry to say he is not, not even as a hypocrite," said the minister, who looked troubled. "To tell you the truth, when I remarked to you that there was always one sound spot left in the rottenest heart, by which it may be redeemed, I should have mentioned Garbage—I mean Partridge—as the exception that proves the rule."

"Why don't they punish him?"

"Punish him!" roared the officer of the shop. "Why, bless you, he's more marks on his back than any man in the prison. He's had the cat up to the limit, thirteen, three days hand running. He's been in the dark cells, and bread and water, and ball and chain. The General gave over licking him about a year ago, as he said it was only making him desperate, and didn't do no good nohow. There ain't no badness that fellow ain't up to, but you can't lick it out of him. Prisoners do some pretty bad things when they gets a chance to be alone, and he's had thirteen lashes for that more'n once. We never leave him out of sight for a minute. He'd burn the prison if it wasn't stone and iron. He did burn his bed once, and he's not had lights in his cell for three years. You'll have to excuse me, mister, but the quitting-bell rings in ten minutes."

When the visitors parted on the corner, the fat man expressed his thanks for the experience. He seemed to be turning over something in his mind that inwardly amused him.

"Say, that fellow Garbage is a bird, eh? He's the most interesting specimen in the whole shooting-match. You don't gamble, of course; but, I say, I feel as if I owed that prison something on account of that hundred I promised What's-his-name. Tell you what I'll do. You get that fellow Garbage into your class and reform him, and I'll give you the hundred—not for charity, but for yourself."

"He is a hopeless case."

"A game's never lost till it's won. You do your best. Good-by."

A hundred dollars to reform Partridge! He had known of evangelists who had been promised extra payments on the condition that their conversions reached a certain number, and he had known them to earn the money rather easily. But to reform Partridge! He would almost as soon undertake to turn a gospel preacher into a gambler. Yet the hundred dollars would be a very snug little sum to him, and he knew the promise was as good as the payment, if he could only earn the money.

For a whole month he tried to find the soft

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spot in the heart of his hopeless case. He talked to him about his early life, his home, and his mother. Partridge had nothing but curses for any of them. The very suggestion of religion seemed to make him angry. All he cared to talk about was what he would do to this officer and that as soon as he got out. All prisoners who have been punished talk in this way, but no one pays any attention to it, and nothing happens to the officers. A discharged convict will calmly take off his hat in the park to the officer who has cruelly flogged him in the prison.

Partridge's mind seemed incapable of anything but evil. If he could only steal and hide some fellow-prisoner's tools, or put fat on his work, or report some officer for inattention to his duty, or do something to make some one angry enough to break a rule and get punished, he was happy. His motto seemed to be: No day without a fuss. Instead of making any progress with him, the minister felt that Partridge was growing to dislike him, and looked upon his attentions as a nuisance, to be met with answers as close to impudence as the rules allowed and to be got rid of as soon as possible.

He talked the situation over with the chief warden, but the warden did not seem to know much about Partridge, except that he was the worst and most troublesome prisoner he had ever encountered. He had been told that the man was no worse than others when he first came, which was before the present warden's time; and it had been suggested that too frequent punishment for trifling offenses had made him what he was. Partridge seemed to possess not a single redeeming quality now, except that "since the fire" he had spent such pains on his cell that it was among the neatest and most tastefully decorated in the prison. He had a knack of putting together spalls of marble, picked up from the floor, and pictures cut out of papers, with a singularly pleasing effect; his cell in the eastern dormitory was always shown to visitors. The man had never made a friend since he came into the prison, but his enemies were bounded only by the walls.

There was one prisoner in the marble-shop, a rather intelligent German, whom Partridge detested above all others, apparently because he had such an easy time of it and was allowed so many privileges. This man was in the Sunday-school class, and he had watched the efforts of the minister to get into Partridge's good graces with mingled amusement and contempt. One Sunday morning he offered his advice that Partridge would be better left alone, and that the most advantageous thing that could happen would be for him to get out of prison and get killed.

Hausmann had not come into personal conflict with Partridge in any way, and he often congratulated himself that he was in a distant part of the shop, since every one near Partridge got into trouble sooner or later. His turn came at last, in a way that he least expected. Hausmann, like most Germans, was very fond of the customs of his own country, and when the spring came he asked the General if he might raise some flowers in a box in one of the shop windows. He had always had a little garden on his balcony in Berlin, and he understood the cultivation of small plants very well. The warden could not see any objection, and even went to the trouble of buying some seeds for him to start his little garden. The carpenter who made the packing-cases fitted up a big box just the length of one of the south windows in the marble-shop, and they got the earth from the warden's private garden in front of the prison. Being a rapid worker, Hausmann could easily finish his prison task by two o'clock, and as the rest of the afternoon was at a prisoner's own disposal, to do anything he pleased, within the rules, provided he did not leave the shop, Hausmann devoted himself to his garden while other industrious prisoners were making fancy door blocks or paper weights out of the scraps of marble they picked up around the shop.

No one paid any attention to the box in the window until some little green shoots poked their heads into the prison air and seemed to be occupied in reading the words on the small sticks that marked the various parts of their garden bed. To the officer of the shop Hausmann explained that these marks were necessary, because each variety of plant required a different treatment. The day after the shoots first appeared, when the men marched out for dinner, Partridge went without his coat and was sent back for it. When the men came in again after dinner, every one of the little sticks in the flower box had been pulled out and thrown on the floor.

Talking among prisoners is against the rules, but although ninety men can watch one officer, he cannot watch ninety men, and while he is looking one way the prisoners in the other direction can easily exchange a few words. It does not take long for any piece of news to circulate, and it did not take Hausmann long to learn that Partridge had returned to the shop alone for a minute before marching to dinner.

Without stopping to see whether the officer was looking or not, he went across the shop like a man chasing a tram-car. Partridge saw him coming, but did not seem to guess his intention. Before any one could realize what was happening, there was a fight, in which Partridge got the

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worst of it at first, but would have quickly turned the tables on his assailant by using his hammer if some of the other prisoners had not jumped to the rescue of the German and saved him from a fractured skull.

Of course, the officer could not hush up so serious a thing as a fight. It would be the talk of the prison before morning. He could not report one without reporting the other, so the next afternoon at two o'clock both men were in the warden's office for trial. Partridge declared that the attack was absolutely unprovoked, and swore he had never touched the flower-box. But the General seemed to think that was all nonsense. If he had not done it, who had? Hausmann said he was only talking to Partridge, when Partridge began the fight, and he had to defend himself. The General told him he had no business to go near Partridge, but should have complained to the officer of the shop and had Partridge punished. Fighting is a very grave offense in a prison, and there was nothing for the warden to do but to order both men to be flogged.

To a person who knows nothing about it, a flogging with a cat-o'-nine-tails appears to be a flogging, and its severity seems to vary only with the number of lashes. But, in the hands of an expert, castigation with the cat is a conundrum that he alone can solve. An officer who understands his business can lay it on so lightly that it feels like the sting of bees, or he can lift a man off his feet with the severity of the blow. As it is the duty of the officer of each shop to flog the prisoners under his charge when they are to be punished, it is hardly necessary to say that Hausmann went to bed that night very little the worse for his thirteen lashes, while Partridge was not fit to work again for three days, and had to be kept in bed, locked up in his cell.

The next afternoon Hausmann had cut his task of sixty-six feet of molding before dinner, and he spent the entire afternoon replacing the little sticks to the best of his memory. The next day at dinner-time they were all thrown on the floor again.

The officer of the shop looked foolish. So did Hausmann. Perhaps it had not been Partridge, after all! It could not be his fault this time, for he was in bed in his cell. They would set a watch next day and see what happened. The mystery was soon explained. One of the warden's children, who had the run of the prison, had discovered the flower-box and had pulled out the sticks, thinking, as he innocently explained, that all the dirty little pieces of wood were in the way of the pretty little green things, and that he was weeding the garden, as it were.

The officer strolled over to Hausmann's bench during the afternoon to talk it over.

"It's tough on Garbage," he said, "but I don't see how we can do much now."

"But think once. I must apologize or something to him."

"Apologize! Faith, it's me should apologize. I gave him the best licking he ever got in his life. My arm is stiff yet."

"If you tell the General, he goes loose, perhaps."

"Tell the General nothing. He'd lick the kid, then, and go for me for telling him as how I knowed Garbage was the one as done it and you had cause. Don't say nothing, and I'll fix Garbage when he comes out."

The minister dropped in that afternoon. He had heard all about the fight from the warden. But for his discovery of the real culprit, the officer of the shop would have put a much blacker face on it for Partridge than he did. The poor clergyman, who was left to believe that Partridge had pulled the sticks, looked very much discouraged, and told the officer he feared he should never be able to do anything with such a mischief-maker, an opinion in which the officer heartily joined.

"That fellow," he said, "why, he's that rotten, saltpeter wouldn't save him."

Meeting his friend, the fat man, next Sunday, the minister had to confess that he was no nearer the hundred dollars than he had been a month before. This last escapade appeared to make the case more hopeless than ever. His patron seemed rather to enjoy the confession, as if it were part of some game in which he was getting the better.

"That fellow Garbage," he said, "he's a bird. He's pure cussedness, he is. Just think what a terror he must have been to his mother. He's what my friend the professor calls too generous ——"

"*Sui generis*, I think you mean, if you will pardon the correction."

"That sounds more like it. Every time I think about that officer dozing in front of the stove with the leather cuttings on his lap, and that fellow Garbage putting down the names to give to the warden, I have to laugh. Oh, he's a bird! He's the whole show in that prison."

In spite of the officer's advice, Hausmann took an early opportunity to get next to Partridge at the washing-sink after the quitting-bell rang, and told him the truth about the sticks, apologized to him, and offered him his hand. Partridge seemed dazed at first. The explanation he passed over, as a man will do who has been accustomed all his life to be blamed for things he has never done, but the proffered hand was

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too much for him. He took it, all soapy as it was, and looked at the German as if he expected some trick.

"That's all right, pard," he said. "You was hot under the collar about them sprouts, I know. It was me started the fight."

The officer saw them talking, and next morning he asked Hausmann about it.

"Now he'll rush to the General and tell him the whole thing, and do the baby act about always getting punished for nothing, and try to get square on you."

But Partridge did not make any report to the warden. Instead of trying to "get square" on the German, he rather seemed to presume on the handshake as a justification for dropping around to the south window after his task was done and watching the progress of the "sprouts." Little by little, he got to know when to bring water for them, and he would always have it ready for Hausmann before he could get it himself. Then he learned the names of the plants and asked curious questions about their peculiarities.

"Them things is alive, ain't they?" he said one day. "If you don't feed 'em and give 'em water they'd die, wouldn't they?"

"Wait once," said Hausmann. "Wait until they have full grown become. Then you see something fine."

Every afternoon, when the flowers actually did begin to bloom, Partridge was at the window as soon as his task was done. He watched those buds as jealously as a grandmother watches the first baby that gives her the title. Not the smallest leaf could wither or turn brown that he did not spy it out and report it to Hausmann. He knew the exact number of blossoms on every plant and could tell you within an hour the time they should be in full bloom. The men in the shop began to call him the Assistant Gardener, and some of the witty ones remarked that they had often heard garbage was a good thing to make plants grow. Others said they believed that if any of the smell were missing from the mignonettes in the morning, Garbage would complain to the General about it.

One beautiful afternoon in May, Hausmann was perched on the inner window-sill, with his hands round his knees, sunning himself, while Partridge was watering the flowers, of which there were now two boxes in full bloom. The minister came through the shop and spoke to Hausmann, but seemed to avoid Partridge, whose manner clearly showed that he did not want any further conversation with the representative of the Church.

"I hear you are leaving us very soon," he said. "I trust we shall not see you here again, but if there is anything I can do for you, you must let me know."

When he was gone, Partridge came closer to Hausmann.

"You'se is going out next month?"

"If I don't for fighting lose any more good-conduct time," said the German, laughing.

"Gimme them flowers when you goes out?"

The German turned quickly on his questioner, as if intending to laugh at such a suggestion. But the look in his companion's eyes stopped him. It seemed to him like the appealing look of a dog. He had not thought particularly of what he should do with the flower-boxes when his time was up, but the idea of giving them to so unpopular a prisoner as Partridge did not strike him favorably. He had several good friends in the prison, any of whom would be glad to get such a present.

"They'se mine when you goes out, ain't they?" persisted Partridge.

"We shall see once," was all the answer he could get that day.

Next day and every day it was the same appeal, and when another prisoner happened to ask for them in his presence, all the old spite and hate seemed to flash into the prisoner's face.

"I asked him fust," he said, "and they'se mine. What do you know about flowers, anyway?"

The other turned away with some contemptuous remark, and the officer came over to see what the loud talking was about. He had not reported Partridge for a month now, and the General was so much pleased that the officer felt the improvement due entirely to his good management. He did not want to break the charm by reporting him now for such a trifle as talking.

On the officer's advice, Hausmann bequeathed the flowers to Partridge when he left the prison, and their new owner took possession of his property with an enthusiasm that became the talk of the shop. He rearranged the plants to suit his own ideas of color effects, and the General stopped to admire them one day on his rounds, and complimented Partridge on his taste. The prisoner took immediate advantage of the occasion to ask permission to have two more boxes, so that there would be one in every south window.

"For heaven's sake," said the General to the officer of the shop, "give that man anything he asks for, if it is not against the rules, just so he keeps up his streak of good behavior. He seems to be dead stuck on those flowers. I would put him in charge of the flower-beds out front, only I am afraid he would run away. Besides, the idea of making a trusty out of Partridge is something too funny for anything."

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"His time is up in September, General. I don't believe he would run away. Leastways, not while his flowers was in bloom." This was said with an air of personal responsibility and guaranty that had its weight, and so it came to pass that Partridge was soon after made a trusty, one of the few chosen prisoners who are selected to do little odd jobs about the warden's house outside the principal gates of the prison. The taste that the warden had remarked soon showed itself in the rearrangement of the flower-beds out in front, and on the next board day each member of the board of directors got such a bouquet as the prison had never produced before. On the Fourth of July, by permission of the General, Partridge was allowed to give a little nosegay of red, white, and blue blossoms to each of the men in the marble-shop, and the officer took home a big bunch to his wife.

"We'll have to quit calling that fellow Garbage," remarked one of the old-timers. "I'm beginning to think he's the real thing, after all."

The minister strolled in during the afternoon of the Fourth, to see the prisoners enjoy the entertainment usually provided for such holidays. Rarely coming into the prison now except on Sundays, he did not know of the advance in Partridge's position, and was surprised to see him in the front garden, which he knew was a position of trust. The prisoner did not speak to him, and apparently shunned him, as usual. The minister's curiosity prompted him to speak to the warden about it, and he soon heard the whole story. His hopeless case of two months ago had become one of the best-behaved prisoners in the institution.

The clergyman had no recollection of the flower-boxes in the marble-shop, but the beds before him were very evident. He stood on the top step and looked at them like a man in a dream. He thought of all the hatred the man before him had inspired, the deviltry he had committed, and the punishment he had endured. He thought of all the efforts he had made to reform him, of all the things he had spoken to him about, the times he had pleaded with him and the prayers he had offered for him. What had he accomplished? Nothing! The terrors of the law, the discipline of the prison, the pleading of religion, had been piled upon this man in vain; but God, in His own good time, had placed before him a few paltry blossoms in a wooden box, and the sound spot in the rotten heart was found.

He had no taste for variety entertainments now. He felt in some way humiliated and ashamed in the presence of this object-lesson, and wanted to confide his trouble to some one, so he walked round to see his friend, the fat man. He found him sitting in the shade on his front steps.

"That man Partridge is reformed," he said very quietly, after he had shaken hands.

"You don't mean it!" said the man of business, with a shade of disappointment in his tone. "Then I owe you a hundred."

"No; I am sorry to say I had nothing to do with it;" and then he sat down and told him all about it.

"You get your hundred just the same," said the other, when the story was finished. "But I want to see those flowers. Let's take a walk over there now. I always said that fellow was a bird."

In September Partridge put on his freedom suit and passed out from the prison walls. The officer of the marble-shop shook hands with him warmly. Many of his old enemies among the prisoners wished him good luck, and some even seemed sorry to see him go. The minister and his fat friend met him in the warden's office, and the fat man insisted on shaking hands with him and getting a hack to drive him to the train. Partridge said he lived up North, and he wanted to go home first of all and see if any of the old folks were left. When they got to the station, the fat man told the minister that he wanted to talk to Partridge alone.

"Look here, Garbage," he said; "I beg pardon, I mean Partridge. You ought to be a florist or house decorator, or something in that line. After you get through with your friends up North, pick out some good town and start in for yourself in a small way. There's my card. You can draw on me for any part of a thousand if you want it, and I'll give you five years to pay it back. If you never pay it back, I won't miss it, so don't let that worry you. No thanks," he said, pushing back the extended hands; "I'm out a hundred on you for a starter, and I'm going to finish the job."

There is to-day, in a Western town, a florist with a flourishing business, who has been many times advised to move to the big cities of the East, where his taste in decoration would be even better rewarded than it is now. But he seems to think himself better off where he is. He owns his shop and the house he lives in, always has a balance in the bank, and bears the reputation of being as straight as a string. He enjoys the respect of the entire community, and has apparently nothing to wish for, although many people wonder why he never married. He might have been a director in the local bank and a deacon in the church, but he seems to avoid publicity as much as possible. His only expressed regret is that he never had an education; his only secret regret is that there is one thing about him that is, and always will be, false: the name over his shop is not Partridge.

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SANTY-LAN'

BY

ROSALIE M. JONAS

NOW listen, little chillun, git closer roun' my knees,
Till I tells you-all 'bout Santy-Lan',
Whar Santy Claus de onlies' man,
An' ev'ywhar yer walks er stan',
De woods is cram' wid Chris'mus Trees,—
Jes' jam' an' cram' wid nuthin' but shinin' Chris'mus Trees!

It on a way-off Islan', in way-off monst'us seas!
An' ev'y Tree in Santy-Lan'
Grow Candy-berries, onderstan',
An' Trumpet-flowers, ter beat de ban'!
An' Pop-Corn pop on all de Trees,—
Jes' pop, an' drop, an' dangle f'um all de Chris'mus Trees!

On Chris'mus Eve, ole Santy, he pick 'em at his ease;
An' all de Deers in Santy-Lan',—
Dey all Rein-Deers, yer onderstan',—
Come runnin', when he clap his han',—
Chase outen clumps er Chris'mus Trees,—
Jes' race an' chase, help Santy cyart all his Chris'mus Trees!

When dey hitch' up an' raidy, den Santy mighty please'!
Ca'se ev'y Deer in Santy-Lan'
Draw Santy' Sleigh, yer onderstan',—
So big an' bright an' red an' gran'!
Pile' high wid shinin' Chris'mus Trees,—
Jes' heaps, yer know, fur high an' low, er Santy' shinin' Trees!

"Is you-all gwine ter git one?" "Is I know *sure* ef he
Gwine tote yer one f'um Santy-Lan'?"
I ain't know *certain*, onderstan',
But ef you-all ac' good's yer can,
Dey mought be jes' one Chris'mus Tree,
(Don't shout, I ain't say *is*, but *mought*) *one* Pickinninny Tree!

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THE APPEAL OF THE STAGE

BY

JAMES L. FORD

CERTAIN excellent persons are constantly lamenting the fact that the "educated classes," as they modestly term themselves and their kind, are practically without influence in stage affairs. They cry out dolefully that our managers are not college-bred men, and that our dramas are not written or acted by men and women of education — all of which is perfectly true: a college education plays a very small part in the important work of supplying the American people with dramatic entertainment. It is equally true that, of the hundreds of young graduates who each year after Commencement Day turn their steps toward the stage-door, their minds well stored with "advanced learning," their hearts beating high with hope, not one ever reaches a place of real eminence in the profession of acting.

It is no mere accident that causes college-bred men and women to fail in this most difficult field of endeavor, while hundreds of humble birth and the most limited intellectual training find in it success and fortune.

University Courses in Play-writing

For many years I was haunted by a suspicion that students were taught wrongly in our institutions of learning, and I once ventured to "protest against the custom of permitting ignorant and incompetent teachers to fill the minds of students with absolutely false ideas of the drama," while almost every useful art except that of play-writing was intelligently taught in our universities. This brought me a courteous letter of dissent from a Harvard undergraduate that caused the scales to fall from my eyes, so that I could thereafter see quite clearly.

"It seems to me," said my correspondent, "that you are a bit too sweeping in your condemnation of university courses dealing with the drama. Here at Harvard there is a course, English CV., which treats the English drama from the beginnings until 1642. Another course, English CIX., treats the drama from 1642 until the present time."

What would be said of an art-school in which the history of painters and painting constituted the entire course of study? Let us now read what my correspondent says, in another paragraph, concerning the way in which the relation between the audience and the actor or the dramatist, which is the very life and breath of all stage art, is treated at Harvard.

"The false notions of play-writing which you speak of are certainly not inculcated," says my correspondent. "Our instructor has laid special stress on the necessity of pleasing and appealing to popular audiences if one is to enjoy any dramatic success. He has pointed out how careful Shakspere was in this matter."

Here we have a taste of the milk in the university cocoanut — a milk that is one of mere amiable indifferent toleration of what is really the very marrow in the backbone of the drama. It is quite evident that although it is admitted that it is a good thing to "please and appeal to popular audiences," there are other things that academic philosophy holds of far higher value — the literary quality, perhaps, or characterization, or local color, or what is known in the lexicon of parlor philanthropy as the "uplift." Can we wonder that embryo dramatists who have been fed on such stuff as this fail when they essay the real work of the stage?

Aiming at the Hearts of the Audience

Not until students of the drama are shown from the very first that the entire art of the stage must of necessity be aimed directly at the hearts of the audience, and that a real play does not contain a single scene in which that audience has not an equity of at least one third, can we look to academic halls for our managers or playwrights or actors.

Compare this sophomoric attitude of condescension toward the audience with the respect, nay, reverence, of Mr. Bronson Howard, as shown in his address a few years ago to the younger members of the play-writing guild:

"Consider that awful thing that you have there before you — that collection of human hearts!"

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And no man of the playhouse — whether actor, manager, or playwright — who does not place himself in an attitude of humility and look upward toward that "collection of human hearts" that he calls his audience can ever hope to win the kind of enduring success that has been the reward of Bronson Howard, and David Belasco, and Henry Irving, and Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleanora Duse.

Let me endeavor to make myself quite clear. In any worthy stage production, the art of the dramatist is so completely blended with that of the actor that it is impossible for the layman to say where the one begins and the other ends. The manager has, or should have, an important part to play in the work of welding the two together. When all three work together intelligently and harmoniously, we have an art that is so smooth and so perfectly blended that it is almost impossible to pick out any one of the three essentials from which it is made.

And the art of the stage, in which the work of the actor, the dramatist, and the producer are intimately associated, attacks the sympathies of the audience in a succession of crafty appeals to that which is variously termed its sense of humor, its pity, its sympathy, or its favor, but which, in every case, is merely a consciousness of its own superiority over the character assumed by the actor. And in nearly every case we may trace that sense of superiority directly back to the fact that the character making the appeal knows less of what is going on about him in his mimic world than do either the other characters in the play or the man who looks down upon them all from his orchestra-chair or from his bench in the gallery.

By the sense of superiority on the part of an auditor I mean the feeling that he is better off than the character; that the latter is in humbler circumstances than himself, in greater personal danger, suffering more from illness or poverty, compelled to wear ragged clothes, or in some respect occupying a position calculated to awaken his sympathy and pity. And, unless the actor can succeed in creating in the hearts of those who listen to him the feeling that they are better off or more fortunate than he is, unless he can compel even the humblest of his spectators to look down upon him with the feeling that: "Poor and ragged and unfortunate I may be, but I am more to be envied than that man on the stage — or less ridiculous," — according to whether the play be tragedy or farce,— all his efforts will be in vain, and not even the finest technical equipment in the world will enable him to command the interest of the spectators.

This is as true of the great dramas of history as of those of the mimic scene. Marie Antoinette on the throne of France, surrounded by a brilliant court, reigning by force of beauty and charm as well as by rank, is no heroine; but the unhappy queen, torn from her husband, stripped of her crown, her jewels, and her power, her hair whitened by the stress of her sorrow, dragged through the ranks of the jeering, envenomed mob to the guillotine, is an ideal stage heroine for all time. No woman in the audience, no matter how poor and lowly and unfortunate, but can look down and say: "Beautiful and queenly and splendid as was that woman but yesterday, her lot is less enviable than mine," and the tears will well into her eyes and anoint this queen a stage heroine.

The Greatest Heart-moving Story

In the greatest drama that was ever played on earth's stage, it is not the immortality, the greatness, the divine birth of Him who was its central figure, but rather His meekness and lowliness, His sufferings and His ignominious death, that have left their indelible impress on the hearts of all mankind, and have made the cross, not the crown, the symbol of the faith that He founded. And it is because of the great, heart-moving story that lay behind it two thousand years ago that this cross can still bring hardened, ignorant, or unregenerate men to their knees. This could never be done with a scepter or a crown.

And what is true of this religion is true of all others, and especially of that love of the mother, which is a religion followed more faithfully and by a larger number of men than any other that the world knows. That also is founded on the sufferings and self-sacrifice endured by the object of that love.

Let me illustrate my meaning by an object-lesson in primitive play-building, in which the audience shall receive the consideration which is its rightful due, and without which the play would fail for lack of the quality that we call "human interest," but that is nothing more than the relative degrees of knowledge enjoyed by the audience and the players.

Let us imagine ourselves seated at a window looking out upon a plain, which is to be the scene of a drama of the most simple construction and founded on the most primitive of themes — the love of life. At one end of this plain is a steep precipice, plainly visible to the people who are walking to and fro as well as to those who are regarding them from the windows of the house that serves as the auditorium. In the parlors of this house are assembled men and women of the greatest wealth, intelligence, and

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refinement, college professors, bankers, philosophers, and women who lead in philanthropy and society. On the upper floors are what Lincoln called "the plain people"; and clustered on the roof are newsboys, maid-servants, day-laborers, and others, of limited education but of quick sympathies.

And we must imagine, also, that all these spectators are held fast by a spell of convention that prevents them from crying out or interfering with what is going on before their eyes. The only danger-point in the scene that lies before them is the precipice; and, as that is quite patent to all, to the dwellers on the plain as well as to the inmates of the house, the scene offers nothing of real dramatic interest until the crowd disappears and a blind man begins to grope his way toward the precipice. He is the hero of the drama, because he knows less than, and is therefore inferior to, any one in the audience; for even the smallest and grimiest newsboy on the roof of the house can see, and begins to look down with compassionate interest upon the man who cannot.

The attention of all the inmates of the house has been aroused, and the course of the blind man as he gropes his way toward the danger-point is watched with a feeling of anxious interest that averages the same in all parts of the house; for the love of life is as strong within the breast of the millionaire as in that of the bootblack or organ-grinder, and the entire scene is so well within the comprehension of all that it begins to look as if the ideal American drama were about to be presented to us.

An Illustration of Dramatic Values

And now the heroine appears, walking slowly and with downcast eyes, until by chance she sees the blind man marching toward his doom. She cannot cry out, because she is deaf and dumb — to which circumstance is due the fact that she is a heroine; but she starts to run, though it is quite apparent that long before she can cover the distance all will be over.

The audience is in despair. The women are sobbing and beginning to turn their faces away, and the men are grinding their teeth and clenching their fists in impotent fury because of the spell of convention that prevents them from going to the rescue. At this moment a laboring-man is seen coming from his day's toil down a path that will cross that along which the heroine is flying on her mad errand. Entirely unconscious of the drama that is being enacted before him, and for this reason alone an object of interest to the audience, the workman plods on, and, just as the fate of the blind man seems hopeless, he crosses the heroine's path. She seizes him by the arm and points mutely to the man who is groping his way toward death. It is impossible to reach him in time, but the workman lifts his voice in a mighty shout of warning. The blind man hears him, stops, turns round, and is saved; and the audience gives vent to its feelings in a tumult of applause.

The drama that I have described, primitive as it is and appealing only to those elemental instincts which are to be found in practically every human heart, is a genuine thing in its way, and one that has proved of thorough and cumulative interest, as we can readily see, from the first appearance of the blind man walking toward the precipice down to the moment when the laboring-man stays his course with his cry of warning. There is not a moment that does not find even the humblest of the auditors superior to the actors: to the blind man, who knows not of his danger; to the agonized heroine, who cannot cry out; and to the workman, who is plodding along, entirely ignorant of what is going on close to him, and quite likely to pursue his path unseen by the flying woman. It will be observed, also, that the drama comes to an end as soon as the blind man is apprised of his danger, for in that moment all of the three actors have become the equals of the audience in their knowledge, and are of no further dramatic value.

It is quite an easy matter to introduce into this drama a little well-timed comedy. Just as the blind man is saved let a yokel in his Sunday best come flying to the rescue; and, for fear that his excellent motives should rob his auditors of some of their just dues in laughter, let us imagine that he is moved not so much by valor and a desire to succor the unfortunate as by a wish to show off before his sweetheart. Therefore we will allow him to come tearing along the path and into an unseen mud-puddle, where he lies sprawling at full length. And the laughter that will arise from all parts of the house, and that it will arise is an absolute certainty, will be due to that sense of superiority which but a moment ago was paying its tribute of tears; for there is no one in that audience who does not rejoice at the thought that he himself is not lying in that mud-puddle, a ridiculous object in the sight of his sweetheart and of all men.

We have now in our little drama a serious hero who is blind, a serious heroine who is deaf and dumb (and for whom match-making women in the audience are already making plans), and a comic hero who is lying at full length, bespattered with mud and slime, a living, gasping proof of the fact that the comedian as well as

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the serious actor must place himself below the audience in order to win its approval.

The Element of Humor

For every bit of stage humor that is genuine is merely a case of some one getting the worst of it. Among the primitive people of an elder day, this humor finds expression in such simple essays in buffoonery as a clown pursuing another with a red-hot poker, pulling away a chair when the butt of the joke attempts to sit down, and making effective use of the bladder, the slap-stick, and the string of sausages as weapons of assault; and, in every instance, the man who gets the worst of it, who is beaten with the slap-stick or chased with the red-hot poker, is the comedian, while his accomplice, who gets the best of him at every point, is merely a "feeder," and a person of but trifling interest in the eyes of the audience.

The same rule applies to Bob Acres, in "The Rivals," who is trembling with fright because he has to fight a duel; and to Falstaff, who, being fat, appeals humorously, as the blind man does seriously, to the auditor's feeling that he himself is better off than either of the two, being neither blind nor fat. In "The Mascot" we have Prince Lorenzo, whose tatters are almost as funny as Falstaff's fat, and there is no farce extant, from "Box and Cox" down to the Willie Collier plays, in which the hero is not a man of catastrophe and misfortune. In the higher and more delicate forms of comedy, the comedian need not be buffeted about, and may be merely the victim of a verbal thrust, but he must get the worst of it or the audience will not laugh.

It will be observed that in the imaginary scene that I have described nothing has occurred that would not be likely to interest, with equal force and at the same moment, every person in the audience, from the banker and college professor on the parlor floor to the grimy newsboy on the roof; for the appeal thus far has been entirely to the elemental emotions, and no one can truthfully say that the sympathies are quicker in one grade of life than in another. In this respect, as well as in others, my drama is based on the soundest principles; for the ideal play must appeal to every one, and not to a single class.

In saying this, I am well aware of the fact that most people consider that it is a great thing to write a play that will reach only the intellectual classes. The real difficulty of the business is to write something that will reach all. Moreover, it is comparatively easy to make one's self understood by an intelligent and cultivated mind, and extremely difficult to make an impression on one that is untutored, narrow, and consequently unsympathetic. In fact, it is a far more difficult thing to construct a melodrama or broad farce that will achieve genuine success in a cheap East Side theater than to win the well-bred approval of the Browning following with a reading of "In a Balcony" by elocutionists in costume — a form of entertainment that masquerades as a drama only in the most intellectual and advanced circles of society and would never deceive any one anywhere else.

And now, having considered a play in which the actors are inferior to the audience in point of knowledge, let us imagine the same play with actors who know more than the houseful of people looking at them. It is quite obvious that if the audience were composed entirely of the deaf and dumb and blind, there would be no drama, because they would not know even as much as the blind hero, who could at least hear the warning shout of the workman. If the actors all knew of the existence of the precipice, and the audience did not, there would be no interest whatever. And suppose that the yokel, in falling down, were to uncover a rich deposit of gold — more than one mine has been stumbled upon in this way — or to come upon a diamond necklace for which all the characters in the play were looking. Would there be any laughter then? He would be just as muddy and ridiculous in aspect as if he had merely fallen down, but he would cease to be funny, for he would have the best of us all.

In order to consider the possibilities of a scene in which the actors know more than the audience, we must turn to the later years of the great Darwin, when he was studying the habits of earthworms with the deepest interest. Knowing more than they did, he was an ideal audience; and for that very reason he must have been to them what every stage character is to the audience that is inferior to him, either a villain or a bore — the first when he destroyed their homes, the second when he investigated them closely, like a charity visitor.

Like Bluffing at Poker

The actor who is cast for a part of heroic mold must realize from the very first that, even when simulating pride and state and power, he must in some way make his audience feel above him if he would score a success. It is impossible to think of the great Napoleon without remembering St. Helena, or of Lincoln without his crown of martyrdom, or of Colonel Newcome save as one whose heart had been as that of a little child. If his part be a good one, it will be touched by the quality of self-sacrifice or suffering, and

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this quality can be accentuated only by sheer force of appeal to his audience. He need not make this appeal broadly and openly, by coming down to the footlights and asking the spectators to pity him; he must do it without being found out, as if he were bluffing at a game of poker. And to do this legitimately he must employ his voice, which should be so well trained as to enable him to touch a note of despair or joy or rage or hope as accurately as Joseffy touches a musical note on the piano.

Sarah Bernhardt replied to a young girl who asked her what was the best natural equipment for a stage career: "First of all, a voice." And if there be one actress above all others whose career has proved the truth of this theory, it is the gifted Frenchwoman whose voice, even when used through the medium of an unfamiliar tongue, has reached so many thousands of hearts and brought tears to so many thousands of eyes.

It was by means of the voice that Clara Morris won her great success the first night she played in New York. It is by the use of the voice alone that Mrs. Carter makes her hysterical and moving appeals in "Zaza" and in the last act of "Du Barry." It was through her voice, and in a medium even less understood than that of Bernhardt, that Duse conquered a hardened and cynical New York audience in a single night. It is the tear-compelling quality in David Warfield's voice more than anything else that has made his Music Master and Auctioneer sympathetic, appealing stage figures. It is the pathetic, tremulous little voice of Peter Pan that haunts the memory and draws us back to the theater, that we may place ourselves once more under Miss Adams' magic spell.

There is no man living who, by merely reading a manuscript play, can do more than hazard a guess as to its dramatic value, or even say with certainty which one of its characters is destined to make the deepest impression on its audiences. I am not exaggerating when I say that a man who could judge a manuscript as well as the tea-taster judges tea, or the carpet-buyer judges rugs, could easily earn a quarter of a million a year as a play-reader, and at the same time have the satisfaction of knowing that he was saving his employer twice that sum.

Mr. Charles Frohman, whom I questioned on the subject, says that he devoutly hopes that no man will ever succeed in completely mastering the business of play-reading, because it will rob theatricals of the fascinating element of chance and compel him to seek some other means of livelihood. Nevertheless, I think Mr. Frohman would cheerfully pay a drama-expert the salary that I have named.

Impossible to Judge a Drama by Reading It

There are many reasons why it is impossible to judge a drama by reading it, and not the least of these reasons is the difficulty in estimating the relative values of the self-sacrifice, the suffering, and the degrees of knowledge of what is going on in the mimic scene possessed by the different characters. For a single individual to view all these matters in the same light that an audience which has not yet been assembled will regard them, is one of the most difficult feats imaginable; yet that audience, consisting, perhaps, of three thousand individuals, taken from every walk of life and representing a hundred shades of intelligence, refinement, and education, will be found practically unanimous in its approval of a really good play properly presented, as well as in its condemnation of one that violates the immutable laws of the drama.

But who is there that can say, after reading the manuscript of "Hamlet," why Hamlet, who apparently knows more than any one else, should be the center of interest, rather than the King, who knows nothing of what is going on? I confess that I cannot explain it myself; but a friend tells me that Hamlet, with all his knowledge, is nevertheless ignorant of his own self, of his own incapacity, of his own inability to take care of himself, and that is the sort of ignorance of which stage heroes are often made. The same is true of Uncle Tom, whose self-sacrifice may be traced directly to his ignorance. Apparently he knows as much about what is going on as Legree or Little Eva or Eliza or any of them; but if he were not the soul of blind, ignorant devotion, if he were what is termed a "smart nigger," he would run away, as Eliza did, instead of allowing his benevolent master to sell him down South.

A wonderfully clever piece of stage-work is the drama constructed by Mr. William Gillette from the Sherlock Holmes stories; yet how many people in the audience realize that, in order to make his hero acceptable, the dramatist found it necessary entirely to change his character from the superlatively wise detective to one who knows so little of what is going on about him that he permits himself to be entrapped and disarmed by the astute Moriarty and his gang, and is only saved by his quickness and presence of mind from paying for his folly with his life? In the book, Moriarty, the dominant mind in the profession of robbery, is a figure of no small interest and importance; but in the play, for that very reason, he is

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valueless except when defeated by his arch-enemy.

The familiar drama of "Rip Van Winkle" is a remarkable example not only of the value of ignorance as a heroic attribute, but also of how the sympathies of an audience may be won for an unworthy object by means of a meretricious but clever trick. Scores of persons tried, without success, to dramatize Washington Irving's story, but it was not until that most gifted of all play-builders and stage-carpenters, Dion Boucicault, took the book in hand that an acting play was created. Boucicault saw at a glance that something must be done to make this village drunkard acceptable to the women in the audience, and he did it by deliberately trading on the feminine fear of a thunder-storm. If Rip had been put out of doors on a fair afternoon, the piece would not have lasted a week; but a little bit of stage thunder and lightning produced an artificial respiration that bids fair to keep it alive for eternity. For every woman thanks her stars that she is not out on the mountain-side in that dreadful storm.

In the last act, Rip not only knows less than any one in the audience, but his ignorance is even more dense than that of any one on the stage; for all the others know that there has been a revolution, while the poor old graybeard is vaguely wondering why a portrait bearing the name of Washington should have replaced on the sign-board that of his Majesty George the Third, whose loyal subject he was but yesterday. The audience, moreover, is superior to every one on the stage, knowing, what none of the characters does, that Rip has been asleep for twenty years.

"The Two Orphans" as an Example

In "The Two Orphans" we find an admirable example of the great strength of a character in which suffering that springs from ignorance is the dominant note. When the parts of this play were first given out by Mr. Palmer to the members of his Union Square Theater company, there was a general feeling of pity for Miss Kate Claxton, who had received that of Louise, the blind orphan, which was the shortest of them all in the number of its spoken words. But the actors of that day were, like those of the present generation, "part-hefters," by which I mean those who judge the value of a part by its length, or by "hefting" it to see how much it weighs.

It is doubtful if any one in the theater, with the possible exception of Cazauran, the stage-manager, realized, before the curtain went up, the amount of dramatic interest that was contained within the few pages of Miss Claxton's part. Yet the entire audience recognized it at the first presentation of the play, and subsequent audiences of two generations of play-goers confirmed its opinion. And Miss Claxton ultimately starred in this little part with enormous success, and so thoroughly identified herself with the blind girl of the great French melodrama that it is difficult for the public to conceive of her in any other rôle. And all because of the helplessness of Louise, who, being blind, knows less of what is going on than any of the other characters, and, consequently, is in greater danger!

Othello is interesting because he does not know that Iago is a rascal and that Desdemona is innocent; and Desdemona, in her turn, awakens sympathy when she does not know that her husband is about to kill her. Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," is interesting because she does not know as much about her husband as the audience does, and the same may be said of the wife of Jim the Penman.

For years, both Miss Maude Adams and Miss Ethel Barrymore have been identified in the public mind with parts that were, generally speaking, full of beauty and charm, and representative of the enviable and pleasant rather than the sordid sides of life. Miss Adams, who has been growing steadily since her simple, girlish "Rosemary" days, has reached the highest point in her career, as well as a place perilously close to the glittering upper heights of American theatric art, in "Peter Pan," a performance that is infinitely better than the play. And, paradoxical as it may seem, she has gained this height by placing herself farther below her audience than she ever did before. Enjoy the fairy-tale as we may, it is not its lightness and poetic quality that haunts us for days after, but the pathetic, lonely, elfin figure of Peter Pan seated alone in the tree-top, while the children who have accompanied her on her travels are safe and snug in their nursery.

It has been said of Miss Barrymore that she succeeded by mere force of youth, beauty, good clothes, and a line of parts that made her an attractive figure in the eyes of the vast following of susceptible youths and maidens whose allegiance she divides with Miss Adams. Yet Miss Barrymore never rose to a really great height until she threw off her youth, her beauty, her silks and her sables, and appeared as a poor, ill-dressed charwoman in "The Silver Box." It was a performance that, to my mind, was remarkable chiefly for what Miss Barrymore did not do, rather than because of any strongly accentuated exhibitions of "acting" or "big moments," as they are termed on Broadway.

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As an example of simplicity and reserve force, it was a surprise to those who have followed this young player's career from her early beginnings with Mr. Drew; yet the fact that it made such a deep impression upon those who saw it was due primarily to the immense gulf that yawned between the prosperous, well-conditioned audience and the poor drudge, who was as much a victim of society as of her drunken and abusive husband.

The Relation of Laughter and Tears

The question that naturally arises is, how to distinguish between the appeal that will awaken laughter and that which will bring tears. To this I would reply that the two lie so perilously close to each other that no man can tell them apart with absolute certainty. That is one reason why the business of theatricals is so exciting and diverting that Mr. Frohman finds it impossible to give it up. An audience generally knows, however, whether to laugh or to cry; possibly because, from its position above, it is able to judge with a nicety the extent of the misfortune or ignominy on which the appeal is based.

There was a time in our history when a man who has since come to be known as his country's saviour kept the cartoonists and satirists of the world busy. But a single pistol-shot in Washington, a shot that was literally heard round the world, put a sudden stop to the jeering chorus, and straightway the "furrowed face, gaunt, gnarled hands, and unkempt, bristling hair" took on a new significance — the deathless, world-wide pathos of martyrdom.

The Humility of Great Actors

In their public utterances, the players of an elder day never failed to give expression to that attitude toward the audience which is the very marrow of the actor's art.

"Mr. Garrick begs to announce the beginning of another season of comedy, and is the public's most humble and obedient servant."

No actor of modern times has shown a deeper respect for his audiences than did Henry Irving. This respect he evidenced by invariably giving them the very best art at his command, no matter whether he happened to be playing for a single night in Erie, Pennsylvania, or beginning a new season in New York, in the presence of all the critics and the cream of metropolitan society. He never talked about "jay towns," or addressed an audience from the standpoint of superiority because he fancied it to be rude or uninformed. In time the public learned that it was always treated with respect, and the patronage that it gave in return was the most liberal that has been extended to any foreign artist of our time.

If all our actors were as intelligent and conscientious as Mr. Irving they would cease to sneer at the "yaps," as they delicately call those persons whose misfortune it is to live a hundred miles or more from Broadway, and realize that it is the verdict of these very "yaps," far more than that of the café-loungers, idle women, and score of newspaper critics who constitute a New York first night, that makes or mars the player's reputation. If an actor who really desires to follow in Mr. Irving's footsteps will bring himself to regard every audience,— no matter whether on Broadway or at the Tanktown Opera-house,— not as "yaps," but as a collection of human hearts, and therefore worthy of the highest reverence, it will do more toward building up an enduring reputation for him than almost anything that can be named. But no actor who in his secret heart despises his audience and looks down upon it, either with open contempt or amiable tolerance, can give that audience a really satisfying performance.

Tricks of the Drama

That old-time managers and actors of the kind usually denominated "fakers" fully appreciated the necessity for special appeals to sympathy and prejudice, is indicated in the many tricky devices, long since hardened into traditions, which cling to the skirts of the drama. One of these is the resuscitation of Little Eva and Uncle Tom, and their exhibition, after the close of the play, in a fleecy heaven and in a state of beatitude that is undisturbed even by the warbling of the jubilee singers behind the scenes. Here is a "happy ending" calculated to awaken the envy of any public, and I honestly believe that without it this time-worn drama would long since have passed from our stage.

More subtle than this is the appeal too frequently made at the close of a play in which some daughter of sin has repented and atoned for her immoral life. Such a one is never really forgiven by the women in the audience, and it is necessary to send her away somewhere — if possible, to some fever-infested region where she will not live long — in order that these women may go home contented. The author who knows his business is certain to write in some line like this: "Good-by, kind Lady Coldface. I shall never forget that I owe everything to you! Henceforth my work will lie in famine-stricken India (or in the plague districts of Hindustan), where I hope to devote my remaining years to good deeds."

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Not until they know that this once erring creature has been sent away somewhere, preferably to some undesirable spot, will the women in the audience yield her a grudging forgiveness for her sins. This trick occurs in the last act of "The Hypocrites," in which the repentant one starts for the "fever-infested" London slums, and even in the novel "Helena Ritchie." It will be remembered that, in the last chapter of that admirable book, Helena departs from the village in the old stage-coach. There is no reason, other than the one that I have mentioned, for her going, and the author does not even mention her destination; but go she must, as a sop to the feminine readers, who, like those at the play, are far more chary of forgiveness than of laughter or tears.

There is no class that suffers more from the superior, academic attitude toward an audience than those young women of high breeding, excellent moral character, refined tastes, and well-trained minds who attempt the stage as a profession, in numbers that are already greater than most persons think, and are increasing from year to year as the constantly enlarging field of feminine endeavor makes it more and more fashionable for a woman to gain her own livelihood. Their sisters and classmates who enter the fields of literature and art succeed almost as well as men,— sometimes much better,— but she who goes upon the stage with the equipment that I have named, and perhaps carrying several pounds penalty in the shape of an extra course in the drama at Barnard or Wellesley, invariably fails. I do not know of a single woman of this sort who has really achieved any great success on our stage, but I do know of scores who have sprung from the humblest beginnings and are now actresses of the highest rank.

It is because of their wrong attitude of mind that these hundreds of gifted young women fail as they do. The girl who enters upon a literary or artistic career expects to be thrown in contact with her superiors, or at least her equals. Her friends and family congratulate her on the good fortune that may bring her into association with such representative men and women as Mr. Sargent, Mr. Howells, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Wharton, and Miss Cecilia Beaux; for art and letters have not yet lost caste in this sordid country. But it is taken for granted that the girl who goes on the stage is lowering herself socially; and this point of view is especially virulent in small provincial towns. Her friends shake their heads sadly at the thought of "the evil associations of the theater," while ancient family connections come out of the mist to utter warning cries and relate dismal stories of young women who have lost caste through their connection with the playhouse. These birds of ill-omen fill the minds of the mother, the grandmother, the maiden aunt, the elder sister, and the lean and slippered grandsire with gloomy forebodings, and, since not one of them has ever been behind the curtain-line in a theater or known a single member of the theatrical profession, they are all prodigal with advice.

"Remember that you're a lady!" "Don't forget that you come of a refined Christian family!" "Be careful not to associate with any of the girls in the company!" "Be sure you hold yourself above the rest of them, for they're probably no better than they should be!"

Striving for Glory on the Stage

It is with these cries ringing in her ears and these charitable precepts filling her mind that the young girl of liberal education enters the narrow door and sets foot in the drafty passage that she hopes will lead her to the field of glory and success. Ah, if she only *could* forget that she is a lady, and comes of a refined family, and has always moved in the best society! There might be some chance for her then. But she cannot forget it; her friends and relatives will not allow her to. Nor are her earlier professional experiences of a kind calculated to shut out from her mind the warning shouts of the anxious and ignorant ones that followed her to the very threshold of the stage-door.

Ambitious to succeed and willing to begin at the very bottom, she joins a company as extra lady, and finds herself dressing in the same room with half a dozen young women who have not had her advantages of birth and education. They have come from the lower ranks of life, are unable to speak the English language with the accent demanded of good breeding, and are perhaps even frank to the point of vulgarity in their manners and speech. It may be that there is not a single member of the company, from the star down, who is not inferior to this novice in the matter of education, good manners, and the niceties of diction. The educated girl cannot help feeling herself above them, but if she yields to this consciousness it will certainly show in her acting, and it is not unlikely that she will allow a contempt for her audience to grow upon her also. Then she is lost beyond reclaim, and, while she is standing still or retrograding in the profession, the daughter of the village cobbler, who had no advantages whatever, either social or educational, will very likely be advancing. For this one has been quick to realize her inferiority to her associates. To her the star seems a

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miracle of fine manners, and the young college-bred girl a marvel of learning and fashionable grace. Her attitude of mind is one of humility and imitation, and it is not surprising that on the stage she should unconsciously place herself, not only beneath her associates, but beneath the audience as well.

There is but one remedy for the superior young woman. Let her learn to judge people, not by the education or breeding or polish that they owe to some one else, but to their own capacity for self-sacrifice. Then let her study her companions from this point of view; and she will find that this one is supporting her mother from her small salary, that one helping to educate her younger brother, and a third actually stinting herself in food and clothes for the sake of an invalid sister. It would be difficult to find any person in the poorer walks of life who has not made some sacrifice that should compel our respect; and if this college-bred young girl will make a point of cultivating the friendship of her associates, instead of remembering that she is a lady and suspecting that they are no better than they should be, it will not be long before her humility of mind will qualify her for professional advancement.

Mistakes of the Reformers

While I do not hold with those philosophers who maintain that our stage has reached today its lowest possible level, I cannot deny that it is capable of improvement. But I see no reason to believe that its advancement will be in the least degree effected by making it conform to the standards of academic thought. There have been innumerable attempts to advance the interests of the American stage through playhouses devoted to the presentation of what it was thought the public ought to have instead of what the public really wants. At the moment of writing, the air is charged with rumors of national or endowed theaters, to be erected by millionaires and philanthropists for the development of the higher forms of the drama. Almost as far back as I can remember, enterprises of this description have commanded the attention of the public, and now and then one has actually borne fruit in the shape of public performances. But not all of these efforts combined have given us a single actor or dramatist, or advanced the cause of good dramatic art so much as half a cubit.*

They have failed, no matter what their merits, because their founders have had the impertinence to look down upon their audience as children instead of looking up to them as a collection of human hearts worthy of all respect and asking only to be thrilled.

* The Children's Educational Theater, on the New York East Side, is not to be included in this category. It is succeeding admirably in its benevolent purpose, because it considers the tastes of its audiences, and presents an entertainment that is not only clean and instructive, but is also so interesting and pleasing that hundreds of eager children are frequently turned from the doors, unable to obtain admission.

MOONRISE AT MALAGA

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

FRILLED, flat-faced heads frolicked beside our keel;
Round thistly silvernesses shot and streamed,
And phosphorescent finger-tips played a tune
Of silent music on the thousand ripples —
An orchestra of subtler lights prelusive
To the sudden moon that burst, a creamy flower,
Spreading its monopetalous disk above
The quiet rim of the magnificent night.

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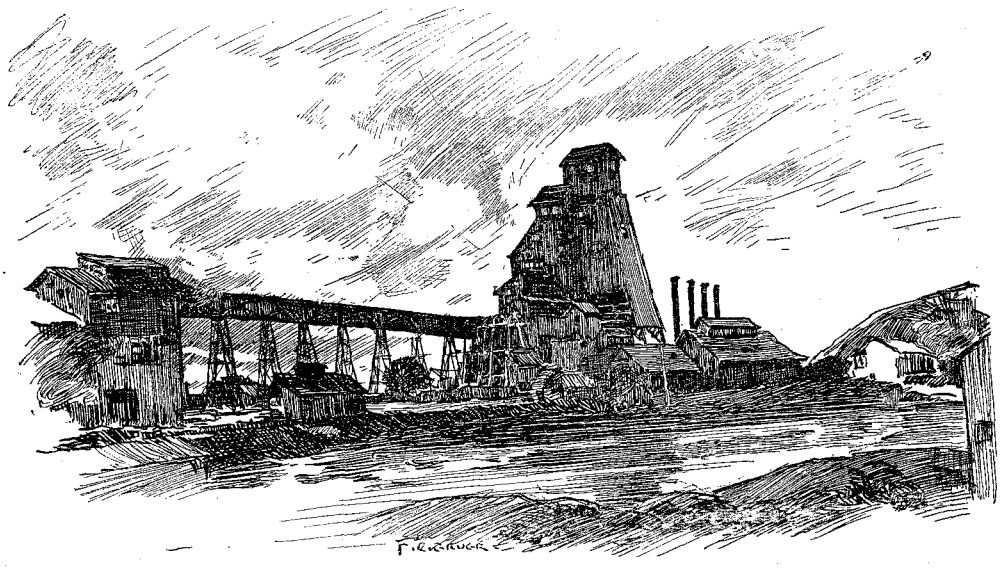

VERONIKA AND THE ANGELINOS

BY

CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

VERONIKA MESCAVAGE was by nature and profession a Good Girl. Possibly a certain white glory of reputation was hers rather because the Mescavage boys were all Bad Boys, and Jonas in particular a Worst Boy, than on account of the virtues peculiar to the part. Her father concealed most of his good qualities from the Patch; her mother was an Awful Mean Lady to Drink. Great wonder was it, therefore, that the Christian virtues rather than the mortal sins should find in Veronika their tabernacle.

Vincas, the boarder, was Veronika's great partisan in well-doing. Veronika was nine, and Vincas twenty-six, with convictions on many matters.

"Here," Vincas would say, "is five cents, because you mended my shirt where the rat ate it. Also that you let the beer alone. A little beer is proper for men, but I do not believe in it for children. For, see, we shall grow like the Dagos in another ten years, our people, if the children learn drinking now. Where will the clean houses be found then? Where can a man board in decency? Who will be left to tell the truth except the greenhorns from the old country? Who will save money? Who will deserve good pay? Who will have respect? Nobody, see We shall fall to being like the Dagos."

After these discussions, it was a relief to Veronika to contemplate the Angelino brood upon the opposite side of the street, and to observe that as yet the aristocratic fairness of her own race had not approached the russet browns of the Unwashed. The Angelinos kept a store and were decent enough for people of their blood; nevertheless, the Lithuanian neighborhood looked down upon them. To lower oneself to the Italian level was a horror not lightly to be contemplated.

Veronika had something on her mind, therefore, upon the August evening when she came and sat with Vincas on the bench under the mulberry tree.

"I did something to-day," she began.

"You did?" Vincas stopped cleaning his pipe and looked sidewise at the thin little figure in brown gingham. Vincas had come home from work at four o'clock; and from the way matters had gone since then he knew that all the Mescavage faults were on display. "It has been a bad day for good girls, has it?"

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"Very," the child sighed. "But that is not it. I have found a baby, a new one. A baby that needs me!"

"Ah-h," said Vincas. If the rapture was not quite within his comprehension, he was at least able to receive a solemn confidence with sympathy. He was a comfortable friend.

"It has no hair at all, so I am rubbing lard into its head," Veronika continued blissfully. "And dirty, dir-r-ty! To-morrow I go down there and wash it; those people don't know how. Anyway, the mother is going to work in the silk mill, so she will be busy. After it is cleaned, I shall love it!"

"Of course," he assented dutifully. "Is it a boy?"

"It is six weeks old. I don't know is it a boy or not a boy; I forgot to ask them. But its eyes are awful sore, my poor baby, and its neck. Could you give me a nickel, Vincas, to buy cold cream? And dare I steal one piece of your tar soap to clean it? I shall need soap. It rubs dirt in its little black eyes; that is the soreness."

"Certainly; steal one piece."

"But I can't bring it up here; that is one bad thing. I daresn't. My mother would holler at me," Veronika continued in English.

"I would hide it," Vincas advised in their own tongue. "Keep it to surprise her when it is all grown up to be a man."

The child sighed blissfully and nestled against his shoulder; her boarder always gave such soothing counsel.

"When I get grown up and am married with you I will have four twins a year," she promised, "so when one set are asleep you can always be riding the other set up and down the street in the two-baby carriage."

"Are they to sleep on the red velvet lounge?"

"Why, you said a cradle, Vincas! You said a little cradle with sheets! It will make more washing, of course; but then, I don't mind that!"

"So it was," the man agreed. "And what was I to have in my can when I worked day-shift? I forget what you said."

"Pie," Veronika beamed. "Pie and a garlic. A whole pie!"

"And when I work night-shift," he prompted.

"Herring. Or ham boiled. And sweet tea."

Vincas smacked his lips dutifully before he lit his pipe. It was a part of the regular program. But to-day had been such a very bad day that Veronika could not dwell long content in the imaginary possession of her household and four yearling twins. She moved restlessly upon the bench and looked about her in the dusk. Finally she wrought her vague trouble into words.

"HER MOTHER WAS AN AWFUL MEAN LADY TO DRINK"

"You know it is really a lie, Vincas," said she. "All a lie. I don't want you to feel bad about it. But it is not so. I — I'm not *really* going to get married with you — nor put pie in your dinner pail."

"Not?" cried Vincas, gently wondering. "Why, it was all arranged. Dear, dear!"

"Not. I am really going to get married with Adam Walukas, down the street here. Or if he gets killed in the mines beforehand, then it will be an English boy named Gerrity. I promised them. This other, the story we tell, you and I, is just a lie."

"Let us go on telling it, though," he suggested. "We always do. We like it. We always tell it when we feel sad. There was the day I burned my hand. There was the time you fell ——"

"No, no. You know you have to go back to the old country and pay some money and get the farm for your father, as soon as your bad brother finishes dying. That is one really true thing. And I have to get married with Adam and Aloysius in America. Another really true thing. We just say the other. It is — it is like Santy Claus, and Jesus-in-the-Barn that they put in Church. It is not true all the year, I mean; just once in a great while."

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"'I—I'M NOT REALLY GOING TO GET MARRIED WITH YOU'"

"Maybe," Vincas agreed. "All right; never mind about that. But how many dresses has your new-found baby got?"

"None. None at all. Just pieces of rag."

"All the easier to wash, then. Whose is it? Anybody near here?"

Veronika got to her knees and whispered in his ear.

"Its mother has come to stay at Angelino's. She is Dago."

Vincas whistled. "A *Dago* baby?"

"It's not! It's a nice baby, a dear baby! I'll wash it, I tell you, and it's too little and new to be Dago yet. It's just like any baby, only the sore eyes. It might grow yellow hair, if I keep it very clean. And I'll teach it our language every day when nobody is listening."

Vincas argued and dissuaded. Finally he yielded.

"Very good. But I am afraid it will turn out Dago in spite of you. Soap is not everything — But mind you, do not bring it home with you. And do not go over to the Dago's house nights, no matter if the baby cries: only daytimes, remember, when your ma isn't looking. She'd raise hell. I'd ought to tell her on you, but I won't."

For three weeks all went well. Day by day Veronika hurried through her housework before she fled to her new charge; there were no babies at home to need attention, and Mrs. Mescavage cared too little for her daughter's society to detain the child indoors unless there was work for her to do.

Many and many a doting confidence was given to Vincas during this happy period. Thus, the baby was a boy. He was not pink and white yet, like a normal Lithuish infant, but his tints improved. The Angelinos were horrified at so much washing of a baby. The Angelinos would not believe, at first, that Veronika had brought up six Lithuish babies to the walking-stage; only when they had made inquiries and looked at samples did they grant her professional claims. Shortly the Angelinos made three garments for Nico, which had a definite architecture of their own and could by no means be transmuted into salt-bags or handkerchiefs or floor-mops or window-pane corks upon impulse; that Day of the First Shirt was a great day. Then the Angelinos themselves admitted that the sore eyes were growing healthier under the caustic régime of tar soap and clean clothing. Then the Angelinos themselves admitted that the baby loved Veronika better than its own mother.

A dreadful week befell when Mrs. Mescavage burned her foot and in consequence dedicated her leisure to pails of beer and balls of carpet-rags. Veronika could not slip away from the house for days; she was in attendance upon the invalid from dawn till nearly midnight. Vincas saw and understood the growing anguish in her eyes. On the evening of the sixth day he called her into the shed.

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"It's been a-cryin' for you some," he said. "But that don't hurt a baby. The Dagos is takin' good care of it. I went over; I looked well at all they did. I never went in a Dago house before: they are dirty. Well, it was all right till to-day. Now it is a little sick. I frightened them on purpose, saying the boy would die; so they sent for the doctor. To-night he comes. To-morrow I guess I can make a plan with your mother to let you play all day up and down the streets."

A little diplomacy, accordingly, left Veronika free after the bread was baked and the morning's work done. She dashed away, lightfooted, blissful. She came into the Angelinos' kitchen in the nick of time. The story of her day was given to Vincas after dark.

"My baby was sick, so sick! That doctor you made them get, Vincas, was only a death-maker for Dagos. He says, 'Get a plaster.' They go to the drug-store and buy what he tells them. The plaster has English reading on it, but Mrs. Angelino can never read anything. It is a plaster with little holes in it and a cloth over the sticky side; you know, the kind that is good after you fall down cellar. Well! They pull off the cloth and soften the plaster with hot water and cut off little, little pieces. Then they make the baby eat them, those pieces, and half a banana. Oh, what a terrible time did I have choking those things out of my baby!"

"An' then I bet they was mad against you," commented the man.

"Naturally. They said I wasted their twenty-five cents that they paid for it. I said if they tried it again I would go for the policeman. Finally we all ran out the back gate and over to the drug-store; I carried the baby, and the Dago kids ran all around me, and the Angelino woman was yelling and holding out the plaster. My nose was bleeding, and her thumb that I had to bite. But the drug-store man said the baby would have died unless I got the plaster out. So I had satisfaction over her."

"Was the baby sick afterwards?"

"Oh, yes! Then we went back to the house again, she and I. And what do you think? I scolded them for being ignorant, and called them Dagos. They got angry and called me a Polander. Then I swore, and they swore, and we all talked at once and said we were not any such a thing — oh, a terrible time! But in the end we cried because we thought the baby would die, and became very good friends. I stayed there all day. She gave me a banana for my dinner, and tried to make all her children treat me with respect and get out from under my feet when I walked up and down with the baby."

The two days following the porous plaster incident went blissfully well. The third morning plunged the Mescavage family in a social

"'BUT THE DRUG-STORE MAN SAID THE BABY WOULD HAVE DIED'"

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"'GIVE US THE PAIL'"

abyss; and the vessel of wrath appointed for the defilement of their caste was Mrs. Angelino.

Veronika was sent at ten o'clock to buy a quart of molasses. At the gate she encountered Jonas, coming home early from the mine with a temper blacker than his face.

"Whatcher got, kid?" he demanded.

Veronika dodged, but Jonas caught her a smart blow on the side of the head. He enforced a profane inquiry with a shaking, and punctuated it with slaps.

"Ma sends me fur molasses," the child admitted finally.

"Aw, cry, now! I'll molasses ye, ye big cry-baby! Give us the pail. An' I want that there fifteen cents. Hand it over! Shut up yer squawkin'. I didn't neither break yer wrist!"

The fifteen cents was unfortunately a quarter. Jonas took it and marched across the street. Veronika, weeping, crept back into the kitchen; experience had taught her that an accessory before the fact receives no mercy from either the capitalist or the embezzler.

"Well," demanded Mrs. Mescavage, "what have you done now, Rat-Eyes? Lost my money? Lost my pail? Lost my molasses?" Each domestic reverse, as she enumerated a list, was marked by the broomstick. "Tell it out, fool. A curse take my girls, anyway! My boys are worth ten of you. Well, liar, are you going to tell me what I ask?"

"Jonas took it. He took it off me, mother. He did, honest!"

"Shut that mouth! You should have been smart and told him I sent for five cents' worth of beer. He'd have taken five cents and stopped at that. It's your fault. I'll serve you. Down cellar you go, where the rats will eat you!"

With Veronika out of the way, Mrs. Mescavage waited ten minutes; then, anger outgrowing her inertia, she slammed the house-door and started down the street to look for Jonas.

Things were lively on Angelino's corner. All the children of the district were ranged about a noisy central group of Italians. Upon the high porch, Luigi Angelino stood with two women, both screaming and talking at once. An Italian baker had stopped his wagon at the curb; by his signs and gestures the beholders knew that he was offering the vehicle as a police van. Rafael Angelino himself, a squat man in a wide felt hat, was dragging a youth down the high steps from his store.

Concetta, Rafael's wife, hung upon the steamship signboard in a horrid plight. Her face was bruised, her long hair unpinned and straggling. Her hands, freshly incarnadined each time she

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drew them from before her nose, accused Rafael's prisoner. All the Angelinos were in a most unangelic temper. Only as Mrs. Mescavage reached the inner ring of spectators did the captive youth identify himself to her apprehension.

"Steala cigarettis, Missis," explained Rafael. His tone was businesslike. "Me, I don' tinka not'an; go down my cellair. My ol' 'oman t'inka ver' bada boy. She say, 'Her-r-re, you to not steal dose t'ings outa store!' Boy, he not say back; he hitta ol' 'oman, brrreaka ta noses — knocks down floor. Now I getta heem 'rrested!"

As one man the Angelinos grinned their venomous glee. There was no doubt that their souls were set upon revenge. Luigi picked up the dinner can Jonas had dropped on the steps and removed its lid. Underneath were packages of cigarettes and tobacco.

"I let him get outside the store before I seized him. The law is stronger that way," cried Rafael to his family in Italian.

"Son, son, you put shame on us this day!" screamed Mrs. Mescavage, talking Lithuish. "To steal and get caught! To get caught by Dagos! Oi, Oi! Now what are we going to do?"

"Pay her money. Then her nose will stop bleeding," suggested the culprit.

"Talk Ingliss," Rafael ordered.

"I have none I can spare; only two months' rent, twelve dollars. And that must be saved for the house-boss."

"Pay that, then, for ——"

"Ingliss! Ingliss!" vociferated the Angelic chorus in a breath.

"—— for I am scared to go to jail. The police have another thing against me. Who knows what they will remember when they have a good look in my face?"

"You coma jail first. Talk Ingliss after. That talk no good for me!"

There was a short, sharp struggle on the sidewalk. When it ceased, the storekeeper sat astride the guilty Jonas.

"Now!" he announced. "You talka you Polandra way, me punch dese 'Merican my Dago way!" He illustrated.

Jonas Mescavage had not the temper for a losing fight. He wept. He begged for mercy. He promised money, friendship, patronage — all in English. His mother fell to her knees.

"Quit that, ma. Give 'er the money!"

Mrs. Mescavage heard; but so, alas, did the Angelinos. They held trumps and knew it; and like Pharaoh in a similar case, their hearts were hardened.

"Twenty dollars is nice to us, brother?" suggested Luigi in their private tongue.

"Forty," said the baker.

"Revenge is nicer to me," confessed the sanguinary Mrs. Angelino. The signboard upon which she leaned bore streaks of scarlet now. "Cut off one ear for me while you have him down. That is better than fifty dollars. I am your woman."

Freddie Tardello on the outskirts of the crowd began to scream with fright. English was his most familiar tongue, so that his terror translated itself: "Don't cut his ears off! Oh, oh!"

It was enough. Jonas' mother, with a wild cry, hurled herself beside Rafael on the sidewalk. She tore from inside her dress a knotted handkerchief and threw it to the Italian, reiterating monotonously, "Good Mister! Good Dago Mister!"

"Money!" cried Luigi. "How much?"

"Twelve dollars," replied the husband.

"Twelve dollars is too little. I want revenge."

The staccato words told nothing to the Lithuanian woman, but the tone said much. All the mother-passion of her heart rose in one mighty surge to save her best-loved boy. She sprang to her feet, facing the angry Italians on the high porch. Tears rained down her cheeks, her outstretched palms begged for mercy. As a suppliant she mounted the steps on her knees and crawled upon the dirty boards. Then, in a silence more awful than clamor, she drew herself forward and kissed her enemy's feet.

"Mine God! Oh, mine God!" cried somebody. The Lithuanians in the crowd turned and slipped to their houses, speechless; that degradation was too horrible for comment. But Mrs. Mescavage stayed, brazening out the shame, not ceasing her caresses. "Nice missis! Good missis! Please, good missis, you no kill my boy!".

The Italian woman took her triumph to full measure. Finally she drew back coolly and shoved the petitioner with one thick, grimy foot.

"Vengeance is what I need. Twelve dollars is so little. Rafael, take the pup to jail."

A heart-broken cry came from the roadway. Veronika, in her brown gingham, flew up the steps and dashed herself into the central place. She snatched her mother's head from the dusty planks. She cradled it upon her knees, embracing it with meager, loyal arms; but her chin was high, and her eyes challenged them through tears. "Don't you do that, Concetta!" she cried. "She ain't none of your people for you to do them things to! Don't you shove her. Don't you darst!"

"Behold, the nursing child of our baby!" exclaimed Rafael from his couch on Jonas' ribs.

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"ANGELINO DRAGGING A YOUTH DOWN THE HIGH STEPS OF HIS STORE"

There followed a pause. Then Luigi laughed awkwardly; for the baby was his own.

"It is her mother, her own blood," spoke the neighbor woman, in Italian.

"She kept Maria's baby alive: yes. But her brother smashed my nose: yes."

"It pays," Rafael pronounced. "It just pays."

"Then take him to prison for stealing!" Concetta finished.

Luigi objected. "You forget the twelve dollars. The good girl has paid for the bad boy; we are her friends, and we call that a settled score. But why will not the twelve dollars pay for the cigarettes, sister, if the child has made peace already for your blood? Is it enough, eh?"

"It is enough," pronounced the baker. "She is your friend."

"Enough," said Rafael and the neighbors.

"Enough," Concetta echoed. She threw out her hands in a sweeping gesture. "Let him go free. Only send them away out of my sight. I feel sick when I forgive anything. I wanted revenge."

Gloom deep and dreadful reigned in the house that night. Mrs. Mescavage had sat indoors, silent, brooding, waiting for callers who did not come. Father Mescavage had left the premises in a rage, stating that his absence might last a lifetime. Jonas had taken a week's vacation to go fishing. Joszef was spending his evening in a pleasanter place than home. Agati and Annie were at the silk mill working overtime. Veronika sat on a box by the coal-shed, weeping in the dark. There Vincas found her.

"I don't never darst go any place again," she sobbed in answer to his questions. "Folks is awful. I been fightin' two girls a'ready — an' now — I'm — tired ——"

"You will be rested to-morrow," Vincas suggested. "And by the day after to-morrow they will forget and let you alone."

"I don't suppose I can never go near my baby again, neither; ma has found out about it now, an' the Dagos is all mad at us. An' I was jus' gettin' him so nice a'ready,— so fat,— an' awful lovely! He'd 'a' been dead by this time, too, if I hadn't seed to him. Doctor said so."

"The Dagos ain't mad with you. That's why they let Johnny off, the most reason. 'Twasn't no money so much, nor — nor what your ma done. 'Twas on account o' youse tendin' the baby."

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"I can't never — hold 'im no more again," sobbed Veronika. "They won't keep 'im clean — nor nothin'! An' I'd just learnt him talk some Lithuish yesterday. Oh, oh!"

Vincas waited beside the shaken little figure with a hand on her hair.

"It's so awful," she groaned. "Jonas is gone off; he won't be workin'. Pa's gone off; he won't be workin'. Annie and Agati will be that mad when they find out, that they won't give ma no pay neither. There's just Joszef left; he don't make but a dollar-ten a day, even if he works steady. An' ma — she'll be drunk all the time."

"Oh, no; she can't," consoled the boarder. "She gave them Angelinos all her money. She won't drink. I'll tell Baroff's not to give her nothin' 'less she pays the money down. Will I?"

"An' then there's me! I'll be a-fightin' all times; an' I don't say I like much to fight. Some does, but I don't. Then I'll be a-swearin' all times; an' that's a sin, to swear. An' I don't like my ma no more. That ain't no good for me, is it? To be ashamed over my ma?"

As if to emphasize the cruelty of Veronika's position, a procession of children came up the street chanting:

Mis-sis Mescavage,
There she goes,
I seen her crawlin'
On her nose
To kiss the Dago's
Dirty toes!

"Aloysius, he made up that song!" cried Veronika in a burst of woe. "He's an awful smart boy. But he says I can't marry him, not no more. The nasty ol' thing, I don't want to! But oh, Vincas, Vincas, the world is black, because I am ashamed of my mother! Why did she do that thing?"

The man stroked her hair as he replied in the old tongue:

"She had a good reason. Suppose — suppose your baby was to be put in jail by some cross old policeman; would you give him money to save the baby?"

"Yes, yes. Only I never have money, except a five cents."

"Would you kiss the policeman, if you had to? Think hard!"

"Yes, of course," cried the foster-mother. "Or fight him. Or tear him with scratches. Or maybe I could go to jail myself instead."

"See, then," spoke the counsellor gently. "You would not be ashamed if it was for your baby. Now that is the way your mother felt. Consider: Jonas is her baby, the baby she likes best, even if he is a bad boy. So she did it for Jonas. Even to kiss a Dago was not too much, when it was to save Jonas out of prison. Look at the affair that way. There is not so much to be ashamed of, is there?"

A boy's treble rose shrilly in the street. "That's Adam," Veronika moaned. The faithless fiancé proceeded with the insulting solo:

The Dago kicked her
In the snout;
Says she, "Go on,
I'll chase ye out!"

"I can't marry Adam Walukas neither, can I? Nor I can't lick him, 'cause he's bigger than me. Oh, I shall stay always in this house, an' listen to what folks says about my mother! I'll get ashamed that I am called Mescavage, after a while!"

"Nonsense," spoke Vincas. He lifted her by the shoulders and took her bodily to their old seat under the mulberry tree. "Put two gray hairs in your braid every time you comb your hair, then you will grow up in a hurry, and you can get married to me, and your name will not be Mescavage any longer. You can go away to Oklahoma with me if you like. And the four twins will all be fat, beautiful babies, two of the kind that sleep all day, and two of the kind that sleep all night. Thus they need only two clean dresses and two pairs of shoes, because ——"

"Oh, Vincas, I want *four* pairs of shoes! You are rich. And you know you said ——"

"Very good; four. And they shall have gray eyes and curly yellow hair as long as your finger, and no Dago will ever come near them to give them sores."

"Oh, I shall *love* them!" Veronika smiled in ecstasy through her tears. Then she faltered, her passionate little mother-soul shaken by an emotion more complex.

"Of course I shall always love them *best*," she promised. "But I would like to keep my Dago baby, too, if you can manage it. When a baby is sick, and has no hair and sore eyes, and such things, see — you —" she dropped into English desperately—"you can't give it up for nobody! You kinda love it more. Can't you verstand that?"

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WILD HORSES

BY

WILL C. BARNES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE following clippings, sent out last February by the Associated Press, were copied by nearly every newspaper in the United States:

Reno, Nev., Feb. 19.—A campaign to exterminate the wild horses in the Toyabe, Toquima, and Monito forest reserves in Lander County has been started, and it is believed that more than fifteen thousand wild horses now grazing on those reserves will be slaughtered before another year has passed.

The forest rangers report that there are more than 15,000 wild horses on these ranges and that they are attracting many domestic animals to the district. These horses destroy the vegetation and do much harm to the entire district, consequently a war of extermination will be waged against them.

Reno, Nev., Feb. 19.—The forestry department at Washington has ordered the rangers to kill all wild horses on the government domain. There are about 15,000. They are doing much damage to vegetation and attracting domestic animals to their herds.

That these notices were widely read was proved by the flood of letters that at once began to pour into the office of the Forestry Department in Washington. They came from east, west, north, and south; from Boston and Oklahoma, New York City and Albuquerque, Philadelphia and Seattle. One tender-hearted individual called it an outrage "to kill so valuable an animal as a horse when it could be used for the benefit of mankind."

A firm of hide dealers wrote asking to be given a contract for the sole handling of the hides taken from the slaughtered horses. A large manufacturing company wanted to purchase all the hides, for use in making certain kinds of leather goods. Another firm inquired if the animals were to be killed at some central point; if so, could they not arrange to utilize the flesh of the animals for canning purposes?

The Forestry Department Besieged by Horse-Catchers

Dozens of men wrote offering to go to Nevada and capture the animals if the Government would pay their fare out and give them the horses in return for their work. One man wrote from Texas, "If the men who issued that order knew anything about the nature and habits of the Western mustang, they would know that it is a very easy matter to capture them. If the Government will employ me at a salary of $100 per month, I will agree to gather them all in three months."

An excited individual from New York City declared with a confidence born of conviction, "I have a very simple system by which I can capture every wild horse in Nevada in a short time. If the Government will contract with me, I will enter into an agreement to gather and deliver them to the Government's representatives as rapidly as possible at the agreed price of seven dollars a head."

Another group of correspondents, mostly Eastern lads with a desire for adventure, wrote to obtain employment as "horse killers," announcing themselves as dead shots with a rifle and expert hunters of game.

A member of the Humane Society demanded that a more humane method than shooting be employed.

The Forest officers got boundless amusement from these letters. They were all Western men who had lived for years on the open range. They knew from actual experience that these men, with their plans of capture and their certainty of success, knew absolutely nothing, or at best very little, of the subject on which they wrote. And so, while audibly chuckling over the matter, they dictated with all due official punctiliousness, letters in reply similar to the following:

Sir:—Your letter of —— is received. No orders have been issued by the Forest Service for killing wild horses upon any of the National Forests. The report originated in an unwarranted press despatch given out through the newspapers of the country.

Of course there was a starting point for the despatch, and the story is about like this:

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Some years ago the wild horses in the State of Nevada had become such a nuisance and menace to the range and stock interests that the State Legislature, at the request of the Stock Association, passed a law allowing the killing of wild, unbranded horses upon the ranges of that State. Within a year or two some 15,000 horses, good, bad, and indifferent, had been shot, and their hides, manes, and tails had been taken by the hunters in payment for their work.

As the supply became smaller the hunters grew careless as to whether or not the horses that they shot were branded. Often carcasses of horses were found minus hide, mane, and tail, but with feet shod all around, showing them to be hardly in the wild horse class. An inspection of horse hides that had been purchased from the hunters and were in the hands of hide dealers showed that a large percentage of the hides bore well-known brands belonging to stockmen all over the State. The farmers came to be afraid to turn out old "Dobbin" for a Sunday run on the plains about their ranches, lest some skulking hide-hunter pot him in a lonely ravine or cañon where he had driven him for slaughter.

So it came to pass that the stockmen had, in self-defence, to ask the Legislature to repeal the law, and within a few years the wild horses have rapidly increased until again they are a pest.

Last December the stockmen of Nevada met at Austin and among other things adopted a resolution asking the next State Legislature to pass a law giving an exclusive right to the Rangers of the United States Forest Service to shoot all wild horses found at large after a certain date. The intention was to allow the owners of horses a reasonable time to get their stock out of the way, and then have the Rangers shoot the rest.

Two months after the resolution was passed some wide-awake newspaper correspondent learned of it for the first time, and turned it loose on an unsuspecting public as something "right off the bat" in the way of news.

Spanish Explorers Bring the First Mustangs

The first horses of the Western plains were probably brought there by the Spaniards. In 1545, almost fifty years before Jamestown was settled, Coronado, the Spanish captain, was roaming about the plains of New Mexico; and he tells of the dogs used by the Indians to haul their plunder on lodge poles, indicating that they had no horses at that date.

In 1716 the Spanish again worked their way eastward across the plains, and their letters tell of the astonishment of the Indians at seeing the horses they had with them. The expedition was constantly losing horses, and there is little doubt that the first droves of Western horses originated from these strays.

Captain Pike, who toiled bravely up the Arkansas river across what are now parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado, tells of the immense bands of horses that they saw on every side. This was in 1806, and earlier travellers than he write of them also.

In the early days upon the plains they were as great a pest to travelers as they are today. Woe be unto the luckless camper who allowed a band of wild horses to get close enough to his gentle horses, turned out for the night, to sweep them off. It was almost useless to follow, for the call of the wild comes to the gentlest of horses when he is thrown with a band of his kind that have been born and raised free of all restraint. It is a well-known fact that the hardest one to "cut out," the leader of them all in a mad race across the prairie, is the old, gentle, well-broken saddle or work horse, once he gets a taste of such freedom.

"Creasing" a Wild Horse

In those days various methods of capturing the wild horse were followed. Men made it a regular business, and were called "mustangers." "Creasing" was one of their devices. This consisted in shooting a bullet so that it struck the animal on the top of the neck just in front of the withers and about an inch or so deep, close to the spinal column. The shock temporarily stunned the horse, and the hunter ran up and tied the animal's feet together before he recovered. A rope halter was slipped on his head; a gentle horse, or sometimes a work ox, was led up alongside the prostrate beast; and he was securely necked up to the gentle animal, and thus could be handled easily.

Old mustangers say, however, that for one horse caught this way fifty were killed, and that as a matter of fact the method was not used very much except in an emergency, when a hunter, after days of attempts to capture, finally took the risk of successfully creasing an unusually fine animal rather than see him escape altogether.

One of the best cow ponies I ever owned I bought from a mustanger who had creased him on the plains east of the Pecos river in New Mexico. There was a hole in his neck fully two inches deep and wide, where the ball from the heavy buffalo gun had ploughed its way through the flesh just high enough above the spine not to kill and low enough to stun effectually.

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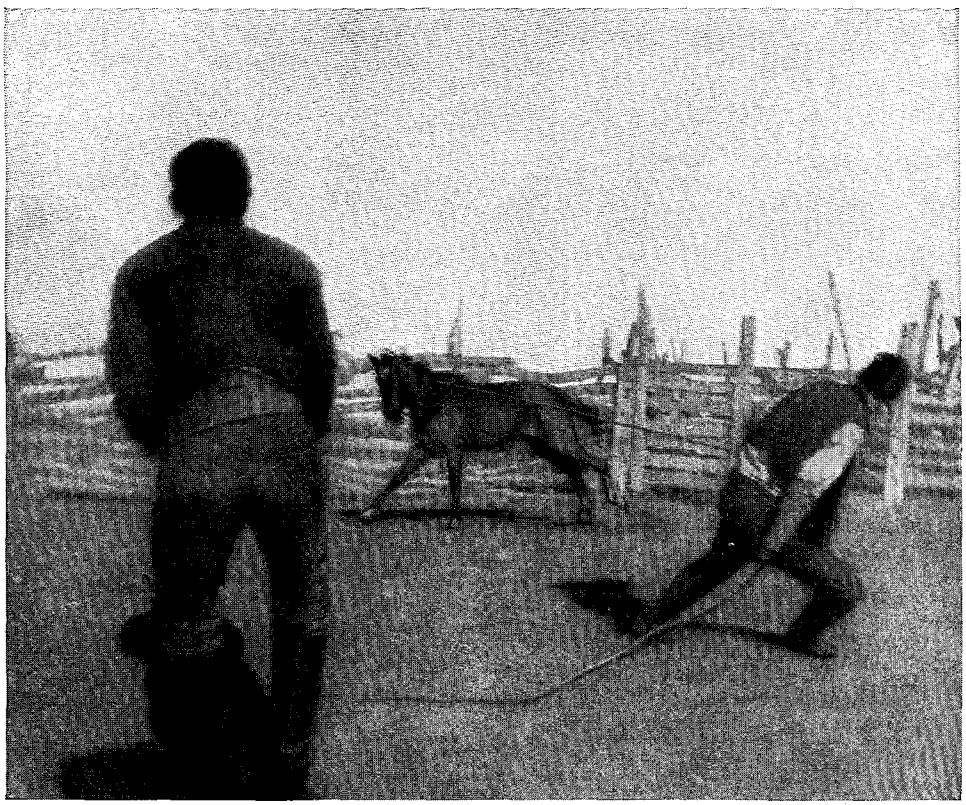

ROPING A HORSE ON FOOT

Rounding up a Band at its Watering-Place

The mustangers generally used a longer but safer method of capture. The average range horse waters not oftener than once every twenty-four hours, frequently at much longer intervals, and, unless disturbed, always at the same place.

The mustangers, mounted on their best horses, without saddles, and stripped of all extra weight in clothing, would patiently watch a bunch of horses come to water for several days, noting the direction from which they came and spotting the animals in the bunch that they considered most desirable.

Having satisfied themselves on these points, the men, usually three in number, divided up. One remained close to the water, while the others went out some miles in the direction usually taken by the horses upon leaving the water hole. There they separated, each getting on top of some hill or elevation where he could see the country about him.

The horses, having drunk all they want, file slowly out along the trail, full to bursting, and in no condition for a hard run. Having allowed them to get well started along the trail, the mustanger rides out behind them in full view. The wary animals, quick to note a moving object, stop for an instant; the leader turns, neighs shrilly, races down the line of gazing heads to the rear of the column, circles about, and the whole band with one impulse are off in a thundering crowd, fairly hidden in the dust they raise.

The mustanger falls in behind them, his excited horse, trained to such work, straining at the bit and eager to overtake the flying animals ahead.

One often reads stories of Western life where the hero, mounted on his pet horse, carrying a fifty-pound saddle and a full outfit of rope, six-shooter, etc., dashes right into a band of wild horses and ropes a coal-black stallion, which he leads home in triumph to his ranch.

Such things may have been done somewhere, but I have never seen it in my twenty-eight years of cowboy experience. One must remember that while the wild horses are running free and unhampered, with fear adding wings to

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their flight, the horse following is carrying his rider and has not the incentive of the horse ahead.

Now, every horse, in running, has to stop after the first burst of speed for his second wind; the plan of the mustanger is to keep the drove going and prevent any slackening of speed. As soon as the horse of the first mustanger begins to show signs of distress, the second mustanger, who has watched the race from his point of observation, falls in behind the band and on his fresh animal keeps up the pace.

Logy with water, the wild horses ahead begin to slacken up a bit. Perhaps a very young colt falls behind, whinnying pitifully as his dam crowds forward from the nameless terror behind.

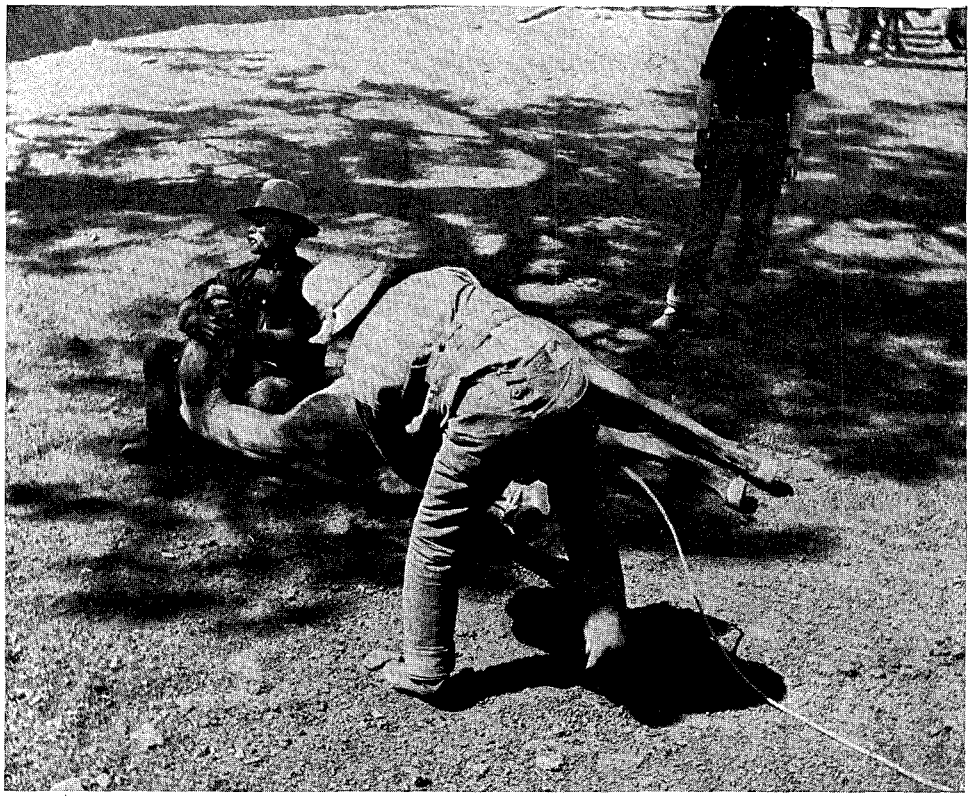
With manes and tails streaming in the wind, dripping with sweat and covered with lather, the clouds of dust sometimes completely hiding them from view, they plunge ahead until out from a hill or from behind a sheltering tree or rock tears the third mustanger on his fresh horse.

The band swings aside and sweeps around in a broad curve, as the third man, riding out to one side, turns them slowly. Finally they double back upon the other two riders, and by this time the horses in the band begin to show their weariness, and their speed slackens very perceptibly.

Cutting Out and Roping the Mustangs

The three mustangers have ridden without saddles and carried their reatas in their hands, with the end fastened securely about the neck of the horse they ride, just tight enough not to slip over its head. Around his waist each man carries a couple of hogging ropes, pieces of soft, light rope about six feet long.

Crowding close in upon the band, which is by this time greatly distressed, each rider picks out the horse he wants and works along beside it; and as it is a very short throw, the roping is an easy matter. A quick jerk draws the noose up about the captive's neck; the bight of the rope is thrown over the horse's withers and down so that his front feet step over it. At



TYING THE FEET PREPARATORY TO BRANDING

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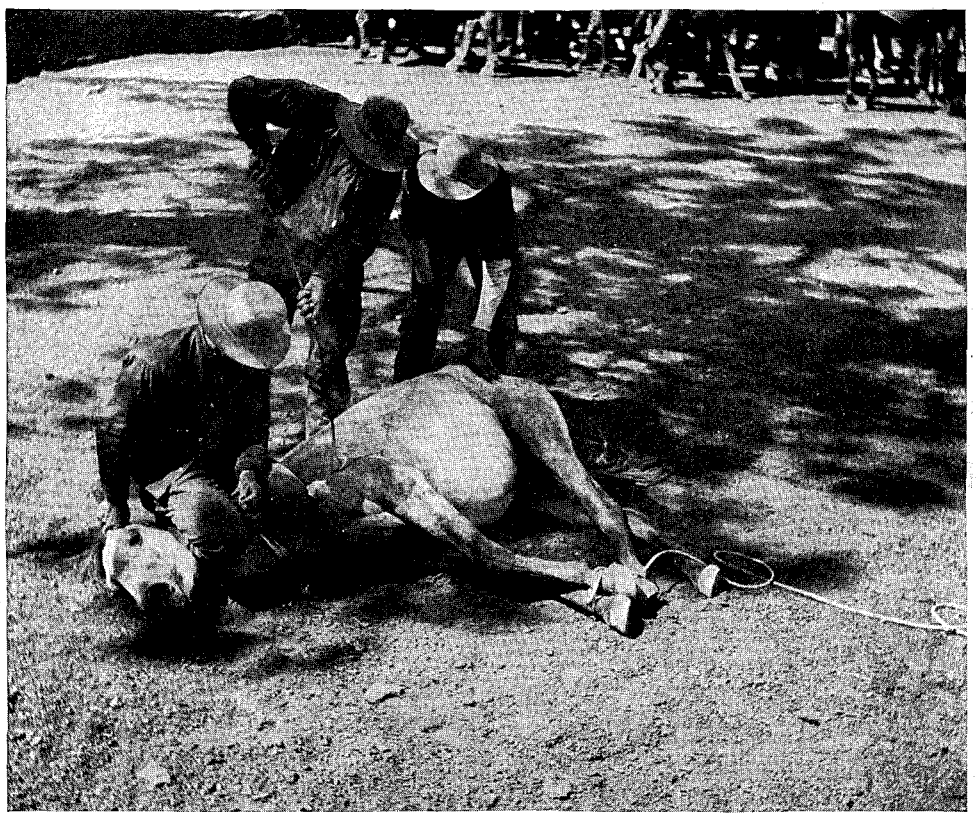
this instant the riding horse is swung suddenly at right angles to the other animal, and when the rope tightens, the wild animal's front feet are jerked out from under him with a whirl that lands him stunned and breathless in a heap, generally with his head buried under his body. When the handling is done in this way, the strain on the neck of the ridden horse is very slight, but if the wild horse regains his feet, as he sometimes does, the poor saddle-horse gets a pretty rough deal before the animal is finally thrown and tied.



BRANDING A WILD MUSTANG

The instant the wild horse hits the ground, the mustanger drops off his mount and races to the fallen animal, untying his hogging rope as he runs. A loop is made about both front feet, and they are pulled back far enough to enable the hind foot to be bunched with the two front ones; the hog rope is whirled three or four times about the three legs just at the ankles; and with a deft tie, the horse is secure. If nothing goes wrong, all this is often accomplished inside of two minutes from the first throw, and if the drove is still in sight, the reata is quickly gathered up, and with good luck a second animal is soon tied down.

After the capture the mustangers generally sit down for a smoke, while their tired horses get a rest and a roll. With the catching of the horses the fun is ended, and the real work begins.

If it is not too far from camp or too late in the day, a man goes back and returns with several gentle saddle-horses, or, what is far better, a bunch of burros. To these gentle animals each wild horse is securely "necked" and his feet are then untied. After half an hour of struggling and fighting, he will usually give up and let himself be dragged along by his mate to camp.

If, however, it is too late to go to camp, the horse is hoppled (hobbled) and left over night. To leave him tied down would not do, for the tight tying stops the circulation, and in his thrashing about trying to get up, an animal left tied down will very soon kill himself.

The rest is a matter of education and work—work for the man—work for the horse. A

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TWO SADDLE-PONIES USED FOR ROPING WILD MUSTANGS

large percentage of the animals die under the breaking process; many are killed accidentally; some cut themselves with ropes so that they cannot be handled and have to be turned loose. Probably not over fifty per cent of the horses caught are finally broken and domesticated.

Corralling a Drove of Wild Horses

Often the mustangers, instead of catching the horses out on the prairie, continued the following of the animals for a whole day and often several days. They followed them constantly, never giving them an opportunity to eat, water, or rest. Moonlight nights were selected for this work, and night and day the hunters kept up the gait, until finally the poor animals, tired and hungry, could be driven almost anywhere the men wanted to take them. Right at the corral gate, however, they were likely to make a break and scatter like partridges.

I myself once followed a band for twenty hours with three men. Just at daybreak we worked the bunch up to a corral. Although we had been driving them for several hours almost as easily as old saddle-horses, they balked at the corral gate and force them in we could not.

For over two hours we held them, hoping that they would work their way through the gate. Finally we crowded them too closely, and the leader, an old gray mare, broke past us, the rest following her like sheep. In vain we tried to stop them; one man was run over and his horse knocked flat by an animal he tried to head off. As they scattered over the prairie, two of us, by a desperate spurt, managed to get alongside horses and rope them. The rest escaped through a piece of very thick cedar country and were lost to us, for our saddle-horses were too tired to make a new run, and we had neither eaten nor drunk since we started. Result—four tired, hungry men and their saddle-horses, and two raw broncos, one of which we crippled so badly in throwing that we had to shoot him.

Of course some one asks, "Why didn't you keep on after them and get the whole band together again?"

Horses at $1.25 a Head

In the first place because, up to the last few

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years, the horses were not worth much when you did get them. The mares were not saleable at any price, and the only marketable ones in the bunch were the males. These, considering the work of capturing, the cost in time and labor of breaking them, the large percentage that were killed or died under the handling they got, did not sell for enough to pay men to devote themselves to it as a business.

Of course, there were on the plains of Texas and New Mexico a great many professional mustangers who followed it for a living; but they kept at it as much for the excitement of the work as any thing else, and besides they frequently captured gentle horses that had been carried off by the wild bands, for which they received substantial rewards.

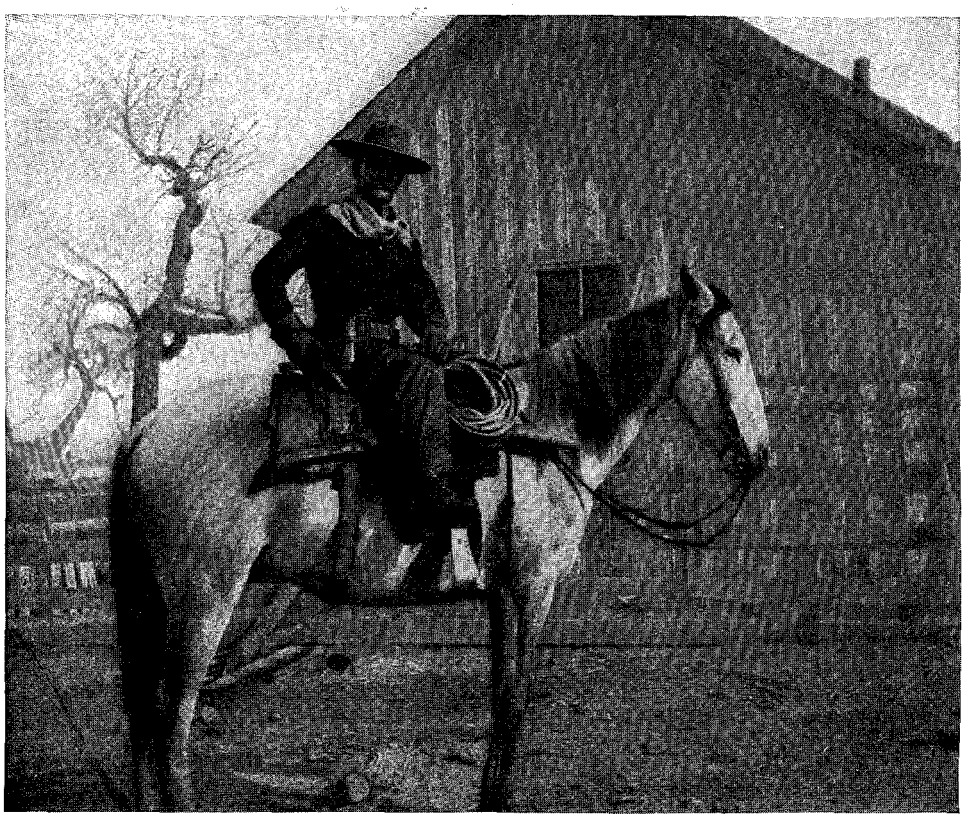
But in the mountain country, especially through the Rocky Mountain States, where there were hundreds of square miles of cedar, piñon, and juniper, in which the horses would hide with all the cunning of hunted animals, previous experience went for nothing when it came to catching them.

Probably no district had more wild horses on the ranges than northern Arizona in the years from 1896 to 1900. When the stockmen first went there in 1878 and '80 there were no wild horses on the ranges. But it was a fine horse-raising country, and every one brought in a few mares. Turned out on the ranges to breed and multiply, they roamed where they pleased, generally keeping pretty close to the ranch of their owner.

Occasionally a young stallion, whipped out of the bunch by an older horse, would "cut out" some young mare for company, and eventually they would work back into the rough country, watering at some watering hole, hardly seeing a human being for months; and finally you had the nucleus of a wild bunch.

Inside of five or six years we began to realize that we had a serious problem to meet; by 1894 the wild horses could be numbered by the tens of thousands. It was at a time, too, when horses were a drug on the market. A good, well-broken cow-pony was not worth over twenty dollars, and a raw bronco was sold for almost any sum one chose to offer.

If they were shipped, the railroads made the



THE WRITER ON HIS FAVORITE COW-PONY

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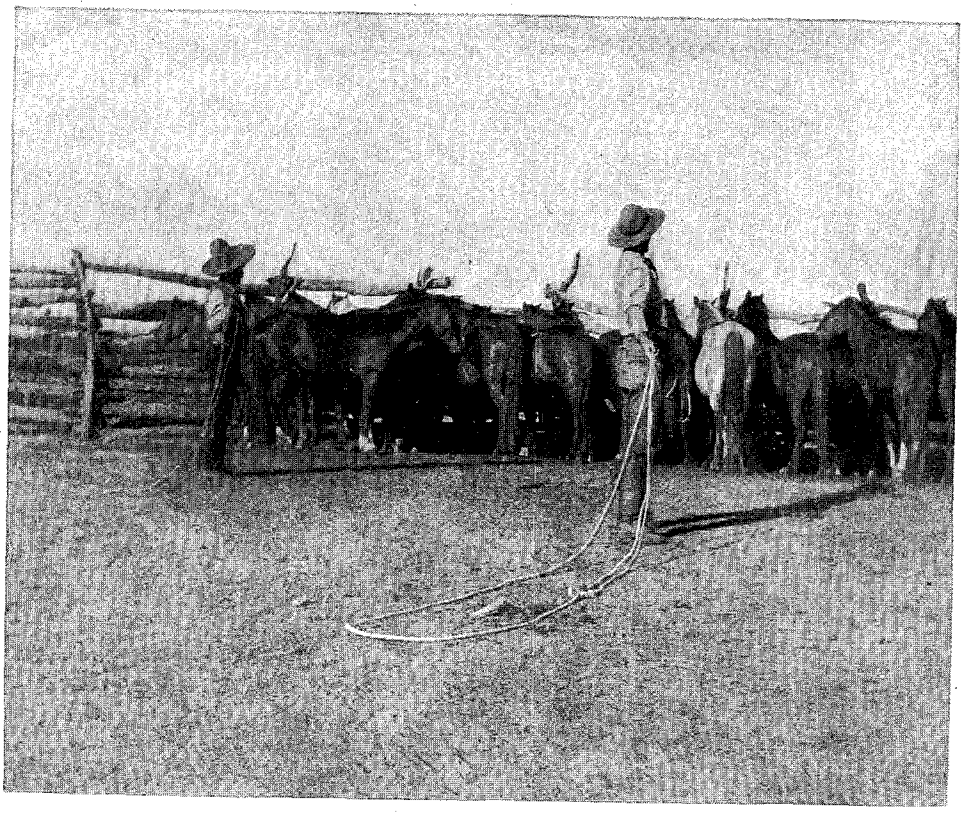

ROPING HORSES INSIDE THE CORRAL

owner prepay the freight, lest the commission man at Kansas City or Chicago refuse to receive them. Several carloads of fine geldings once shipped from our station only netted the "pool outfit" that gathered them a dollar and a quarter a head.

A Pest on the Ranges

On the ranges they were a pest indeed. At the salt grounds they fought away the cattle from the salt, and I have seen a band of a hundred head watering at a spring, fighting over the troughs and breaking them up as they charged back and forth over them, while three or four hundred head of cattle waited for a chance to drink. When, far across the prairie, the band saw a man approaching on horseback, the whole bunch tore madly through the cattle standing about, knocking down cows, running over and killing calves in their eagerness to escape, and doing immense damage.

On the round-ups, with twenty or thirty cowboys scattered out "on circle" along a line six or seven miles wide, and with all the cattle moving in good shape ahead of the line of riders toward the round-up grounds, far off to one side some one would start up a band of "broom tails," as the boys called them. Away they would tear, picking up new bands here and there, until as many as two hundred head would sweep right through the cattle, throwing them back on the circle of drivers. When once a cattle drive of that kind is turned back on itself, it takes hours of hard riding to check the drift and get the herd again headed for the round-up ground. It was no uncommon thing for the day's work of a whole round-up outfit to be lost through such a wild-horse stampede.

The worst nuisance of all was the carrying off of gentle saddle- and work-horses by the wild bands. No one dared turn the saddle-horses out for the winter as in old days. To do so was to say good-by to almost all of them, for once with the wild ones they were as good as gone forever.

Recovering a Lost Saddle-Horse

I well remember one young stockman who lost a splendid saddle-horse, an eastern-raised animal that was the pride of his heart. The

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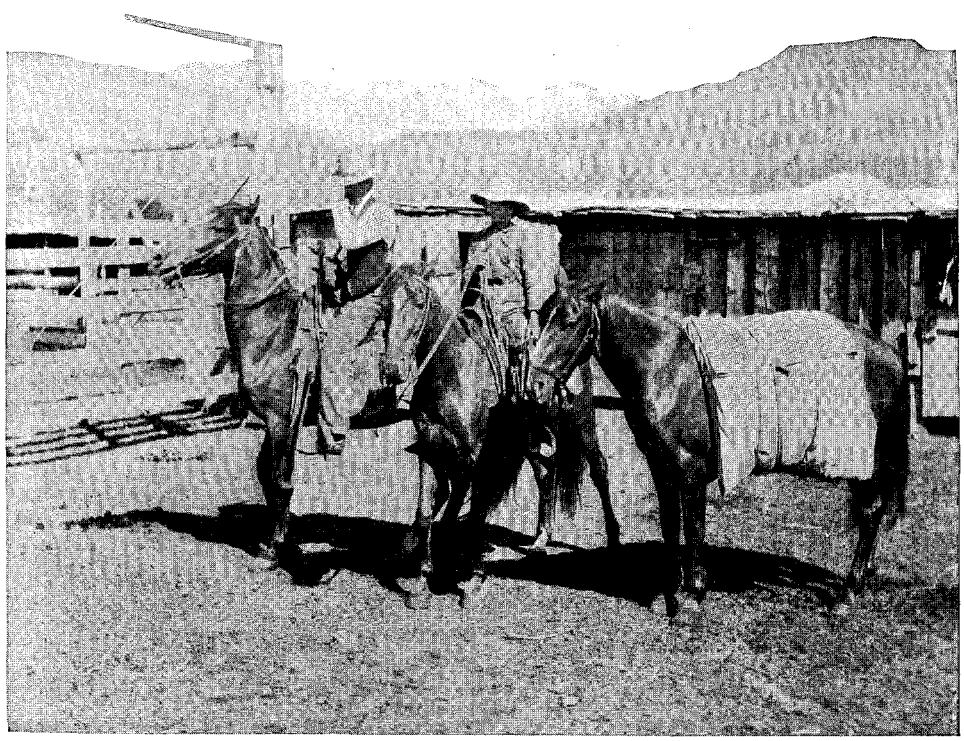
horse was a beautiful gray, and easily distinguishable at a great distance. He was frequently seen with a band of very wild mustangs in an extremely rough and broken country. The young fellow determined to get his horse if it could be done, and he spent a week in locating the watering-place of the band, which he discovered was at the bottom of a very deep cañon. The trail leading to it came out at the top of the cañon in a place where the horses had to pass in narrow file between several huge boulders, and just over the narrowest spot was a piñon tree some thirty-five or forty feet in height. After carefully looking the ground over, the horse hunter decided that his only chance was to catch his horse as it came up the trail.

Since the band watered only at night, he chose a moonlight period. He decided to hang his lasso from the piñon tree, with a noose fixed in such a way that by the most delicate pull it would drop over the animal's head. One afternoon he carefully arranged his noose, hanging it from the tree branches just above the trail and high enough to clear the horse's head. The other end he fastened in the top of the tree, so that the spring of the tree would keep the horse from breaking the rope.

Perched in the branches of the piñon, the young fellow saw his horse march down the trail with the rest and disappear into the black depths. An hour later he heard their approach up the trail. Heavy with water, one by one they reached the top, breathing hard. The gray loomed up in the moonlight, as easily seen as in the daytime; and as he walked slowly under the noose suspended just above his head, a slight whistle from the watcher arrested him. For an instant the animal stopped, his head raised in alarm, and that instant the noose dropped about his head. As it touched him, he sprang forward with a snort of terror.

Up to this point the young man's plan had worked beautifully, but one thing he forgot, and that was the tremendous spring of the tree. Leaning clear over in his eagerness to watch the horse below, he was but insecurely perched in the branches. When the thousand pounds' weight of the frightened horse reached the end of the rope, the tree bent far over; then, as the animal lost his footing and fell over backward, the snap and spring of the tree to its per-



STARTING OUT ON A WILD-HORSE HUNT IN NEW MEXICO

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pendicular position sent the boy flying like a stone from a catapult into a bunch of scrub cedars some twenty or thirty feet away.

When he "came to" it was broad daylight, and he was lying on the ground with his face badly scratched, his clothes almost torn from his body, sore and bruised in every part; but his gray was standing quietly near him, as unconcerned as if being caught that way was an everyday occurrence. Two hours later the boy was riding the gray and leading his other animal, the proudest mustanger that ever roped a horse.

An Experience with a Trigger Gate

On one occasion, after much careful watching, we had located a water hole at which a band of some sixty or seventy horses were watering. It was in a dense cedar country where one could hardly ride a horse out of a walk. We worked for three weeks building a fence about the water strong enough to hold the band. The circle was gradually closed, so slowly that the horses became accustomed to the work; and finally we drew the two ends together close enough for a gate across the ten-foot gap.

A board gate was built, the boards being carried in on horses some fifteen miles from the wagon road. This gate we rigged up with a "trigger" and weight, so that it could be closed by a pull on a rope which led to a pile of brush about a hundred feet away, where a boy could be hidden.

We then kept away for several days to allow the horses plenty of opportunity to become accustomed to going in and out of the gate. One day we rode over to the spot and rigged up the weight and trigger and gave it a good test. Then, leaving one of the boys under the brush shelter, with the end of the rope in his hands, we all went back some distance where we could hide and watch the horses come in.

It was almost sunset before the horses we wanted came along. One or two small bunches dropped in to water, but were allowed to go unmolested. Finally, with a noise like that of artillery, the horses we wanted came racing through the trees and slowly entered the gate.

Just what was happening we could not see, but after what seemed an age we saw the boy under the brush break for the gate at a run, with the evident intention of closing it by hand. Just as he had it about half closed, the frightened horses, almost in a solid body, drove against the gate from the inside, tearing it from the wooden hinges we had made and throwing it back on top of the luckless gate tender, who went down under it. Over the gate and his form the sixty or eighty head of horses flew.

Horses will hardly ever step on anything lying on the ground if they can jump over it, and although a number did step on the gate, the majority cleared it at a jump.

When we got there and lifted the heavy gate off the prostrate form, one of the boys remarked, "Well, here's a job for the coroner, sure." But although skinned up pretty badly and with a wrenched shoulder, he soon came to, and his first words were, "Did I git 'em?" It turned out that as the horses went in, one enterprising old mare had stopped at the gate post where the trigger was set and in some way tangled the rope to which the weight was attached, so that it would not act. The boy, eager to make the catch, risked his life in an attempt to close the gate by hand.

More Good Horses Killed than Captured

The rise in the price of horses that began in 1902 and 1903 helped to clean up many of these wild horse bands, because at last there was a market for them. Hundreds were gathered and shipped away, but there are still great droves of them, wilder than the wildest deer, more wary and harder to catch than the smartest fox, all over the West. They run in the most inaccessible places, where the boldest rider cannot go faster than a walk. If you crowd them, they will split up, each going its own way, like so many quail. Get them to the gate of a corral and surround them with a solid line of men, and in their mad rush to escape they will jump over or ride down any mounted man in their way.

Probably more good horses have been killed outright in this work than ever were captured. A man with the desire to win, forgetful of all but the animal he is after, crowds his saddle-pony mile after mile, until with a convulsive shudder the plucky animal drops dead in its tracks and the hapless rider must carry his saddle miles and miles to camp.

I once saw a man whose pony thus dropped under him jerk out his Winchester and pump a dozen shots into the band he was after, each shot with deadly effect in so dense a mass, and then throw his arms about his dying pony's neck and cry like a baby.

If, after reading this account of the difficulties surrounding the wild horse question, any one with a "sure method" for capturing them wants an opportunity to put it to a practical test, he will get a hearty welcome from the stockmen and a splendid run for his money in many parts of the range country in Nevada, Oregon, Wyoming, Idaho, New Mexico, and Arizona, and especially upon some of the national forests, where the wild horses present a difficult and decidedly knotty problem.

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SHABOGAN

BY

ORIC BATES

"IT was Shabogan that carried me through the Paper Chase last year," Barry Boldbrooke said. "He was worth importing for that alone."

Barry had been expatiating on a horse he had brought over from some outlandish part of eastern Europe, somewhere in the Ukraine, I believe.

"Tell me about it," I urged him. "You fellows never write particulars about anything."

I was just back from a trip around the world, and I was eager to pick up the details of all that had happened during my absence. The Paper Chase is a sort of sacred survival at the Rodham Country Club. It is an annual jubilee; an institution never to be abolished; a yearly reminder of the days when the club was hardly started, and the purses of the charter members were so drained that we despaired of kennels, and the pack seemed a dream never to be realized. In those days of pride and poverty,— both due to the new club-house,— a Master of Fox-Hounds, having no fox-hounds to master, proved himself a man of genius by instituting what Fosdick irreverently terms "the sacrament of the Paper Chase."

The old days are gone, and some good things with them; but although there is not in the State a finer pack than at Rodham, although most of us own our three hunters and some of us more, the Paper Chase is still kept up. We stick faithfully to it yet, and so shall, fate willing, to the end of the chapter. Good hunting men have been humbled on those autumnal runs, and he whose name is graven among the "firsts" on the silver 'scutcheon must have the seat of a dragoon and the thews of a Titan.

I was especially interested in Barry's allusion to this particular race, for there had reached me, across three thousand miles of blue water, rumors vague and romantic that with this famous run was somehow connected Barry's engagement. He had married, not long after, one of the most charming little women in the world. When I left America his courtship was a staple of talk and speculation among all his friends. Molly Cartright was a clever and beautiful girl, very demure and very daring, quite capable, did the fancy enter her pretty head, of trying to lift a cab-horse over the Washington Monument. Many had offered their hearts and hands to Molly, but eventually the contest for her favor had narrowed itself to the conspicuous rivalry between Barry Boldbrooke and Johnny Carew. Barry threw himself at her feet, as it were, and practically said: "Kindly walk over me." We used to say among ourselves at the club that he would never pluck up courage really to ask her to marry him; and I always held that, while she probably liked him better than she did the other, she would get tired of waiting for him to speak, and would in the end be carried off by Carew. Johnny was always pulling his moustaches with a proprietary air, as if he said: "You never can resist me; millionaire, you know, and such a killing fellow." Molly, as I had watched her, seemed interested, but undecided. She would raise Barry's hopes by borrowing — and laming — a pony; then dash them by sitting out in a corner of the club porch of a moonlight night, chatting for hours with Carew. Rodham takes a healthy interest in matters of this sort; and before I left, it had come to betting. I had a trifle on Johnny myself; and I was eager now to know how I had lost it — although my sympathy was always with Barry.

"Well, you see," began Boldbrooke, "it was all Shabogan. It was his first real run. If it hadn't been for him, dear old brute, I don't know where I'd be now. In the first place, Molly — But I don't want to bore you."

"Drive ahead," returned I, pleased by the hint his wife's name conveyed that I might get the information I was after.

"The run," he said, settling himself in his chair, "was on Thursday — a brisk sort of a day, with a clear sky and a keen wind; not strong, you know, but just the thing to put life into man and mount. The start was set for quarter past nine; and most of us hacked over to the club for breakfast. At table I sat nearly

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opposite Molly. Johnny Carew — you recollect? — was on her right. Everybody was in the deuce of a hurry, and, what with the chatter and the rattle of dishes, you couldn't have heard a horn! I could see that Johnny was saying something pretty particular to Molly, and she was coloring and tossing her head in a way that made me devilish nervous. You see, Johnny and I had been at it hard for six months, and I was so afraid of him and of her that I simply didn't dare to speak up to her for fear I'd get thrown out of the race altogether. There he sat pulling those little brad-awl moustaches and whispering with such a conceited air of owning her and everything else that I wanted to tweak his nose for him. Of course, breakfast in such a hurry was a short affair, but I tell you it seemed long enough to me! When it was over, I was on the east verandah getting what comfort I could out of a cigarette, and talking to Felix Harding. He was one of the hares — Hallam and Roberts were the others. At a quarter of nine they started, so as to have their half-hour's lead, and I watched them round the bend, scattering the white squares of scent, and I felt as if I would like to go home and give the whole thing up.

"Pretty soon the field began to get to horse — grooms calling, the clink of bit and bridoon, the hounds yelping down in the kennels, and asking why they weren't in it: you know the usual racket. The noise cheered me a little, but I was rather glum in spite of it. I had meant to ride Rajah, but he was a bit feverish in the hocks that morning, and I'd taken Shabogan. I hadn't had him long enough to be well acquainted with him; but he was certainly the best mount I had. As I told you, he's a brute of a beast, all of sixteen hands high, and with a head like a trunk. You'll see him in the field next Wednesday; I bet he'll give that new brown of yours all he wants. I was waiting for him to be brought around, when all of a sudden Molly came quickly up to me on the verandah. She was white as a sheet; I sha'n't forget it in a hurry. I had a horrid feeling that something awful must have happened.

"'Oh, Barry,' says she; 'I want to speak to you.'

"We stepped round the corner out of sight of the crowd. I was in a funk, she looked so mortally scared, and I asked her in a hurry what the trouble was.

"'Oh, Barry,' says she with a sort of gasp, 'can you beat Johnny Carew to-day?'

"'I can try,' I gave her back. 'What's he done?'

"She went all crimson in a minute. 'Oh, I ought not to tell you,' she burst out, 'and I don't think you'll ever respect me again; but I must! I must! He's been proposing to me regularly for the last fortnight.'— I put in a word she was luckily too excited to notice.—'And this morning at breakfast he asked me again. I don't know what possessed me, except that I was all stirred up, and before I knew it I'd said yes. I really didn't mean it, Barry, and the minute the word was out I was so frightened I could have screamed. I just said the first thing that came into my head, and tried to hedge. He'd been boasting about his new hunter, Rallywood, and I managed somehow or other to tell him my promise didn't hold unless he brought his horse in first. Then I got away from him, and I've been trying ever since to find you.' Then she stopped and looked at me as if somehow I was her judge."

Boldbrooke was silent a moment, puffing his cigar, and very likely recalling the scene.

"Well," he went on again, "she was almost in tears, for all she's so plucky, and I fancy I looked rather sick, what with never having dared to ask her myself and knowing that Rallywood was a splendid creature, with half a page in the stud-book and a tall reputation of his own. Shabogan I knew was a wonderful jumper, but whether he had bottom for a long run I couldn't tell. I was sure of one thing, however, and that was that if Shabogan couldn't do for Rallywood, we hadn't anything that could. I reckoned it all out in a couple of seconds, and then I had a rush of anger at the risk of it all, and the position Molly was in. I got cold with the thought of it.

"'I don't know,' I told her, 'whether I can oblige you or not; it depends so largely on Shabogan that you might do well to ask him. As for Johnny Carew, he may break his silly neck if he wants to; at least he's something to break it for. Still, since you do me the honor, I suppose I'm bound to get what I can out of my mount, even if it knocks him up for the rest of the season.' Or some such speech, you know; nasty enough.

"She looked sort of queer for a moment, and in spite of my tantrum I couldn't help being bowled over. I can see now what a fool I was. She only said: 'Oh, I knew you would! You shall wear my colors.' She took a purple aster out of a little bunch she had on the bosom of her habit, and stuck it into my buttonhole. Just then round the corner came Johnny himself. The minute my eyes lit on him I knew I was going to run him out that day or be left in a ditch with poor old Shabogan on top of me. 'Oh,' says he, 'here you are.' Then he stopped short, as if it came over him that we looked queer; and he'd noticed the aster. He was sharp in some ways, was Johnny. 'Won't you

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favor me, too?' he asked, looking at Molly in a challenging sort of way. 'I'm so sorry,' she gave him back; 'but these are my colors. I can only give them for a home-horse, you know.' That was rather a slap, for Carew was the newest member of the club, and always made it understood that he belonged at the Rodham only in the hunting season. Before Johnny could say anything to that, the first horn sounded, and we all hurried round the porch.

"Carew put Molly in her saddle, and then got mounted. Shabogan was infernally restive, tossing that big head of his, and lifting his feet as if his shoes were hot. Johnny and I were at opposite ends of the line of the men entered for a place on the 'scutcheon. Rallywood was a clean, long-legged bay, with a small head and tremendous withers. In points there wasn't a horse there that he didn't outclass. We were all ready; the men in the line; the ladies and the other followers close behind us; old Murray sitting his big gray with watch in one hand and horn in the other. Ahead of us the wind was turning the white squares of paper on the gravel. Suddenly old Murray clapped his horn to his lips, and we let in our spurs and slacked reins with '*hup!*' as one man.

"You know how it is,— the first burst that thins out the field seldom lasts more than a couple of hundred yards. After that the whole thing's alternate canter and gallop to the finish. The rest of the field stuck to the old tactics; I stuck to Carew. The first stretch was down the road for about half a mile, and we went it neck and neck. He must, of course, have had a pretty tall guess at how things stood, and he rode like the deuce."

"Johnny had a wonderful seat," I interrupted Barry here; "but no hands to go with it."

"That's quite right," Boldbrooke assented. "He didn't have much in the way of hands — showed it that day. He rode, though,— really rode. I've seen him carry a silver dollar between his knee and the leather to the end of the drive and back: he was amazingly saddle-fast. Well, we went thundering along the road, and I said to myself, 'He'll do for us both; I'd better pull up.' Right on the heels of that came the thought, 'If I do, I may lose him.' So I hung on. We were galloping with the wind, and I realized that some of the scent must have blown past the place where the hares turned out. As on the left hand it was wooded, I turned sharp out to the right, jumped the drain and stone wall, and was lucky enough to light fair in the prints of the hares. Johnny held on to the end of the trail, and then jumped. As the hares had turned back a bit, I was about thirty yards ahead. That lot there, you remember, is low hills, cropped close by sheep. The trail crossed over toward the southeast, and I could see the end disappear round a low saddle-ridge. I had a feeling that it must double clean round the ridge instead of just hitting off from it. It was a sort of inspiration, but in a minute I saw fresh hoof-prints leading up and across the lowest part of the hill, and knew that two of the hares had taken the short cut while the third went round with the scent-bag. I put Shabogan in their tracks, and he bolted over the rise. This time Carew followed. As Shabogan went hurtling down the other side of the ridge I saw the trail again, leading straight to the north and disappearing into a dubious sort of wood road. Before I got to it, I had a horrid sensation that Johnny was picking up. Despite all I could do, his bay got into that wood road neck and neck with my black. Rallywood, on those kangaroo legs of his, must have shot over that ridge in about three leaps!

"That road is only used for sledding in winter. By fall it has had time to grow pretty wild, and though there was room and to spare for a single horseman, it was vicious for two abreast. If I had been thinking of anything except how to keep Rallywood from showing me his heels, I should have chuckled at the thought of how it would string out the field. As we rode, the branches of the sapling maples and birches swept us with *swish-wish*, and so touched up both our mounts that Tam o' Shanter would have been an 'also-ran' alongside of us. Johnny yelled out something that sounded like 'My lead!' and tried furiously to take it; but I worked equally hard to get ahead myself. The result was we rubbed boots about sixty yards, yelling at each other all the way. The luck of being on the inside of a sudden turn gave me a chance, and Shabogan, with a great leap, made the most of it. I came near being raked out of the saddle by the branches, but managed to hang on somehow, and Johnny had to pull behind, making remarks that were sulphurous.

"We were getting near the river, and the ground grew quoggy. I thanked heaven for my lead, trifling as it was. There's nothing a horse makes fly like that fat, clayey mud; and Carew got plastered from head to heels with the cakes that flew from Shabogan's hoofs,— though of course I didn't see it till later. One burst more brought us to the river. The water was rippling over the brownish pebbles of the ford, and we both plashed in. I nearly wept for Shabogan, for the great beast was smoking like a furnace, and the water was ice-cold. There was no pausing, however, and the horses were out almost in a minute. Treacherous as the bottom is, we didn't wade; we galloped it. I

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was soaked before I got over, and of course, Johnny, being shorter, was rather worse than better.

"We'd hardly got over than my hair stood on end! Shabogan rammed his near hind leg into a muck-hole, and seemed unable to pull clear. Johnny floundered laboriously by, and spared me a grin as he went. I quilted poor Shabogan across the withers and yelled to him. He jerked himself free with a sort of sob, and I heard the smack of the clay as his leg came. I hadn't fallen so far behind but that I got a taste of mud in my turn; but not for long, for by the time I caught up we reached dry ground,— a meadow, and beyond that, plowed land. The white scent at the edge of the meadow was mixed with red,— dangerous, you know,— so we pulled up. Though we trotted carefully, we got into a hole or two, though nothing serious. As we crossed, we held a confab. I said that if we hadn't found the hares, we'd at least lost the hounds.

"'What the blazes did they take across a rotten strip like this for?' he growled.

"I told him I gave it up, and he blurted out a question whether my horse had much bottom. I said he had no end. 'Looks deuced blown,' was his next move. I assured him it was all nerves, that Shabogan was only bothered about the infernal holes in the bog; and Johnny was quiet till we had got within ten yards of the plowed land. 'Barry,' says he, 'will you make a truce? Will you walk abreast of me and breathe horses till the field's in sight?' I thought of Shabogan and the pace we'd come, and I wanted to say yes for the sake of my grand old beast, but I knew Rallywood must need the rest more than he did or Johnny wouldn't have made the proposition. 'I'll be hanged if I do,' I told him. 'I'm in a hurry.'

"The next minute we were at the plowed ground, and off we went to make up for lost time. The scent led to a barbed-wire fence. The take-off was good, but the fence was all of five foot. I'd never put Shabogan at wire, and he flew it nervously, though I fancy I was more scared than he was. Johnny couldn't have had any trouble, for we tore over the second field neck and neck, riding for all we were worth. The thing uppermost in my mind was that Shabogan, Slavic importation as he was, was as good a horse as Rallywood with all his pedigree; and I meant to prove it or die trying. A board fence was ahead of us, and beyond that a farmhouse and barn. The fence was a stiff one — six feet at least; I confess I didn't know whether we'd get over it, Shabogan and I, together, singly, or not at all; but he took it like a hero, rapped it with one hoof, and landed safe. At the same instant I heard an awful crash of broken glass, a wild curse from Johnny, and a shout from somewhere near the barn. Carew had cleared the fence about ten feet from where I crossed, but had had the devil's luck to land in the middle of some glass frames. I never could see how he got out of them without cutting his mount all to pieces, but somehow he did it. The farmer, who happened to be in the yard, roared at us to stop; and as we didn't, he let drive at me — I was the nearer — with a bucket-bail he had in his hand. I saw it start, but was out of range before it came up.

"The trail led diagonally across the place to a low picket fence that divided the farm from the road. Johnny sailed over it and scrambled up the drain beyond, though he pulled on his curb so it looked as if he'd be thrown. Shabogan rose beautifully; cleared the fence; but something went wrong,— changed feet, possibly,— and when we landed it was in the ditch, and I shot over his head as if I'd been fired from a gun!"

"Great Scott, Barry," I cried. "How did you catch your mount?"

A horse that under the circumstances would not have lost his head and run was a miracle not to be expected.

"Catch him?" echoed Barry, dramatically flinging up an arm, "I'm blessed if I don't think the angelic brute knew how things stood! He just clambered out of the ditch, and stood in the middle of the road looking after Johnny on the home stretch. When I got to my feet, the first thing I saw was the blue and white scent, the straightaway sign. I knew in a flash that the hares had given us six open miles to finish. Like the chaps in the story-books, I vaulted into the saddle, seeing Carew going, it seemed to me, a mile a second; and before I could touch that horse with spur or crop, he was flying down the road, belly to earth. We've seen and done some tall riding, you and I, but by Jove! you've never traveled as I did then. Shabogan laid those ears of his back, and made himself flatter and flatter, till it almost seemed as if I could put my foot to the ground. I'm not fanciful,— you know that,— but I felt as if I were one of his old Tartar masters on the trail of a blood enemy! I'm half inclined now to think some Cossack deviltry was in the beast. Those pollard willows over by Winford flew past like telegraph poles when you're in a train. I got a glimpse of the field between 'em, 'way off on the left, straggling across the meadow, and they looked like boys! — Do you know, all this time, I no more thought of Molly than I did about the national debt. According to story-books I ought to have reflected that I'd die for her sake,

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but the only thing in my head was that win I must! I wanted to win for the sake of winning; I was ready to kill myself to get ahead of Johnny. Shabogan's hoofbeats seemed somehow to get mixed up with myself. It was the most exciting thing I ever went through. I know how the Tartar on the trail feels, all right.

"On we went in the dust of Rallywood. We rattled over a bridge, and before Johnny was off I was on; and for one instant the hoofbeats of both horses dropped to a deeper note on the wood. I could see Carew half turn at the sound, and with a glorious sort of thrill I realized that he was startled to find us so near. I let out a regular whoop, and on we went!

"With four miles or so to go I was up with him, he leading by about half a length. The pace was cruel, and both horses were breathing pretty heavily. Presently I heard, far off, as it were, and yet close to me, Johnny shout: 'The hares!' And sure enough there they were, all three, about half a mile ahead. It seemed to me that Shabogan was showing more endurance than Rallywood. We were neck and neck, with three miles to go, and Rallywood was beginning to wheeze. As for me, I began to be afraid I'd be the one to give out, not the horse. A fall always shakes me up, especially if I don't have time to argue it out with myself that I'm all there; and I had come an astonishing cropper. I ground my teeth at the bare idea of getting done, and resolved I'd stick to the saddle or tumble off dead. Down the road we pounded, and in spite of being so shaken up I was in a perfect tingle with the mad excitement of it. It was simply glorious. The hares turned in their saddles to look back, and then bent low and began to club up. Of course, with their handicap, they got in ahead of us, but we pretty well spoiled their time.

"We were neck and neck when we struck the last mile. With half a mile to go we were still even. Then Shabogan struck a loose pebble, and we began the last quarter with Johnny leading by a head. I was pretty nearly frantic, what with my shake-up and the excitement. We saw the crowd by the club, and the way opening between them like a lane. I spared Shabogan till the very end. We weren't ten yards from the post when I jabbed him with my spurs. I gave him one fierce cut with my crop, and let out something between a yell and a howl. He fairly bolted: he flew! I shut my eyes and sat tight!

"When I opened them, the crowd was yards behind me, and seemed, when I pulled up and looked back, to be gathered round Johnny. I thought he'd won, and I went as weak as water. I felt as if I never could look plucky old Shabogan in the face. Then Malcolm, my man, came running in, and caught the bridle. He was grinning and stuttering in a way there was no mistaking; and I fairly swayed in the saddle, I was so knocked out by the shock.

"'I knowed 'e'd do it, sir,' he blurted out. 'I knowed 'e 'ad it in 'im.'

"I told him to help me down, then to get a siphon of soda to rinse Shabogan's mouth, and to rub his hocks with furfurol wash. I felt limper than a rag, but I straightened up as old Murray trotted over.

"'Devil fly away with me,' he cried out. 'What the deuce is the meaning of all this — killin' good horse-flesh in this way? Gad, though, a pretty spurt. Fairly won, begad! You're not sellin' that brute, are you though?'

"'Not much!' says I. 'How much did he win by?'

"'Head and a half officially,' Murray threw back grinning. 'A hundred leagues otherwise.'

"Just then somebody sighted the field, or part of it, and of course old Murray had to turn back and judge for third. Tony Whibley got it; he'd led the field for the last eight miles without getting so much as a glimpse of us! You see we'd done thirteen miles in fifty-four minutes.

"A lot of men got about me, but I was of course soaked with sweat and filthy with mud; so I got away from them, and started for the house to change. Fosdick was staying at the club. I got the steward to let me into his room, and I picked out a decent looking suit,— his best, it turned out,— and started to clean up. I pulled off my scarlet coat just as the racket in the road showed that the field was coming in; when, by Jove, the whole sound was blotted out by the sight of a draggled aster in my buttonhole. The blessed thing looked so confoundedly pathetic — so reproachful, even! The thought of how it got there, and of what I had really been riding for was more like three fingers of neat brandy than anything you can think of. It simply made me tingle all over! I rushed through my bath, and stuck the aster up on the dressing-table where I could look at it while I piled into Fosdick's clothes. I got down stairs as soon as I could, as happy as a clam, and the first person I met was Harding, coming along with Mrs. Lord.

"'Hello,' he called out, 'you've stopped, have you? The way you were going at the post, I thought you'd be late to dinner getting back.'

"'Oh, Mr. Boldbrooke,' chirruped Mrs. Lord, — you know that confoundedly affected way of hers,—'it was per-fect-ly splendid!'

"I escaped, and went to have a look at Shabogan. Dad used to say that a good horseman might have an engagement to die, but he'd look

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after his nag first. Malcolm touched his cap as I came into the stable, and I knew by the wrinkles round his eyes that I was on the track of more than the horse.

"'Shabogan's in number nine, sir. There's a lady in with 'im, sir.'

"You may bet that was a bracer. I told Malcolm to get some apples from the steward, and to have them cored. Off he went, and I found the stall,— the last on the left,— and went in. Through the grill I saw Shabogan in his blankets, and Molly with her arm round his neck and her face in his mane. Both heard me coming. The horse pricked up his ears, and Molly raised her head. It suddenly came over me that I'd treated her like a brute in the morning when she was in trouble, and for a second I was afraid of how she'd receive me.

"'Well,' I said, 'you see Shabogan was able to oblige you.'

"'Oh, Barry,' she said, with her voice all a-tremble, 'it was perfectly splendid!'

"'Don't!' I cried out. 'Mrs. Lord just said that.'

"Then, with a rush, I ducked clean under Shabogan — deuced undignified thing to do, but I didn't stop to think,— and got over to her side."

Barry was silent a minute, back again, I dare say, with his horse and his lady.

"Seems funny, doesn't it?" he continued meditatively, "but I got my courage up after six months' shilly-shallying, and actually proposed in a box-stall. Those poet chaps aren't so far out, after all, when they say that sort of thing makes any place romantic. After a while she said that after her foolishness that morning she didn't think I could ever respect her again, and much less ask her to marry me. I told her it was all right that time, but for heaven's sake not to do it again. We thought that was funny and began to laugh; but it really was funny when somebody came and actually knocked at the door of the stall. I saw Malcolm grinning through the grill, and roared at him to come in. Molly blushed furiously, but she couldn't keep her face straight when he rolled the door back with the air of one of the Holy Innocents.

"'Ere's the yappels, sir,' says he, as solemn as a judge. 'I had to step round to the kitchen to get 'em cored. I 'ope I hain't kep' yer waitin', sir.'

"The cheek of the beggar!" concluded Barry. "But he's as fond as Molly and I are of good old Shabogan."

THE MERCHANTS' CALL

BY

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

COME buy, white maids, come buy, come buy!
Laces, fans, and broidered gloves,
Ribbons for true-lovers' knots,
Cushions stuffed with down of doves,
Roses' balm distilled, and pots
Brimmed with Orient philtery.
Come buy, come buy!

Come buy, tall lads, come buy, come buy!
Damasked stuffs for a pretty neighbour,
Lawn as light as April air,
And the spinning worm's bright labour;
Corals to bind up her hair,
Owches to enchant her eye.
Come buy, come buy!

From "The Way of Perfect Love"

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THE EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATIONS OF A NEW YORK SALOON-KEEPER

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF*

ON Sunday, September 6, I noticed an advertisement in the New York papers, offering a "dandy" saloon for sale. Inquirers were directed to address an agent named James J. Cunningham. I looked up this man next morning, and found him very affable, even cordial. I had no definite idea of engaging in the saloon business, but Cunningham was very plausible. He described the place in question to me, dwelt on the proposition that here was a chance for an elderly, well-educated man like myself to get possession of a fine paying business for very little money, and explained to me that no experience was required to operate the business successfully.

It turned out that Mr. Cunningham had a partner, Mr. Pye, and it was the latter who attended to the actual work of showing places for sale to prospective buyers, and striking the bargains. So Pye was called up on the telephone, and it was arranged that he should meet me next day at Cunningham's office.

He did meet me, and accompanied me not only to the "dandy" saloon, but to several others that were also for sale. He gave me a lot of information about all these places. When we entered the "dandy" saloon, we found it crowded with people who were gaily spending their substance at the bar. Most of them were men of good appearance, and many of them were well-dressed and prosperous looking.

The proprietor, Frank Drugan, sat down at a table with us, and answered questions put to him. He said he had not been at all anxious to sell his place, for it had paid him very well. But he had just accepted a fine position under the Park Department, which paid him a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, with little to do and the certain prospect of preferment; and as the municipal law forbade him to keep a saloon while in the city's employ, he was now obliged to sell it. The agent, Pye, confirmed this, and so did a friend of Drugan's who was called in.

In an aside Pye said to me that Drugan was "politics mad," like so many other Irishmen, and that that was really the reason of his being willing to sacrifice his fine place for a song.

Drugan produced some books and papers, which seemed to bear out his claims. He maintained that his profits from the saloon had been from fifty to sixty dollars a week. It was easy to see that Drugan was a hard drinker. He himself admitted this in conversation, and added that his wife had been very anxious to get him out of the business. This again was confirmed by Pye and Drugan's friend.

I inquired about the stock in the place, and was shown around the cellar, and allowed to inspect the glass cabinets that lined the walls of the bar-room proper. The rows of bottles of high-priced whiskies, brandies, cordials, wines, etc. and the piles of apparently filled boxes of cigars made a fine showing and seemed to represent a value of hundreds of dollars.

However, I did not make a decision that day. There were some other places advertised that I wanted to look at, and during the next two days I did so. Nothing came of this, and on Thursday I looked up Cunningham once more. He descanted again on the charms and advantages of the "dandy" saloon. Meanwhile he summoned Pye by telephone, and we should have gone together to Drugan's place, if my previous engagements had not prevented.

When Pye and I left Cunningham, he was under the impression that we were going directly to the "dandy" saloon, and he called Drugan to the telephone in the drug-store across the street from the saloon, and warned him to get ready for our coming. The druggist told me this a few days later, adding that Drugan, an hour or two afterward, had telephoned to Cunningham: "For goodness' sake, when is that sucker coming? My place is jammed with snide customers, who are eating and drinking and smoking me out of house and home."

* The author of this article is a German, a man of education. His story is an accurate account of his experience in the business of saloon-keeping. For obvious reasons his name is withheld, and his associates here appear under fictitious names.—EDITOR.

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I Own a Saloon Without Liquor

Of these goings-on I was not then aware. Suffice it to say that on a Friday morning, Pye took me once more to Drugan's place, and that I made as searching an examination of it and its revenues as I was capable of. The brewery beer book was produced, and from it I saw that forty half-barrels a week had been the average. He showed me the entries in his little receipt book, which apparently demonstrated that his receipts for the last three days had been, respectively, fifty-three, forty-six, and forty-nine dollars. I ascertained later on that these entries were bogus, and that his real receipts had been about forty per cent less.

As to the stock, that seemed to be untouched since my last visit. There stood the rows of shining bottles of liquor and wine; there were other rows of "wet goods" in their original packing; there were the cigar boxes in their old places. It seemed like a gratuitous insult to examine these things more closely.

At the urging of the agent, Pye, I made a definite offer to Drugan for his place. There was some haggling, but finally we agreed on a price, and Pye quickly filled out the bill of sale, stating that one thousand dollars had been paid for the stock, good-will, lease, etc. of the place. I drew my check for the amount, and handing that over to Drugan, I took possession of the saloon. Drugan passed over the keys to me, and calling out, "Tom," "Dan," he presented me to his bartender and porter as the "new boss."

Then he and Pye hurriedly left to cash my check. Both were visibly excited. Too late, I learned that this was because they were afraid I might quickly rue my bargain and telephone my bank downtown to stop payment on the check.

I did not examine my stock closely until the following day, when I found that most of what I had bought was in reality only "false front." That is, the bottles of wine, to all appearance in their original packing, were water; so were the bottles of whisky, brandy, kümmel, gin, cordial, vermouth, etc. The boxes of cigars were empty. The stock which I had estimated at two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars was in reality worth about twenty dollars. So depleted was it, in fact, that there was not even enough liquor in the place to last a day, and I had at once to give an order for liquor to the agent who had regularly supplied the place, a young Hebrew. The porter and the bartender simultaneously informed me that the "beer was out"; that "number one, two, three, and four were run dry" (referring to the faucets at the bar); and when I made a hurried visit to the cellar, I found this true. There were only empty barrels. My predecessor had taken care of that.

The Cold and Haughty Brewery Office

I hastened to the brewery to order some beer. At the same time I wanted to inform the brewers of the change of ownership. When I arrived there I found the office crowded with a discouraged-looking set of men,—saloon-keepers come to ask some favor from the brewery management.

The office of the brewery, where I found myself, was arranged much like that of a bank. There were only a few chairs placed against the wall of the waiting-room, so that most of us were compelled to stand. Stout wooden partitions separated us from the clerks. The latter affected a very haughty demeanor. To questions they generally returned no answer whatever. It was a weary wait for most of us. One of the saloon-keepers, who appeared to be in trouble about his license, wanted to speak to the superintendent. "You can't see him to-day," was the curt reply. "When can I see him?" "Perhaps day after to-morrow." "But that is a busy day with me," said the crestfallen petitioner. "Can't help it—lucky if you see him then." The collector, too, was not easily approachable. "You must come back to-morrow morning," I was told, after waiting patiently for half an hour. "Be here punctually at half-past eight. That's the best time."

The owners of the brewery were young men, knowing next to nothing of its affairs, and caring less. They conceived it to be their chief duty to spend its large revenues. The brains and moving force of the concern was a German who was styled the "superintendent." Although I was unable to have speech with him that afternoon, the clerks around the office assured me that all the beer I wanted would be sent to my place, especially as I had told them that I would pay cash for it on delivery, until a different arrangement could be made with the brewery. However, despite all their promises, the brewery did not send me any beer, and at six o'clock Friday evening I was obliged to close up my place, because I had no beer. This, I thought, was certainly a discouraging start.

The next day being Saturday,—the most remunerative day for the saloon-keeper,—I went to the brewery bright and early, accompanied by Drugan, the late owner. I wanted to settle things. After a long wait, I met both the collector and the superintendent. In Drugan's presence these two men informed me that I had

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been swindled and overreached by him and the agent, that it had been notorious that Drugan was head over heels in debt, and that his place was worth no more than the value of the stock — which I had found to be practically nothing. The whole matter struck them as a joke. Drugan stood by and said nothing.

The whole transaction had been a fraud. Drugan's appointment to a city job — as he now frankly admitted — was a straight lie; the saloon-agents had coöperated with him in putting up this game on me; and for their services they had received, so Drugan told me, not the legitimate commission of five per cent, but a full half of my $1,000. The brewery had begun its sharp and tricky relations with me.

Next, the brewery demanded a cash deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars. This, they told me, was to secure them against loss on their beer bills, their rent, and the license, the money for which they advance to the saloon-keeper. I gave them my check for two hundred and fifty dollars, but in addition had to pay them cash for my first order of ten half barrels, at the full rate of four dollars each. They sent the beer I had paid for, but did not give me a receipt for my two hundred and fifty dollars, a matter which caused me much trouble later.

The Brewery and Its "Man Friday"

I knew then, of course, what I know still better now, that the relations between the brewer and the saloon-keeper are close and complicated. In looking at a number of saloons, with an eye to purchase, I had found that every one of them was really owned by a brewer. The system under which I became the "Man Friday" of my brewery is practically universal in New York. The saloon is leased, the fixtures are supplied, and the license is paid by the brewer.

When I "bought" my place, I discovered that the brewery held a mortgage of $4,000 on its fixtures. These fixtures, when they were new, had cost perhaps $2,000. The fact that the mortgage was so much larger than the value of the property it covered made it practically certain it would never be paid off, and that the saloon would remain the property of the brewery. Another peculiar fact about this mortgage was that it was a "dead one" — that is, I paid no interest directly on it. To all intents and purposes, the fixtures that it covered constituted part of the brewery. I paid my rent to the brewery, but, although it was high for the locality — $1,000 a year — I paid no more than was stipulated in the lease held by the brewery from the owner. The brewery cleared $200 a year from advancing my $1,000 license and receiving back from me $25 a week for forty-eight weeks in the year. But the interest on the fixtures was apparently charged in the profits on the beer, where it could undoubtedly be well cared for — since, I have good reason to believe, they made 350 per cent gross profit on the beer at the price they sold it to me.

I take it, all things considered, that mine was a fair example of the average city saloon. Back of it, on hilly ground, rose a park, and in front of it was a plateau of rock, about sixty feet high, dotted with cottages and old-fashioned mansions. To right and left were residence streets of the humbler sort, and shops and stores. The saloon itself was cheerful and enticing enough, with its pretty plate-glass doors, its wide show windows, its bright mirrors inside, its bar and lunch counters, its glittering glassware, its colored placards and cosy back rooms. The "family entrance" was on the side street, and anybody who wished could enter that way without being observed.

A Saloon-keeper's Long Work Day

The saloon, whether profitable or not, was mine, and there was nothing to do but run it. So I started at once upon the routine life of a saloon-keeper. One of the first things I discovered about the business — contrary to all my expectations — was the long hours and the absolute lack of leisure. My saloon, like all others in that vicinity, was opened at five in the morning by the bartender and porter. At eight, sometimes later, I arrived from my home down town. And from eight in the morning until midnight or later I had to stay at my place. At one o'clock I sent away the bartender for his dinner and some sleep, until six, and during those five hours I tended bar myself. From six until midnight, the bartender, as a rule, ran the place. In the morning he and the porter were kept busy, cleaning the place, washing dishes and rinsing glasses, preparing the free lunch, serving it from eleven o'clock on, and waiting on early customers. There was a great deal of transient trade all through the daytime, especially from teamsters who passed by our place, and came in to get a drink or a cigar, while their horses got their fill of water at the trough outside.

The bartender's working day at the saloon averaged, therefore, fourteen hours, from five in the morning until one in the afternoon, and from six in the afternoon till midnight; my own hours were even longer, usually sixteen. It was seldom earlier than one in the morning when I got home, and to be at my place again at eight gave me less than five hours of actual sleep. Not being used to such hours, they quickly began to tell on my general health.

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The Difficult Problem of Bartender

In the meantime, the matter of bartenders caused me anxiety. Tom Ryan, the bartender whom I took over with the saloon, seized the opportunity afforded him by several unavoidable absences of mine, to drink in excess, so that, early in the afternoon on the day of my taking possession, I found him in a state of advanced intoxication. While in this condition, he knocked down a regular patron of the place. The latter retaliated, and Tom issued from the fight with a badly split nose. He was bleeding freely, and went to the hospital to have his wound sewed up and dressed. When he returned, he presented a rather weird and ludicrous appearance.

It became known at once in the neighborhood that I meant to discharge him, and during that afternoon and the next morning about thirty men applied for his place. It was a peculiarity of the district, apparently, that about every second man either was a bartender or had been one at some time in his life. Most of the applicants had flattering testimonials to show, and almost every one made a point of assuring me that to engage him would bring his friends to my place as new customers.

From the lot I picked out an experienced German bartender, Henry Kurz by name, who had been seventeen years in the business, was known to almost everybody in the neighborhood, and had already tended bar in my place for a former proprietor. He showed me "recommends" of a high character. But none of them stated that he was honest. So I asked him: "Henry, are you honest?"

He smiled a sad and derisive smile. "As honest as any bartender. The really honest bartender does not exist. You can take that from me."

Well, there seemed to be a certain rugged honesty in his dishonesty, so I hired him, and he took off his coat and went to work for me. This was Saturday night, and the place was thronged. At the bar they stood three deep. There was joy at Henry's arrival. They all assured me that I was a lucky man; that my fortune was made; that Henry was so popular my trade would be doubled.

But from the first my receipts were smaller than they had been before his advent. I noticed, too, the disappearance of sundry bottles of French cognac. Two days later Henry got speechlessly drunk, so drunk that he fell down behind the bar, and the last time he was unable to rise. So I let him go, and only then, on taking stock, discovered that Henry had been robbing me right and left. Whole demijohns of liquor, dozens of bottles of wine, whole boxes of cigars, half a dozen bottles of brandy, half my store of glassware, etc., were gone. He must have operated with an accomplice on the outside.

My third man, an elderly personage of mild manners, was honest but slow and incompetent. My fourth, George Shrady, proved in every way acceptable, and him I kept till the last. The only trouble with George was that he was too decent a fellow for the business. He was respectably connected, had filled a responsible position for years with an oil firm in New Jersey, until it had removed to California, and had drifted into this new line while unable to obtain work of higher grade. His grandfather, a retired wholesale butcher, had offered to set him up in business for himself — "but not a cent toward your present line," the old man had said. Once a bartender, however, it seems difficult to get into any other business.

The average weekly wages of a "barkeep" vary between ten and fifteen dollars; few get more, except in hotels and other especially good places. Too many of them succumb to the perpetual temptation, and become drunkards.

This last remark also applies to the saloon porters, men who are employed to sweep the saloon and keep it and the rest of the premises in a clean and wholesome condition, prepare the lunch, run the lunch counter, tap the beer in the cellar, run errands, etc.

I had a wonderful specimen of this genus in my place. He had been nicknamed "Rip Van Winkle," because he possessed a strange faculty for sleep. He could sleep anywhere, and it took him only a minute to drop off into the land of dreams. I have seen him sleep five hours at a stretch, seated in a chair. He was a harmless inebriate, — lazy, irresponsible, with a continual craving for drink, but honest, clean-spoken, and with the remnants of respectability about him. He was a baldheaded man of forty-eight, but looked sixty. He had drifted away from his family.

"I'll make a hole in the water some day," he used to say. He had no will-power left. I tried at first to reclaim him, but at last became convinced that there was no stamina there.

A Narrow Margin of Profit

After I had been running my place a few days, I began to make calculations as to whether it was a paying venture. I noticed that my money went faster than it came in. That, in a way, was but natural. A place with no stock needs restocking to begin with. I had to buy even such articles as a broom, a feather duster, bar brushes, soap, sapolio, etc. There was nothing in the

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place. The first week I had to buy fifty-four dollars' worth of liquor alone. I figured out my expenses per week as follows:

Beer	$100
Liquor	30
License	25
Rent	20
Free Lunch	15
Wages	15
Soft Drinks	5
Cigars	7
Gas	5
Sundries	10
Total	$232

Scanning the various items of this estimate, I could see that the best percentage of profit was made on the cigars. I paid only $1.50 and $2.50 a hundred for those I sold for a nickel, and $3 and $4 for those I sold for ten cents and fifteen cents. The next most profitable goods were liquor and "soft drinks."

In places like mine, the sale of beer — the biggest item on my list — is, contrary to the popular impression, scarcely remunerative. There are several reasons for this. The chief one is the enormous sale of pitcher beer. Often this amounts to two-thirds of the whole amount sold. Customers come in all day, and during the evening as well, with tin cans, big pitchers, or other vessels of huge size, and invariably call for a "pint." And for the ten cents that is the price of a nominal pint, they expect their cans to be filled to the brim. They get much nearer a gallon than a pint, and what they pay for it does not even cover the cost to the saloon-keeper. Why, then, does he go on selling it at this rate? Because if he did not, he would practically lose the trade of these people in everything else. Their friends, too, would be persuaded to stay away and patronize some other place. Besides, there is much waste in drawing beer in glasses. My customers, like most workingmen, wanted as much beer for their money as they could get. Hence they generally demanded "schooners" at the bar, and they wanted no froth with their beer, taking exception if there was more than a finger's breadth of it on top of the big glass. "Give me my foam on the bottom!" was a common expression.

Thus it was that I made little money on the sale of my beer. And this even taking into account the large rebate allowed by the brewer. Nominally he sells his beer at four dollars the half-barrel. But from his weekly beer bill the rebate is deducted. This rebate varies from twenty-five to fifty per cent. Its exact amount is a matter of agreement between the brewer and the saloon-keeper. To a good customer, one who stands well, politically and financially, with the brewery, the rebate may be as large as fifty per cent. In my own case, the brewery collector informed me, the rebate would be thirty-two and one-half per cent, reducing my first week's beer bill of about one hundred and forty dollars to less than one hundred dollars, yet leaving me, according to my calculation, hardly any profit whatever, so far as beer was concerned. Of course, in neighborhoods where they don't "rush the growler," and sell only small or medium-sized glasses over the bar, the conditions are reversed. In such places the profits on beer reach from one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent.

My customers, likewise, as a rule, took very large drinks of whisky — of a size about nine to a quart bottle. This grade of whisky cost me $1.90 per gallon, making the bottle stand me about forty cents. Nevertheless, this meant a profit of one hundred per cent, and over, to me. On the finer grades of whisky, brandy, gin, etc., my profits were larger. I gave my patrons what they called and paid for. That is, if they wanted Old Crow or Hunter whisky, they got it — at fifteen cents a drink. But many saloon-keepers fill the original bottles up with whisky costing them but $2.00 or so a gallon, and sell this for any brand of liquor that is called for. One of my competitors, for instance, told me in a burst of confidence that he had only one grade of whisky behind his bar and that only cost him $1.40 per gallon; he served it out at all sorts of prices from bottles bearing different labels.

The Free-Lunch Question

The free lunch was an expensive item. In my district only a free lunch could be served. No "business man's lunch" at ten or fifteen cents would go there. I was put to a daily outlay of between two and three dollars. And there was very little immediate and direct return. I remember one noon when I had a particularly appetizing hot lunch, a Jewish peddler came in. He ordered a "schooner" of beer, at five cents. He objected to the foam on top; he wanted it all beer. Then he sat down at a table, and during the next hour he ate three platefuls of my free lunch, and read all the newspapers in my place. He was one of the few Hebrews I ever saw inside my saloon.

The porter, under the bartender's instructions, usually cooks the hot lunch over a small gas range and slices the cold lunch, keeping the plates full and appetizing. The hot-lunch hours were from eleven to three. For this hot lunch we had a varying menu of pea soup, chowder, bean soup, lamb stew, beef stew, pork and beans, etc. There were some ten plates of cold

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lunch besides, consisting of bologna, liver sausage, spiced fish, pickled herring, smoked or shredded fish, sliced cabbage, onion, bread, pretzels, potato salad, radishes, etc. There is a big firm in Indiana which sends out, all over the East and Middle West, pork and beans in hermetically sealed gallon cans, at 90 cents a can, the minimum order being five dollars' worth; this can be very appetizingly prepared. Then there are several large firms in New York that make a specialty of supplying saloons with pretzels — at 60 cents for a large box, holding between two and three hundred. Other firms call and regularly furnish meat, sausages, etc. The saloon-keeper's free lunch saves many a poor fellow from starvation in hard times. A man may have a whole meal, with a big glass of beer or a "soft drink," for a single nickel.

Why Saloons Are Open Sunday

I had counted on average daily receipts of forty dollars. But I had been obliged to get rid of a number of the old patrons, because their behavior was objectionable. Then about a score of customers had taken advantage of my inexperience and "hung me up" for considerable amounts. One man's bill was nearly ten dollars; another's almost seven; and several more owed between three and five dollars each. The first week I lost altogether about fifty dollars in this way, for these people soon left me and spent their cash elsewhere. Then a number of the best regular patrons lost their jobs. They continued to drink, but "on trust." Hard times touch no other business man so quickly as the saloon-keeper.

My expenses were, as I have shown, $232 a week. I had counted, as I said, on receipts averaging forty dollars a day. Consequently, if I ran six days I could not hope to make more than my expenses — if as much. I was compelled to run Sundays to live.

A saloon week begins on Saturday, when the laboring men are paid, and from morning to midnight Saturday my bar was continually wet. But Sunday receipts average much more than those of any other day except Saturday, especially in a German-Irish district. On Sundays the "soft stuff" sales alone, to young fellows who had been playing tennis or baseball in the park close by or on the "boulevard," totaled as high as the whole of Monday's sales. Wednesdays and Thursdays I found to be the worst days, from a business point of view. On those days men and women would hand over nothing but pennies, nickels, and dimes, the larger coins and the bills being all gone. Vest pockets and stocking feet were being emptied of their "chicken feed"; the week's earnings were exhausted. Then came Saturday and Sunday again, with fresh money.

The Politician's Tithe

So I found very soon that it was necessary to keep open on Sunday in order to make both ends meet. When I had first taken possession of my place, Drugan, the former owner, had led me into a quiet corner, and said, after a few preliminary remarks: "You will have to pay fifteen dollars a month for police protection. Then you won't be interfered with on Sundays, unless there is a specific complaint against you, such as a letter, or unless some of the Central Office men should happen to butt in on their own account." I expressed some curiosity on the subject, and Drugan explained who the man was that acted as go-between. I heard that he was to be relied upon, that is, that he would actually turn over the bribe, for fair division; and I heard what amounts my neighboring competitors had to pay.

A day after my preliminary talk with Drugan, the go-between looked me up. He proved to be the secretary of a Democratic club.

"But why should I keep open Sundays at all?" I ventured to ask him when he had opened communication. "I don't much feel like risking arrests."

"Just as you please," answered the man curtly. "Only, in that case, you might as well shut up your place at once. It wouldn't pay."

This was confirmed, a few days later, by the collector of the brewery, and by a lawyer with a large experience in the saloon business, both of whom I talked with about the matter. Except in downtown business places, where conditions radically differed, a saloon-keeper, they maintained, could only make his place go by keeping open on a Sunday.

I learned about the captain of my precinct, and his methods of effecting excise arrests. One of his oldest and best officers lived near my saloon. This man said: "If you're pinched, it will be either through a letter of complaint reaching the captain — and that is something you can't guard against; or it will be through some Central Office men."

"Small consolation," I remarked.

I didn't pay any bribe, however, neither did I join the Liquor Dealers' Association (who attend for you to excise arrests), and on the second Sunday my bartender was arrested while serving a drink of whisky to a "plain-clothes man." He spent a very comfortable Sunday at the police station, playing pinocle with the officers in their own room, and next morning he was bailed out by a political friend. He was ar-

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raigned before a magistrate, who held him in $500 bail, to answer at the Special Sessions. I understand these cases seldom come to trial.

I learned something about the various methods employed by saloon-keepers to protect themselves against Sunday arrests. One must be "liberal." There is one saloon-keeper in The Bronx — his place is at one of the most densely frequented corners — who is popularly supposed to pay $3,000 a year for "protection." He can well afford it, though, as his net income is reputed to be at least $50,000. His place is often crowded in the small hours of the morning with men and women in a hilarious condition. There is a sort of "cabaret" performance in one room, where risqué songs are in vogue.

I was advised to see the district leader of Tammany Hall about the matter of protection. It is well to "keep on the blind side of him," I was told. To join two or three of the semi-political, semi-social Democratic clubs in the neighborhood is another advisable step. The secretaries of several of these asked, and obtained, initiation fees of me, and then urged me to buy some five dollars' worth of tickets for entertainments planned in the near future. In exchange, they promised to "look after" me in the way of police protection, and to furnish bail in case of excise arrests.

For a number of reasons, however, I made up my mind to keep my place closed hereafter on Sundays, even if to do so should spell heavy loss.

A Hold-Up by the "Graveyard Gang"

My experience, however, was not to be confined to a political "hold-up." I soon had an experience with the genuine article. During my first week as a saloon-keeper, I left my place a little after midnight to take the elevated railroad about two blocks away. As I stepped clear of the buildings adjoining my saloon, into a comparatively dark spot, two fellows rushed out upon me, and while one pinned my arms behind me with incredible swiftness and skill, his pal went through my pockets. Apparently they had been watching me through the windows of the saloon, for there were no false moves. The second man dived instantly for the left-hand hip-pocket in my trousers, and pulled out the forty-three dollars I had just put there — the receipts of the business for that day. Then both took to their heels, and were lost in the darkness of the little park near by. The whole thing had not taken more than ten minutes. There was nothing for me to do; it was so dark that I could give no accurate description of the robbers to the police. Yet it was fairly certain that the robbery was the work of members of one of the two gangs of young criminals who lived in that neighborhood.

One of these, known as the Graveyard Gang, has its hangout on top of a steep bluff that overlooks the neighborhood, from which point of vantage the gang can watch the land below and the passersby. They know all the people in the neighborhood and how much money they are likely to have in their pockets, their pay-days, etc. Four of the members of this gang, the Rawlins brothers, I counted at first among the patrons of my saloon. Two of these boys had already, I found out, "done time" in Sing Sing. Their parents (of Irish birth) were quite respectable people.

I soon learned that my case was not exceptional. I heard of several hold-ups during my short stay in the neighborhood. The second gang, mostly half-grown boys, with a youth named Billy McCoy for leader, are likewise a terror to peaceable citizens. One evening, while on my way to a restaurant for supper, I heard the details of their latest exploit. They had borne a spite against a Hebrew peddler. So they fell upon him, knifed him in various places, and inflicted painful and dangerous injuries from which the man has not yet recovered. If he does, he will be maimed and a cripple all his life. He was carried into a bakery the very moment I happened to pass, bleeding profusely. A great crowd had collected. "It's Billy McCoy's gang," somebody said. This happened but a stone's throw from the elevated station. These things are not only common, they are accepted as a part of the daily life of the section, and no adequate steps are taken to do away with such conditions.

The Saloon-keeper and His Revolver

The police afforded me and my place absolutely no protection. The men patrolling my beat rarely showed themselves until late at night, and then only to partake of a friendly glass at my expense. One night, when a terrific storm was brewing, we were just on the point of closing up, when in stepped the man from our beat, smiling all over his ruddy, handsome face. A moment later the storm broke loose, and rain began to fall in bucketfuls. The officer, secure against intrusion, took off his coat and sat down near the bar — drinking, smoking, and enjoying the blatant tunes that came screeching from the phonograph.

After I had been robbed in the way described above, knowing that I would get no adequate police protection, I consulted a lawyer as to whether I had not better exercise a saloon-keeper's privilege and carry a revolver to protect myself. The lawyer advised against it. He

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said I was not quick and "husky" enough to contend with these young criminals. They would put a bullet in me before I could draw my weapon, and if hunted down would plead self-defence. He counselled me instead to have a body-guard. So I arranged with my bartender, and he saw me every night to the foot of the elevated station stairs. This bartender, like nearly every other bartender, had carried a weapon ever since he had been in the business; and he told me of several instances in which it had saved his life. I had nothing but a baseball bat behind my bar for protection. I always stayed at my saloon with George and the porter until closing time, and never ventured out alone after dark — a sad commentary on the safety of life and property in that part of New York.

A "Good Drinking Population"

The population in the neighborhood of my saloon was what is technically called in the saloon business "a good drinking one." It was made up of Irish and Germans in about equal parts, with a good-sized Italian section, and a few Americans thrown in. There were scarcely any Jews. Both Pye, the sales-agent, and Drugan, the late owner of the saloon, had dwelt on this last fact, saying that Jews were no drinkers and therefore "N. G. for our trade." There were a large number of grownup descendants of the Germans, Irish, and Italians, and on the whole I found them even better drinkers than their elders. Certainly they were better spenders.

When I saw the saloon for the first time, that is, when Drugan had stocked it up with bogus customers for my inspection, it was well filled with men of prosperous appearance and comparatively quiet manners. The actual patronage of the saloon I found to be of a very different class. An overwhelming majority of the people living near me were workingmen — day laborers, teamsters, furniture-movers, and mechanics; and of the last named many, when employed, earned high wages. But there was also an admixture of the criminal element, either living in the neighborhood, or "hanging out" in certain retired nooks near at hand.

Being German-born myself, and all my life accustomed to the moderate use of beer and wines, I had never had much sympathy with the movements against saloons and drinking. But here in my place, dealing mostly with men and women of either German or Irish blood, I was confronted by conditions that I had never suspected; in fact, could scarcely have believed possible. For to me the drinking habits of most of my patrons appeared frightful. Intemperance, intoxication pursued to the point of senselessness — and this not once in a while, but frequently or daily — was common. I think I am not overstating the fact when I say that my unmarried patrons spent about seventy-five per cent of their earnings in drink. Among the married men there were wide differences, largely owing, I daresay, to the greater or lesser restraining influence of wives and children; but even the married men, I believe, spent an average of at least twenty-five per cent of their wages in this way, and many of them much more.

Four Quarts of Whisky a Day

Some of my regular patrons habitually consumed their four quart bottles of whisky a day, not reckoning the beer, etc., that they drank besides. One-, two-, or three-bottle men I counted by the score among my regular customers. And it seemed to me that the character of their toil made hardly any difference. There were, for instance, many marble-cutters living in my district. Their hours were not long; their labor was not exhausting; their pay was very good. Yet nearly all of them had dissipated habits. On the other hand, there were hard-working teamsters, furniture-movers, carpenters, bricklayers, etc., who were comparatively temperate.

There were curious types among them. One bricklayer, a man earning good wages, on coming home Saturdays, always provided liberally for his family. Then, his mind freed of that responsibility, he would issue forth, dressed in his best clothes, on a "glorious drunk." He would return home late Sunday night or early Monday morning, with not a cent left. This was his practice, regular as clockwork. When intoxicated, this man button-holed everybody, paid for drinks for his auditors, and told rambling stories that had neither beginning nor end. By his baleful eye he held men spell-bound, like the Ancient Mariner, for hours and hours.

Then there was a teamster, Fred Reynolds by name. He spent all his wages on drink. His weekly earnings probably averaged twenty-five dollars; on Sunday nights he never had a cent left. His clothes hung about him in tatters and he wore neither socks nor underclothes.

A little German there was, a cripple, pale and thin. This man was an expert piano-mover, despite his dwarfish size. He was always drunk or half drunk; always smiling, chipper, and in good humor. He drank like a fish, oceans of beer, and never seemed to eat anything.

A painter, another German, was a regular customer. He also was very good-natured, and

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never quarreled. But he would not tolerate interference with his drinking habits. One boss he had had, an American, who had objected to his drinking during working hours. "Well," said Fritz, "I am not your slave, and if I cannot drink when I feel like it, I'll stop work." And he did.

As a rule, they fiercely resented interference, even when it was manifestly for their own good. It made them violent and abusive. There was one man, for example, Joe Rumpf, of German parentage, a good fellow at bottom, a very hard worker, and of extraordinary strength, who had married an Irish wife with whom he lived very unhappily. The principal cause of their disagreements seemed to be a "star boarder," who had aroused his jealousy. The couple were Catholics, and a divorce was out of the question. When his domestic difficulties began to weigh on Joe's mind — as they generally did on Saturday nights, after liberal indulgence — he would pull out an ugly-looking dirk and threaten to do for the whole family, "star boarder" and all. In this mood, he madly resented any sort of interference. He drank until he fell down like a log, sleeping off his stupor in some corner of the saloon.

It interested me to study drunkenness in its various stages, as it presented itself to me among my patrons. Many became quarrelsome, pugnacious, boisterous, vindictive; others despondent, melancholy, talking of their wrongs. Of course, racial traits have much to do with that. Drink accentuates them. Some of my patrons became coarse in their talk and rude in their habits when drunk, while others, particularly those of German blood, became sentimental. With a very large proportion of these men to drink in excess was their only recreation, their only pleasure, from week's end to week's end.

From my saloon experience I judge that this class of our population differs from those better placed and better educated chiefly in its lack of restraint.

A Degenerate Second Generation

One of the most surprising and unpleasant observations I made concerned the second generation — the adult American-born sons of Irish or German fathers. These men, as a rule, not only shared the drinking habits of the latter, but usually outdid them. Besides that, many of them were not only more dissipated than their elders, but were also very frequently shiftless, indolent, and unreliable. And not a few of them were criminally inclined, even when their fathers were strictly honest and respectable. I found this to be the case, too, among the young Italian-Americans and Jewish-Americans of the second generation. While the old folks still remembered their early religious teaching, and felt its restraining influence, these influences, in the majority of cases, seemed to be entirely removed from the younger men. Scarcely any of them belonged to any church. They scorned, almost without exception, the faith and practices of their elders; they scoffed at every form of worship; and they ridiculed those of their number who gave way, on these points, to home influence. A number of them seemed to me to be wholly devoid of moral sense. As a rule, their parents had very little control over them.

Here are a few illustrations, taken from among my younger patrons. Johnny Ackerman was the son of an Irish mother and German father; a handsome boy, only nineteen. He earned good wages as a plasterer, averaging about twenty-five dollars a week. But he was very dissipated, and spent his earnings on drink and amusement, working often but two or three days out of the six. Saturdays and Sundays he usually drank hard, frequently consuming three bottles of cheap whisky at one sitting, till he dropped senseless. Although still a youth, his health was already completely undermined. He defied his parents when they remonstrated with him, telling them that he would "cut out for himself" if they interfered with his pleasures.

One of the best of my patrons, but likewise a queer type in some respects, was Pat Skelly, born of Irish parents. He was a widower, with two pretty little daughters, to whom he was always gentle, even when in his fiercest mood. He was an excellent marble-cutter, making his six or seven dollars a day. He frequently went "on a spree," though, and then for days and days he would do nothing but drink, drink, drink. At such times his handsome face, originally smiling and tanned, assumed a brick-red hue, and his fine, dark eyes stood out, lobster-like and scowling. And the more he drank the more contentious he grew.

Another specimen of the second generation was Jack Fuddihy, who held some sinecure under the city government. Having nothing to occupy his mind or body, he became a chronic sot, hanging around the saloons of the district when out of money, waiting Micawber-like for something — or rather somebody — to turn up at the bar, and guzzling innumerable small beers and big whiskies between his rising (at ten in the morning) and saloon-closing time. Twenty-four hours after drawing his semi-monthly pay he would have not a red cent left.

Then there was Drugan, Mike Drugan. Only thirty-five, he had been bartender for

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fourteen years, and for ten years of that time had never drawn a sober breath. He was married and had several small children. His regular daily allowance of whisky was three quart bottles — the beer, wine, etc., do not count. This man's face was of an ashen hue, and the more he drank the grayer it got. Yet he was always able to talk, to draw beer, to mix drinks, to count out change, and to find his way home to bed.

The "Honest Workingman" as Seen in a Saloon

In my experience with the workingman and mechanic, I became unpleasantly aware that my estimate had flattered him. "Honest" is a relative term; one cannot expect a very delicate perception of honesty from men whose rude natural instincts have never been "toned down," so to speak. But here, in my numberless conversations before or behind the bar, I found that "honesty" was laughed at and derided. It was always the clever rascal that was praised and admired. When they commented on newspaper stories, their sympathies nearly always, it seemed to me, were on the wrong side — on the side opposed to truth and justice. Their moral standards were, from their own admissions, deplorably low. I don't want to be understood as meaning that there were no exceptions. There were, notably among the men of the first generation (that is, those born across the water); but these were, after all, only exceptions.

Thus, I was astonished to find, even among those of my patrons who were evidently well-disposed toward me, that they could not find it in their hearts to condemn the swindle that had been practised on me by Drugan and the agent who sold me the saloon. They smiled and said it was a "smart" thing to do. Likewise, I got nothing but good-natured banter for allowing myself to be "hung up" by some of my patrons.

"Drugan would never have let them do that to him. He would have gone after them with a big club, and would have knocked the stuffing out of them, but he would have made them pay."

This is what one of my stanchest adherents said to me, and then he urged me to do the same. That the mere act of cheating a man, of failing to discharge an honestly incurred debt, is dishonest, I could not convince my friend, whose morality was no higher than that of the district where he had passed all his life.

My patrons were not choice in their language. They used habitually terms and phrases that elsewhere would not be permissible. But they were so used to them that they were scarcely aware, I think, of their original meaning. With all this loose talk going on, it was rather astonishing to me that my patrons, one and all, were respectful to me, at least so far as words went. They addressed me indiscriminately as "Pap," "Pappy," "Doc," "Colonel," "Boss"; but never a word of abuse did they give me.

The Saloon-keeper in the Hearts of the People

What place does the saloon-keeper hold in the hearts of this class of the population? Speaking from my experience, a very large one indeed. When a saloon changes hands, the news travels with incredible speed. Within a few hours the whole district knew about me, and I was discussed at every fireside in all my bearings and dimensions. And one question trembled on every lip: "Is he an easy mark?" The reply must have been, on the whole, in the affirmative, for my popularity was at once established. Half the population, I think, must have been lying awake nights, trying to solve the problem of "how to hang me up." Having successfully "worked Pap" — as they called me most frequently — they must have spread the news of this "easy mark" among their friends, even in far-away parts of the city.

A couple of teamsters came up to my place all the way from down town on a Sunday evening. They did not have a penny between them, but looked to me not only to supply them with their Sunday beer, whisky, and cigars, but even with carfare to return home. I had never before set eyes on either of them, and when they told me that it was Jack Rawlins (one of my most undesirable patrons) who had told them about me and my place, I was not prepossessed in their favor. But they felt heartily and truly aggrieved when I refused to meet their expectations.

There is a sort of familiarly affectionate feeling for the saloon-keeper among these people. He has often been called the "poor man's friend," and his place the "poor man's club," and I must say there is a kernel of truth in this.

All the drinkers at my place, with very few exceptions indeed, opened their hearts to me and George, the "barkeep," even when not encouraged to do so. They would tell their secrets, their troubles, their entanglements, their domestic woes, their afflictions. And the drunker they got, the more confidential they became.

There were many calls for charity. Whenever a case of distress became known in my neighborhood, it was to my place that the first appeal was made. I recall one pitiable and very deserving, case. It was that of a piano-

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maker, a German of middle age, with a large family depending on him. This man had formerly earned large wages, but had been out of work for eleven months. His savings went first, next one valuable after another was pawned or sold, and then came absolute want, and on top of it sickness in the family. A number of my patrons responded quickly and nobly to an appeal for help, and there was one more happy family that Saturday night.

A Family Drunk for Thirty Cents

A great deal of "rushing the growler" was done at my place, and all over the district, in fact. I had occasion to observe the evil effects of this drinking by women and children all through the day and evening. True, it is an inexpensive mode of becoming intoxicated. On thirty cents a whole family of topers can become drunk, for with twenty cents for beer and ten cents for cheap whisky they obtain as much as their husbands or sons for many times that amount. Many of the women that came with huge cans to be filled, bore not only the stamp of dissipation, but of degradation as well. And with their children it would be worse. It was hard for me to understand how these mothers could send their young daughters for beer. Often I would turn girls away, telling them to explain to their mothers that children could not be served with drink in a saloon. Then they would be quite mortified, saying they were no longer children, which perhaps was the truth.

One woman, with an appearance of some refinement still clinging to her, came regularly every afternoon to get her allowance of liquor—twenty-five cents' worth of Old Crow. I inquired about her and found that she was the wife of one of my patrons. So I spoke to him about it in confidence; but he became very angry, telling me it was none of my business what his wife drank, as long as she paid for it. Poor woman, the stamp of the drunkard was already on her delicate frame.

Once for all I had instructed both my bartender and porter to refuse to serve out drink to any children that came to the saloon door, and so far as my observations went this order was obeyed. It was not my way of thinking alone that made me strict on this point; the law, as enforced by the Gerry Society, is severe in this respect, and offences are punishable not only by a large fine, but by jail. But the behavior and the words of most of the children who were thus refused showed me that elsewhere they did not meet with the same cold reception. And nearly all these children, girls even more than boys, saw absolutely no wrong in venturing into a saloon frequented by men who were by no means choice in their language. To them the saloon was a place of delight. They would linger around my doors all day and all evening, trying to catch glimpses of the inside.

Can a Saloon-keeper Discourage Drinking?

I made it a point not to encourage my patrons to drink, merely as a matter of principle. Of course, many saloon-keepers act differently. What the view of my district was on this point, I discovered soon enough. I remember the case of two strangers—both just in from the far West—who dropped in one afternoon. They at once began to spend money liberally. One of them, a man of about fifty-five, baldheaded but very active, pulled out a big wad of five and ten dollar bills, and declared his intention of leaving this roll at my place. He invited everybody to drink with him and was in that stage of intoxication when a man becomes careless of money and does not keep track of it. He handed me a ten dollar bill in payment of his first round, and when I gave him his change, would not accept it, swearing it was not his. He proposed champagne, called for the best in the house, and was with difficulty persuaded by me, after a while, to stop this reckless waste of money. I heard one of my regular patrons characterize my conduct as that of a fool. He spoke to me aside. "You must humor these two," he said, in a reproachful tone. "Let them spend their money here. If they leave, they are sure to spend it elsewhere." Certainly the business offered never-ending problems and temptations.

I and 2,500 Others Go Out of Business

But I had no intention of continuing in the business. After I had been in my saloon only a few days, I made up my mind that its patronage was not of a kind I wanted. I then notified the brewery of my intention to sell the place, at a sacrifice, to somebody better qualified and more accustomed to deal with the particular class of people from which my customers were recruited. I acted frankly and honestly toward the brewery people. I asked them to assist me in disposing of the place, since I understood that a large brewery has always some men on hand for such a purchase. But the brewery took no notice of me.

In the meanwhile I was having an unpleasant experience of another kind with the brewery people. They had, as I have already said, required an advance deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars from me. They not only did not treat me fairly in matters connected with this deposit, but they neglected, after promising several times to do so, to give me a proper re-

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ceipt for my money. Finally, I consulted a lawyer who has an extensive acquaintance with saloons. This lawyer, after considerable effort, got the brewery at last to give me a receipt for my deposit. But even this receipt was couched in such general terms that it meant practically nothing.

"Is this the kind of receipt you give your customers?" asked my lawyer. "A receipt stating merely that this two hundred and fifty dollars was received by you 'on account of the place on —— Street?' Why, that engages you to nothing. If my client accepts this as a valid receipt, his two hundred and fifty dollars are gone."

"Yes, that is the only kind of receipt we give under such circumstances," said the brewer. "It's our way of doing business."

The outcome of it all was that I instructed my lawyer to begin suit against the brewery for the recovery of my two hundred and fifty dollars. Then it turned out that the brewery made a claim to this money of mine on the plea that it must go to pay for the rent of the saloon after I should quit it.

I had now made up my mind that whatever happened, I would not go into the business for another year, consequently I informed the brewery that I should vacate the saloon, at the latest, by midnight of September 30, the date when my license would expire. The effort of the brewery to hold me for the rent, my lawyer informed me, was entirely unwarranted, inasmuch as I had signed no lease nor any other papers.

In the meantime I made extraordinary efforts to dispose of my saloon to somebody else, even by sacrificing half or two-thirds of my purchase price. But I was unsuccessful. All over Greater New York saloons were closing up at this time; there were consequently numberless chances of getting hold of such places at one's own figure, or at no expense at all.

As the last of September approached, the number of saloons known to be going out of business increased rapidly. Hard times had struck the town the past year, hundreds of thousands of breadwinners were out of employment, and the saloon-keeper was first of all affected, because it is on the laboring man that he has chiefly to depend for his custom. On the night of September 30 there were closed, in Greater New York, no less than 2,500 saloons of every kind out of a total of about 9,000. One single brewery that I know of lost three hundred customers that night. The brewery that supplied me lost one hundred and fifty.

For one of that one hundred and fifty I can say that when the load of worry, disgust, and financial loss that had pressed down upon him, through his short experience of nineteen days as a saloon-keeper, finally rolled off his shoulders, he felt as if he had got rid of the Old Man of the Sea.

I had been drawn into the business by a gross form of conspiracy to defraud, yet I have no remedy — so I have been informed by the district attorney — because of the extreme difficulty of getting convincing evidence in this kind of case. I consequently have lost my first $1,000. The brewery now holds a good share of my $250 deposit to cover an imaginary obligation which I never assumed, though I may secure this eventually by lawsuit. And I have lost utterly, of course, the credit given to dishonest customers during the course of my business.

I found in my short experience that it was almost impossible for me to make money decently in the business. I lost patronage because I refused to allow my saloon to become a hang-out for criminals, and a place of assignation; I lost a big source of revenue because I refused to encourage hard drinking among my patrons; and finally I lost all possibility of a margin of profit by refusing to pay politicians a monthly bribe to break the law.

There may be, and doubtless there are, saloons in this and other cities, where it is possible for a man to own and run one and yet retain his self-respect; saloons frequented by respectable and well-bred persons. But, to judge from what I have heard in conversation with saloon-keepers of the better sort during my experience and since, such places must be very scarce.

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THE CASE OF HENRI PASSALAIGUE

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

DR. ESTEY had but just arrived in New York, the night was young, and both father and son were ripe for talk.

Ben was a lawyer, a deputy assistant now in the District Attorney's office. The father had come up from the Southern town where they both were born, and where he had practised medicine for thirty years. After he had summarized the news of the neighborhood and mentioned rather than delivered the messages with which he was charged, the young man's affairs, his interests, the work of his office and the powers it was "up against," for a time held the field; and then, as some instanced crime made the transitional link, Ben broke into his own talk with a demand to hear about Henri Passalaigue's case.

"It's a mighty unintelligible history I've gathered so far," said he.

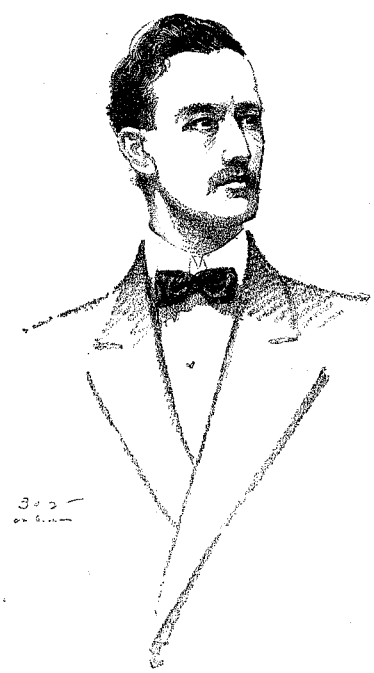
Passalaigue, a modernized Louisiana Creole, had been Ben's classmate at Washington and Lee, and Ben had liked him well. It was thanks to Ben that he had "settled" in the Esteys' home town. Passalaigue, too, was a lawyer. His immediate need of a practice was great, for he was the only son of his mother, and she was now a widow and dependent upon him.

Ben had expected to go home to live; when he saw his fighting chance for a foothold in New York, he turned over to Passalaigue all that was alienable in his earlier prospects.

"Tell me all you know," said Ben, in his slow, strong way, "and I'll get something with some sense to it somehow." He wiped the sudden sweat from his pain-knitted brow.

The doctor, stout, strong, grizzled and weather-beaten, sat his chair as if at ease in the saddle — a country doctor who knew his world.

"'Unintelligible'— you may well say it. I reckon so, I reckon so. I wouldn't try to write you anything of inwardness — impossible. This thing ramifies. It comes back first to the way old Saunders owns the town, and then to Pauline Maybury's nature, and to a lot of other more or less remote things. You've been gone so long you don't know how the town lies in Old Man Saunders' hand. I didn't wake up to it fully myself till the dirty shame of this business drove it into my vitals.



HENRI PASSALAIGUE

"Henri didn't care a whoop for Pauline Maybury — Pauline Saunders; all he wanted was to keep away from her all he decently could. I know what I'm talking about. You know I had him brought to the house when he broke his leg last year. Your mother could tell you how Pauline came around then, and Henri would take to his bed, after he was up and about, to get out of seeing her. He was mighty nice about it; never meant to give a sign of anything but appreciation of Mrs. Wiley Saunders' kindness. He was like Don Quixote when he says, 'A gentleman may not always be amorous, but he is always grateful'; and the gratitude of both gentlemen was more theoretical, you can take my

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DR. ESTEY

word for it, than emotional. Not that Pauline made any scandalous show of herself. She never did — why should she begin now? But she was bored with Wiley, and she wanted Henri to amuse her; that was plain to your mother and me back then. And Henri not only wanted to keep out the way; he didn't care anything about her."

"He was engaged to a girl up in Virginia. I never saw a man so hard hit. She —" Ben's teeth set hard before he went on in a voice held firmly matter-of-fact. "She was the kindest, merry-hearted, faithful brick of a girl in seven States. I used to think even Henri didn't deserve such luck."

The doctor gave a wordless sound charged with pitying pain. He stared into the grate silently before he sighed and said: "I didn't know that. I want to hear about her some time, Ben. Now I'll go on with my story. There might be a worse story for that girl, son.

"You've been away so much for so long, I reckon you don't know much really about Pauline, either. I remember Matt Maybury in his prime, and there's plenty of her grandfather in Pauline; plenty of old Matt worked around and made over into a 'good' woman; for, mind you, that's Pauline's class, and she never in her life had any notion of slipping out of it. She's a kind of woman I've seen oftener than I've ever read of 'em.

"From the time she was fifteen she was always what you can call in love, first with one chap and then with another; and from the time she was fifteen she was always keen at taking care of herself — every way. She'd cure one love affair with another, like she was doing it on my prescription. Her head was always as cool and alert as a good fencer's, and until she and Wiley got through their regulation honeymooning she'd never for years been without the tittervating excitement of being made love to — being made love to, mind you, by some one she was interested in. That was her epicurean requirement. With those soft, caressing manners of hers, and the rest of her equipment (though I never thought she was as good-looking, really, as half a dozen other girls of her crop — did you?), anyhow, when she fastened her blue eyes on a man, she usually got his scalp, or an imitation of it, sooner or later, and she didn't mind its coming later; she had old Matt's liking for the chase. And all the time she minded her P's and Q's, and the cold-blooded egotism that even bad men cursed for its cruelty in Matt Maybury showed up in her as basic virtue shining through all her little coquetries. And, since the world wags the way it does, it was a working substitute anyhow, and ambitious mothers had reason for pointing her out to their daughters as an

"'SHE WAS ALWAYS CALLING ME IN BECAUSE HIS HAIR WOULDN'T CURL, OR HE KICKED HARDER ONE DAY THAN THE NEXT'"

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example — she was the kind of belle they ought to be.

"I used to like to watch her when she was around with your sister Anne. She was always coming to our house to dances, when Anne was at home.

"I reckon she was in love with Wiley, too, for a while. He was getting rich and it was time for her to marry; but she wasn't the woman to entirely cross her own tastes in a husband; I'll say that much for her.

"To marry a Maybury was a fine thing for Wiley, but it's reasonable to suppose he got more than that out of it, too. And then young egotists like that think they are cheated when they've eaten their lollypop pleasures up. I'd bet a pretty that Pauline anyhow pities herself for a tragedy heroine because she's tired of Wiley.

"I'm long-winded, Ben, but talk with you doesn't come often these days, and an old doctor who stays all his life in one town gets to considering things too curiously to tell 'em off in a word, when he talks at all. Thanky, son.

"Now, about Henri and the Saunders crew. Since the old man got hold of the Curtis plantations and built the cotton factory, as I tell you, he's owned the town. The bank is under his thumb. He financed the Wilsons in all their business, and he holds mortgages on some of the finest property in the country. Even when he hasn't got a man's fortune in the hollow of his hand, there's a big chance there are strings to it he can manage to jerk easy enough.

PAULINE MAYBURY

"When Passalaigue had been in town a year, Buck Saunders was admitted to the bar. His dad knows Buck hasn't sense enough to be a lawyer but get him an able partner and it would be as good a way as another to take care of him. They thought Henri was just the timber for them. They offered him the partnership, and when he wouldn't take it, poor and new as he was, he stung Buck's vanity to venom. Henri talked to me about it. It meant doing all the work and sharing everything else, even authority, with Buck. And a heap worse than all that, it meant being owned body and boots by the Saunders. It would have made a cat laugh to look at Henri, the high-headed straightness of him, and think of him licking Saunders' boots. It was a big opportunity, of course, but he never could have made it work. It was his bad luck they ever made him the offer. His refusal set them all against him. He had made a standing for himself, and he could scrape along as his own man, with some show for betterment in the future, in spite of the Saunders' interests. But, though he was as good a lawyer as you, Ben, and a better speaker than you'll ever be, it was no such show as you'd have had if you'd stood in his shoes. He was a solitary unit there in a place where half the town is related by blood or marriage, and the other half tied together, even sworn enemies, by old habit and the same ways.

"Henri looked like one of us all right, but he wasn't. He was new, and then, he was different, too. Why, the way he could talk French, and had French books around, and played the piano, did more to keep him an outsider than you could believe, if you were going on reason instead of experience. He was popular enough, but there are no roots to a popularity like that.

"The French business worked into Pauline's schemes. When she got so bored, she began to think that the devil helped those who helped themselves. After her boy was born, she tried to get what excitement she could out of being a devoted mother. She was always calling me in because his hair wouldn't curl or he kicked harder one day than the next, till I let her know I wouldn't put up with her foolishness.

"All that petered out when he was about two years old. You've heard me say that the mere animal instinct of maternity often weakens about that time. Pauline never had been really burdened with it; and it was about then that Wiley began those long stays in Texas, looking after his dad's land interests down there. That was when Pauline developed a taste for the French language and literature. She got up a club to study 'em. It met at her house, and Henri was always being rung in to help them out. She'd have him stay after the meeting,

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to assist and advise her as to the next — all that sort of thing. She never got him there except she cornered him, but Henri was polite and Pauline was patient.

"People laughed a little, but no one took it hard. We all knew Pauline. No, not all; but those that didn't were the ones that believed butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. There was no scandal till Buck Saunders broke into the game. Pauline had never meant there should be; she meant there shouldn't. She doesn't play to lose social standing — not Pauline; and she doesn't lose it, either, not even when a brother-in-law like Buck stacks the cards against her.

"Look at her now! I could curse her sometimes, when I see her going around so smooth and soft, watering her popularity and shoring up her position afresh. But there's no use feeling that way about it; no use. She's Matt Maybury's granddaughter, and she's the way she was born, and the way we've all helped to make her. She's a 'good' woman, and, as sure as God's above us, she *feels* she is. She's complacent *now*, after everything. She thinks in her heart that she's not always as perfectly prudent as some people, but, then, she doesn't have to be. With her cool head she could never 'go wrong.'

"It seems to me Buck Saunders is the biggest fool I ever studied. Brainless, swaggering, eaten up with bilious sore vanity, he bullies and spouts and eats fire — anything to show off.

"While Henri was being called on to help spread the French language, he managed to find time to win a case from Buck. It wasn't a Saunders case, or the old man would never have left it in Buck's hands. With that, Buck's gorge rose over Passalaigue's relations to his sister-in-law. But he didn't waste time on Pauline; that was too obscure an activity for him. The first move he made was to write Passalaigue a note forbidding him to call on his brother's wife. And he showed it to a dozen men before he sent it. He said Pauline must be protected, and all around the square men were laughing and asking who was going to protect Passalaigue, and jeering at Buck for getting mad because Passalaigue had won the Byers case. Buck is such an ass, nobody took in what Buck, idiot as he is, saw sharp enough — that all the Saunders power was behind him.

"Of course, Pauline heard of the note instanter. And what does she do? By God! she does what her kind would do nine times out of ten. She sent *her* note asking Passalaigue to come to her.

"Don't ask me why. I suppose the combination of vanity of power and of selfish amorousness in excitement and sheer damn foolery differs in every case. All I know about Pauline is that she sent for the man, and that all there was in it for her was food for her vanity and sensuality. What can you call it but sensuality throughout, so far as it wasn't vanity, even if she hoped for nothing but to feed on the sight of a man's desire?

"'SHE'D HAVE HIM STAY AFTER THE MEETING TO ASSIST AND ADVISE HER'"

"No doubt society regulates its crimes and penalties well enough for its own ends, but an old doctor gets mighty heretical about a good many things, and I can tell you, young man, there are women not so 'good' that I like better than Pauline."

The doctor's big head sank on his breast, and for moments both men were silent.

"I suppose Henri had to go," the doctor said at last; "but since man's fantastical history began did ever anything show us plainer far the zanies of the gods?

"I saw him as he turned into the gate. He looked like a prince. He was carrying his hat in his hand, and it seemed to me I'd never seen before

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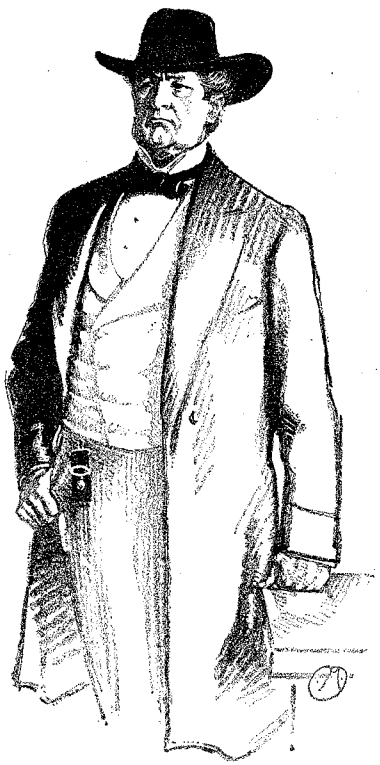
"'ALL AROUND THE SQUARE MEN WERE LAUGHING, AND ASKING WHO WAS GOING TO PROTECT PASSALAIGUE'"

how shapely that high brown head of his was. That was about sunset.

"It was ten o'clock that night when old Miss Lacy came for me. It was in front of her gate that Buck had shot him — shot him from behind; without a word he'd shot him in the back. . . . It was a queer chance hit. Buck can't shoot; he was aiming too high, but the bullet entered the medulla oblongata. Of course, the boy was dead when he hit the ground.

"Shot behind his back by a cowardly skunk that was showing off. That's why Henri Passalaigue died — because Buck Saunders wanted to show off; wanted to feel how superior a live dog is to a dead lion.

"Buck Saunders hasn't the brain of a rabbit, but listen to me, boy!" The doctor kept himself in hand, but the eyes he turned on his son were bloodshot. "Listen to me. He had brains enough for successful murder in our town. He spent that night in jail, and the next day the coroner's jury turned him loose, and loose he's been ever since, free as air. The case was brought before the grand jury. There are a few men among us yet, but they weren't on that grand jury. It would not indict. They were all afraid — afraid to call their souls their own. Old Saunders laid down all the law we had. Not out loud, not in the market-place,— he didn't risk waking up our manhood by cracking the whip too brazenly,— but on the quiet, in this man's ear and that, his law was whispered around, and the amount of it was that if his son couldn't shoot a half-foreign, kinless stranger with impunity, he'd smash a lot of business interests. Business interests! Men have voluntarily beggared themselves in that town in the old days to save their honor. But, in spite of all the business interests spawned in hell, we'd have brought that bloody murderer to trial — we'd have done that much anyhow — if there hadn't been a woman in the case.



OLD MAN SAUNDERS

"No man, woman, or child believed that Passalaigue ran after Pauline, but they could say they believed it. They could hide their shame by blowing about purity of woman and higher law and Southern tradition. I could hang the traitors that drag in Southern tradition to save their own dirty skins. That's what our chivalry came to this time; it furnished a petticoat for men who were bought and sold to hide behind. There's a lame and impotent conclusion for our old-time sense of honor.

"It's the South's bitter sorrows, the isolated struggle and courage of her, that brought us long

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since to the pitch where any hypocrite among us could trade better on his Southernism than on his religion. But when we get modern business enterprise mixed in the dish, God help us!

"I used to believe in every man being his own policeman, the way I was raised. I suppose likely he was a prejudiced authority sometimes,— it seems likely,— but all codes work awry; maybe ours did as well as the others once. But when it comes to the higher law mixed up with money power and business interests, I'd give my right hand to rid the South of the shame it brings her."

Ben broke a silence to question: "What about Pauline since?"

The doctor lifted his weary eyes from the grate fire. "She's kept her head above water through everything, at any price. She took to her bed and saw nobody but her own family till Wiley got home. The Mayburys all took the line of silence, only, 'Poor Buck! They must stand by Buck, because, dreadful as it was, he'd tried to stand by Pauline.' You may stare, but that was their note, and this close-mouthed way left you to infer all they could tell about Passalaigue if they would. Pauline's got the best head among them. It was up in her bedroom they were drilled so well. They said, too, that Pauline had made one last effort to save him — just that, nothing more. That was to cover the message sending for him. Miss Lacy had found it in his pocket: she told me about it in her excitement, but she'd burnt it, and she never told any one else. That was all right, poor old thing; it wouldn't have done any good, and she couldn't afford a feud for nothing with the whole Maybury crew and the Saunders to boot. As a fact, everybody knew something about it. Pauline's little nigger had given it to Henri on the square, when the whole town was on the *qui vive*.

"All the two days before Wiley got there the Mayburys were wailing for Wiley, and telling how Pauline was crying night and day for her husband. It was the greatest bluff I ever saw worked, and it did work, too, and that without really taking in one adult, black or white, in the whole population.

"No, I except Wiley Saunders; I reckon he let himself be deceived. He seemed to have a new honeymoon over Passalaigue's dead body. Savory, ain't it?

"But every one's game was suited. Buck was scared enough to play in with his dear sister-in-law, and the men talked on the square about the defense of Southern womanhood. They slowed up some when any one of half a dozen of us happened around, but we didn't count to hurt anything.

"The Saunders own the town. Buck's swaggering more than ever; Henri's rotting in his grave; and Pauline's busy night and day showing what a good woman, good wife, good mother, she is. I don't believe she suffers a thing in her conscience. Buck does. He's nervous; he swaggers and carouses to get away from himself. But the power of self-deception in a woman like Pauline is past fathoming. She knows she's a 'good woman,' that's enough; that's the whole code, and she's got a right to keep that standing at any cost. We've all helped make her; we can only remember that.

"But when you tell me, Ben, about the corruption and the contempt of law you are up against, I don't feel as arrogant over these Yankees as I used to. I've drunk our own home brew of shame."

After a time Ben spoke. "Yes," said he, with somber bitterness; "up here we can count on the law at least one step further. You make things relatively the same, and I'll tell you that the chance we'd ever convict is too small to feed any great pride in law and order. But we'd have indicted Buck Saunders; we'd have done that much for innocent blood."

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THE MORTALITY OF OVERWEIGHTS AND UNDERWEIGHTS

BY

BRANDRETH SYMONDS, A.M., M.D.

DR. SYMONDS, who is chief medical director of one of the largest New York life insurance companies, delivered an address upon this subject before the New Jersey Medical Society. His address was widely copied and was printed in pamphlet form. The statistics he was able to quote were so authoritative and interesting that he was asked to write this article.—THE EDITOR.

UNTIL life insurance came into existence, the proper relation of height to weight and the effect of this relation upon longevity had no commercial significance. The aesthetic standards of physique ranged from the waddling obesities, who are admired by Arabs and adored by Hottentots, to the Greek ideals, as shown in the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of Melos. Each people adopted a different standard of physical perfection, but no one knew whether that standard made for a long life. With the advent of life insurance this matter became important, but even then its real significance was not recognized. In fact, only of late years have we become fully alive to the fact that the physique of an individual is a fundamental element in his selection as a life insurance risk. If a proper relation of weight to height and age is not secured when selecting a given group of risks, the mortality in that group will be high in spite of the utmost care in excluding all other unfavorable elements.

The earliest table of height and weight that I could find was published in 1836 by Quetelet. It was based upon the facts gathered from the examination of a moderate number of Belgians. The following tables are abstracted from the originals, which are considerably more voluminous. One weight and one height are given for each age, and these are supposed to be the average height and weight for that age:

WOMEN

AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT
20	5 ft. 1¾ in.	120 lbs.
30	5 ft. 2¾ in.	121 lbs.
40	5 ft. 1 in.	125 lbs.
50	5 ft. ½ in.	129 lbs.
60	5 ft. 0 in.	125 lbs.

MEN

AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT
20	5 ft. 7¼ in.	143 lbs.
30	5 ft. 8 in.	152 lbs.
40	5 ft. 7¼ in.	151 lbs.
50	5 ft. 6 in.	148 lbs.
60	5 ft. 4½ in.	144 lbs.

The heights were taken without shoes, but the weights included the clothing. These isolated facts agree fairly well with our present standard, but they were too few to be of much assistance. Still, this table served as a starting-point, and we must look upon it, however imperfect, as the first attempt to solve the problem. It is interesting to note that in his subsequent calculations he estimated the clothing of the men to be one eighteenth of their total weight and that of women to be one twenty-fourth of their total weight.

Weight by the Standards of Greek Sculpture

In 1844 W. B. Brent took up the question of a theoretically normal man, based upon the standards of Greek art, as exemplified in the statues of the Bronze Tumbler, the Dying Gladiator, Theseus (in the British Museum), the Bronze Hercules (in the British Museum), and the Farnese Hercules, the latter being reduced from its heroic proportions to life size. He selected these as representing the different types of physique, as they range from extreme leanness in the Bronze Tumbler to enormous muscular development in the Farnese Hercules.

He assumed that the specific gravity of the body is the same as that of water; that the cubes of homologous dimensions are in the proportion of weight; and that one seventeenth is to be added for clothes. According to a correspond-

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ent of the *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries*, the resulting formula is $w = \frac{h^3}{2000}$ where h is the height in inches and w the weight in pounds. This correspondent then takes the average of the first three statues mentioned in the above list, and using this average as a base-line, he constructs the following table:

HEIGHT	WEIGHT
5 ft. 3 in.	125 lbs.
5 ft. 4 in.	131 lbs.
5 ft. 5 in.	137 lbs.
5 ft. 6 in.	144 lbs.
5 ft. 7 in.	150 lbs.
5 ft. 8 in.	157 lbs.
5 ft. 9 in.	164 lbs.
5 ft. 10 in.	172 lbs.
5 ft. 11 in.	179 lbs.
6 ft. 0 in.	187 lbs.

This table is faulty, for it takes no note of the age. At 5 ft. 3 in. the weight would be that of a boy below 20; at 5 ft. 5 in. the weight would be that of a young man of 25; at 5 ft. 7 in. that of a man of from 30 to 34; at 5 ft. 8 in. that of a man of from 35 to 39; at 5 ft. 11 in. that of a man of 60. It is evident that Brent's formula does not prove of much value in determining the relation of weight to height and age.

Weight a Practical Factor in Life Insurance

In 1846 Hutchinson published his table of heights and weights based upon certain data gathered in England. It purports to represent the standard weight for each height at the age of 30, and is as follows:

HEIGHT	WEIGHT
5 ft. 1 in.	120 lbs.
5 ft. 2 in.	126 lbs.
5 ft. 3 in.	133 lbs.
5 ft. 4 in.	139 lbs.
5 ft. 5 in.	142 lbs.
5 ft. 6 in.	145 lbs.
5 ft. 7 in.	148 lbs.
5 ft. 8 in.	155 lbs.
5 ft. 9 in.	162 lbs.
5 ft. 10 in.	169 lbs.
5 ft. 11 in.	174 lbs.
6 ft. 0 in.	178 lbs.

For heights from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 9 in. it agrees with our present standard for the age of 30. For the shorter heights it is too light, and for the taller heights it is too heavy. This table was soon adopted by insurance companies as a guide. Each medical department had its own set of rules by which to calculate the proper weight for other ages than 30. These rules were based upon theoretical considerations and did not give very satisfactory results.

T. B. Macaulay in 1881 published a table of weights, based upon measurements taken from 2,000 Canadians, as follows:

AVERAGE WEIGHTS AT VARIOUS HEIGHTS

HEIGHT	WEIGHT
5 ft. 1 in.	125 lbs.
5 ft. 2 in.	128 lbs.
5 ft. 3 in.	131 lbs.
5 ft. 4 in.	134 lbs.
5 ft. 5 in.	137.5 lbs.
5 ft. 6 in.	141 lbs.
5 ft. 7 in.	145.5 lbs.
5 ft. 8 in.	151 lbs.
5 ft. 9 in.	156.5 lbs.
5 ft. 10 in.	161.5 lbs.
5 ft. 11 in.	167 lbs.
6 ft. 0 in.	173 lbs.

The average age at entry was 28, and for that age it was a good standard, though a little too heavy in the greater heights. He recognized that "the influence of age is considerable, as may be seen from the following table:

AGE	WEIGHT
16 to 20	142.5 lbs.
21 to 25	149.6 lbs.
26 to 30	151.3 lbs.
31 to 35	157.3 lbs.
36 to 40	158.2 lbs.
41 to 45	159.2 lbs.
46 to 50	163.5 lbs.
51 to 55	167.7 lbs.
56 to 60	172.4 lbs.

But the number of cases at his command was too small to enable him to combine these two tables and give an average weight for each height and age.

First Standard Table of Weights

In 1897 Dr. George R. Shepherd compiled for the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors a table of height and weight for each quinquennium from 15 to 69. This was based upon the heights and weights of 74,162 accepted male applicants for life insurance in the United States and Canada. The weight included the clothing and the height the shoes. In other words, the conditions were the same as those under which the applicants presented themselves to the medical examiner. At the extremes of age and of height, the number of individuals in any one class was small and the curve of weight showed abrupt changes which had to be equalized. The net result was a table of heights and weights varying according to the age which was adopted by the leading insurance companies as being the standard. (See page 321.)

In 1900 a table of heights and weights varying according to age was compiled by a committee of the medical section of the National Fraternal Congress. This was based upon an analysis of 133,940 applications of selected risks from the United States and Canada. The number of weights given in it amounted to 112, and 111 of these are identical with the similar numbers in Dr. Shepherd's table. This coincidence is so thor-

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DR. SHEPHERD'S TABLE OF HEIGHT AND WEIGHT AT DIFFERENT AGES

	15–24	25–29	30–34	35–39	40–44	45–49	50–54	55–59	60–64	65–69
5 ft. 0 in.	120	125	128	131	133	134	134	134	131	
5 ft. 1 in.	122	126	129	131	134	136	136	136	134	
5 ft. 2 in.	124	128	131	133	136	138	138	138	137	
5 ft. 3 in.	127	131	134	136	139	141	141	141	140	140
5 ft. 4 in.	131	135	138	140	143	144	145	145	144	143
5 ft. 5 in.	134	138	141	143	146	147	149	149	148	147
5 ft. 6 in.	138	142	145	147	150	151	153	153	153	151
5 ft. 7 in.	142	147	150	152	155	156	158	158	158	156
5 ft. 8 in.	146	151	154	157	160	161	163	163	163	162
5 ft. 9 in.	150	155	159	162	165	166	167	168	168	168
5 ft. 10 in.	154	159	164	167	170	171	172	173	174	174
5 ft. 11 in.	159	164	169	173	175	177	177	178	180	180
6 ft. 0 in.	165	170	175	179	180	183	182	183	185	185
6 ft. 1 in.	170	177	181	185	186	189	188	189	189	189
6 ft. 2 in.	176	184	188	192	194	196	194	194	192	192
6 ft. 3 in.	181	190	195	200	203	204	201	198		

ough as to border on the marvelous, and one felt some scepticism as to whether this table was constructed quite independently of Dr. Shepherd's. I therefore took the liberty of writing to the Chairman of the Committee who had charge of the compilation, and was assured by him in reply that the table was constructed *de novo*. This wonderful corroboration of Dr. Shepherd's table shows that it is undoubtedly an exact standard for the United States and Canada.

We must remember that these heights and weights were taken when the parties were shod and clad in ordinary clothing. The shoe of a man will ordinarily raise him about 1 or 1¼ inches. According to Quetelet, we should allow in the case of a man one eighteenth of his total weight for clothing. If the weight of the man is 170 pounds, the clothing, therefore, should weigh 9.5 pounds. Actually, the weight of his clothing, including shoes, but excluding any form of overcoat, varies considerably according to the season. In the neighborhood of New York a man of 170 pounds will wear during the summer 6 or 7 pounds of clothing, while in winter its weight may rise as high as 12 or 14 pounds. This difference is undoubtedly a factor in the increase in weight during the winter which so many people believe in. In examinations for life insurance we do not attach any great importance to the differences due to clothing, for they are not large enough to modify materially our results.

Short Men Grow Stout Faster Than Tall

It will pay to glance over this table of Dr. Shepherd's for a moment. You will note that the weight rises steadily as you go down each vertical column. Dr. Oscar H. Rogers has formulated the rule from a study of this table that each added inch in height calls for an addition of 3 per cent in the weight. This rule will apply, if liberally interpreted, to all but small men. The weight increases steadily with age in each horizontal line up to the year 45 among the small men, the year 50 among the middle-sized men, and the year 55 and even 60 among the tall men. One is almost tempted to say that the taller the man, the longer it takes him to reach full maturity as shown by his weight. In the very tall this rule does not seem to apply, but the number of these was so small that a slight error may have crept in.

What Women Should Weigh

When I read my paper on this subject at the one hundred and forty-second meeting of the Medical Society of New Jersey, we had no standard table of heights and weights for women. We assumed in a rough way that they were about six to nine pounds lighter than men at the age of 25, and that this difference gradually diminished until it practically disappeared after the age 45 or 50. At my instance, Dr. Faneuil S. Weisse prepared a standard table of height and weight for women (see page 322), which he presented at the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors.

The women on the measurements of whom this table is based were all healthy residents of the United States and Canada, who had been accepted for life insurance since 1895. As in the case of men, they were shod and supposed to be dressed in ordinary clothing. According to Quetelet we should allow one twenty-fourth of the total weight for the clothing of a woman. From my limited observations I am inclined to think that this is about correct, though naturally it should vary with the season. There is no doubt that a woman's clothing as a rule is lighter than a

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ADJUSTED TABLE OF WEIGHTS FOR INSURED WOMEN BASED ON 58,855 ACCEPTED LIVES

	15–19	20–24	25–29	30–34	35–39	40–44	45–49	50–54	55–59	60–64	COMBINED AGES
4 ft. 11 in.	111	113	115	117	119	122	125	128	128	126	118
5 ft. 0 in.	113	114	117	119	122	125	128	130	131	129	120
5 ft. 1 in.	115	116	118	121	124	128	131	133	134	132	122
5 ft. 2 in.	117	118	120	123	127	132	134	137	137	136	125
5 ft. 3 in.	120	122	124	127	131	135	138	141	141	140	128
5 ft. 4 in.	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	145	145	144	131
5 ft. 5 in.	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	149	149	148	135
5 ft. 6 in.	128	132	135	139	143	146	151	153	153	152	139
5 ft. 7 in.	132	135	139	143	147	150	154	157	156	155	143
5 ft. 8 in.	136	140	143	147	151	155	158	161	161	160	147
5 ft. 9 in.	140	144	147	151	155	159	163	166	166	165	151
5 ft. 10 in.	144	147	151	155	159	163	167	170	170	169	155
COMBINED HEIGHTS	123	126	129	132	136	139	142	145	144	142	133

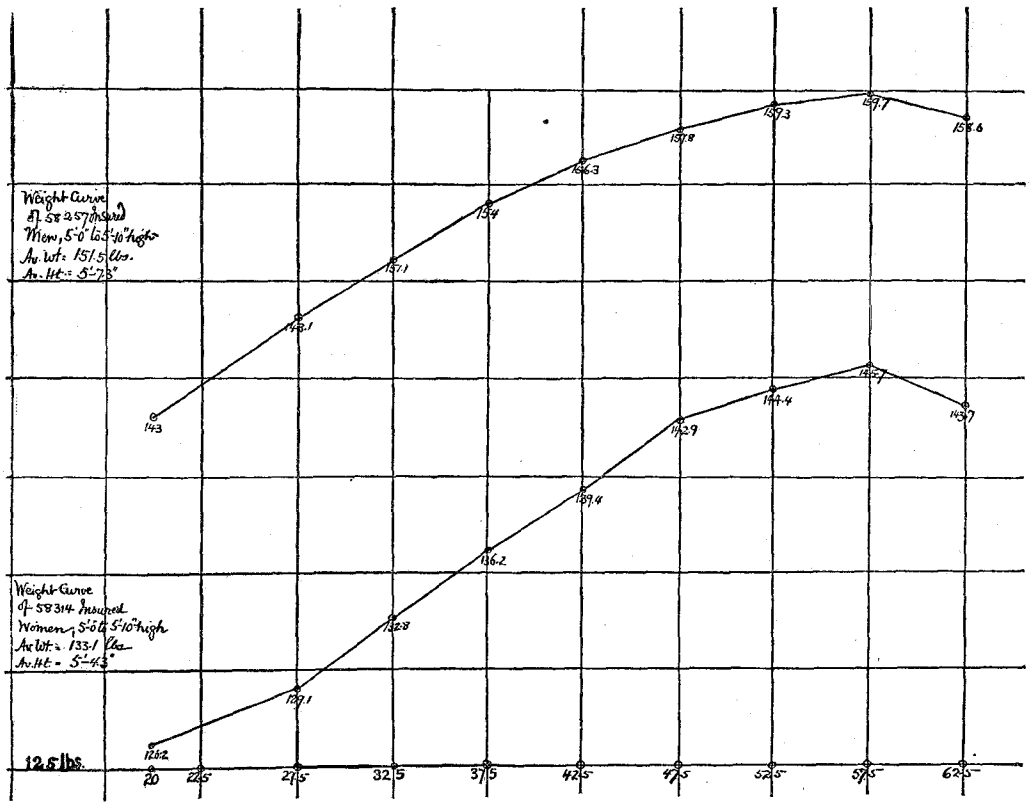
man's. The shoes of the average woman will raise her about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

It is a great advantage to have a standard for women definitely settled. Fortunately the rough empirical method by which we had recently been working is so nearly accurate that this new standard will not materially modify our conclusions.

Women Grow Stout More Rapidly Than Men

It will pay to study this table, especially in conjunction with Dr. Shepherd's table for men. Women attain their maximum weight more uniformly than men, as practically all of them reach this point at from 50 to 59. After the age of 25, women increase in weight more rapidly than men. Thus a man of 5 ft. 6 in. gains 11 pounds between the ages of 25 and 50, while a woman of the same height gains 18 pounds during that time. This is well shown in the curves prepared by Dr. Weisse, which are given below.

The horizontal lines represent the weight, starting at 125 pounds and allowing 5 pounds



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to each line. The vertical lines represent the age at the mid-point of the quinquenniums used in the tables. Thus the quinquennium 25–29 is put down at 27.5.

The upper curve is that of men, the lower of women. The distance between them is due to the fact that the average woman is about 3 inches shorter than the average man. Note now that the average man at the age of 27.5 weighs 148.1 and at the age of 57.5, when he has reached his maximum, he weighs 159.7, a gain of 11.6 pounds. The average woman at the age of 27.5 weighs 129.1 and at the age of 57.5 she weighs 145.7, a gain of 16.6 pounds, which is just 5 pounds more than that of the average man during that period. The result of this is that at heights 5 ft. 3, 4, 5, and 6 in., women will weigh the same as men when they reach the age of 50 or thereabouts. At other heights, women get within a pound or two of men, but no closer. These curves are constructed from the unadjusted weights, and thus represent the actual facts as determined from the original figures. In the standard tables prepared by Dr. Shepherd and Dr. Weisse, these unadjusted figures have been slightly modified, either up or down, at some points in order to secure a perfectly uniform curve at all ages. Dr. Weisse says: "In preparing the adjusted table, it is interesting to note that the weights of over 80 per cent of all these women needed practically no adjustment. The average weight of all the 58,855 women, after all adjusting, involved a difference of less than one-tenth, .056, of a pound."

Weight and the Death Rate

We are now very comfortably fixed, for we have accurate standards of weight; according to height and age, for both women and men, at least for the United States and Canada. It is a curious fact that the lowest death rate does not coincide with the standard. In general terms it may be said that the lowest death rate is found in the class who are about 5 per cent below the standard, but in ages below 30 the lowest rate is found among those who are 5 to 10 per cent above standard. These differences are not great, and I wish to discuss in fuller detail the more marked cases of overweight and underweight. Before doing so, I will explain as briefly as possible the statistical method by which we determine whether a given class of insurance risks is furnishing a satisfactory mortality.

The duration of an individual life is most uncertain, but the average duration of 100,000 lives is very certain. Many mortality tables have been constructed showing the probabilities of dying at each age of life. The one most used for these statistical investigations is known as the Modified Healthy English, and is the one adopted by the Actuarial Society of America in their Specialized Mortality Investigation. According to this table, the probability of dying at the age of 30 is .00821, or, to put it in another way, out of 100,000 living persons 30 years old, 821 will die during that year. This only holds true, however, if these cases are not influenced by medical selection, for we find that the influence of this extends for at least five years and probably longer. We must, therefore, make an allowance for medical selection.

How Life Insurance Risks Are Computed

According to the Actuarial Society, the probability of dying at the age of 30, during the first year after medical selection, is only one-half. To put it in another way, only 410 would die instead of 821. In the second year of insurance, the percentage is 68 at this age. As our group of cases are now in the second year of insurance, they are 31 years old, and the mortality figure is .00828, or 828 out of 100,000. We therefore have to take 68 per cent of 828, and our expected deaths will be 564 out of 100,000 living, instead of 828. I think that this will give you some idea of the method employed. It is tedious and the details are very intricate, but the principle, as you will see, is comparatively simple. By this means we calculate the deaths that are expected to occur in a given group of individuals. If this group shows 100 actual deaths and 200 expected deaths, we say that the mortality is 50 per cent. If the group shows 200 actual deaths and 100 expected, we say that the mortality is 200 per cent. That is the technical meaning of the term "mortality" as employed in this and similar statistical researches. In a rough way we consider that a mortality between 90 per cent and 100 per cent is fair; if between 80 per cent and 90 per cent, it is good, and if below 80 per cent, it is very good.

When a Man Begins to be Overweight

Let us first take up overweights. A case is not considered overweight unless it is more than 20 per cent above the standard weight for the height and age. For example, at the age of 40 the standard weight of a man 5 ft. 6 in. tall is 150 pounds. We would not regard him as an overweight until he had passed 180 pounds, which is 20 per cent above his standard. Even in the classes of smaller excess than this the mortality increases, but at this point it begins to be a serious matter. For the sake of convenience, we will call those overweights who are between 20 per cent and 30 per cent above the standard "moderate overweights." Similarly we will call those over-

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weights who are more than 30 per cent above the standard "excessive overweights." Thus, men 40 years old who are 5 ft. 6 in. tall and weigh between 180 and 195 pounds would be termed moderate overweights, but if they exceed 195 pounds, they would be called excessive overweights.

Overweight a Dangerous Symptom After Twenty-eight

The effect of overweight is influenced by two fundamental factors. These are (1) percentage of overweight; and (2) age of the individual. The following table shows this very closely. The first column contains the age periods, the second column the mortality of the moderate overweights, the third column the mortality of the excessive overweights.

AGE	MODERATE OVERWEIGHTS	EXCESSIVE OVERWEIGHTS
15 to 28 (young)	80%	88%
29 to 42 (mature)	103%	124%
43 to 56 (elderly)	133%	162%
57 to 70 (old)	125%	156%

As your eye follows down each of these columns, you will note that the mortality rises rapidly both among the moderate overweights and the excessive overweights. It is true that the old in both classes have a little better mortality than the elderly, but I think that the old overweights were selected with a little more care than the elderly, and for that reason their mortality is a shade better.

As you compare the moderate overweights with the excessive overweights, you will note that the latter have a higher mortality at every age. The young overweights have a good mortality in both groups. The mature moderate overweights are bad, while the mature excessive overweights are very bad. Still worse than they come the elderly moderate overweights, and at the unenviable apex stand the elderly excessive overweights, with a mortality of 162 per cent.

It may be said, then, that an overweight in a person below 29 is not harmful even up to 30 per cent or 35 per cent above the standard, provided the person does not get actually heavier with advancing years. You will note that this remark refers to actual weight and not relative weight. Our standard increases with advancing age, so that an excess of 33 per cent at age 22 is almost exactly equal to an excess of 20 per cent at age 45. If a boy 22 years old and 5 ft. 9 in. tall weighs 199 pounds, his weight is 33 per cent above the standard of 150 pounds at that height and age. When that boy gets to be 45 years old, if his height and weight still remain the same, we find that his weight is only 20 per cent in excess, for the standard at age 45 is 166 pounds. He has kept just at the edge of the danger zone, and people of his class will give an almost uniform mortality, slightly in excess of the normal, irrespective of age.

Overweight Counterbalances a Tuberculous Tendency

Beyond 30 years of age the mortality among overweights rises rapidly with the age and with the weight. This will happen even when the utmost care is used in examining and selecting these risks. A long-lived family history, one in which neither parent has died below the age of 70, will improve the mortality by 10 or 15 points. Such a gain as this would make the young overweights of both classes very good, and it would make the mature moderate overweights show a fair mortality, about 90 per cent. In all other classes, however, the mortality would still remain very bad.

If the family history is an average or a short-lived one, the mortality will be increased by 5 to 15 points. Under these circumstances, we find that the young moderate overweights still retain a good mortality, but the young excessive overweights get up to about 100 per cent. The other classes, of course, are rendered just so much worse.

A tuberculous family history seems to have about the same effect as a short-lived family history. In the younger ages it certainly has no worse effect, for, as might be supposed, the overweight tends to counterbalance the tuberculous predisposition.

Increasing abdominal girth is a very serious matter for overweights. When this exceeds the expanded chest, the mortality is markedly increased by 15 or 20 points at least, and much more if the abdomen greatly exceeds the expanded chest. You will see that by combining these factors, an elderly excessive overweight with a large abdomen and short-lived family history may easily be exposed to a mortality of 200 per cent.

Overweight Universally Shortens Life

In fact, we can say that any other blemish, whether in the personal history or the physical condition, regularly increases the mortality of these overweights. Conversely, overweight adds greatly to the gravity of any other defect. For example, I have lately analyzed a class of cases which gave a history of renal colic or renal calculus, and which showed a mortality of 99 per cent. In this class was a small group of overweights. Now, those cases which combined a history of renal colic or renal calculus with the overweight showed a mortality of 150 per cent.

As regards foreigners, it may be urged that

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our standard table is based entirely upon selected lives in the United States and Canada, and that it would not apply to another race, like the Germans, who are usually stouter and heavily built. We have found, however, that overweight foreigners are, if anything, a little worse risks than overweight natives. In truth, human fat seems to be the same wherever found, and has the same effects upon the prospects of life, whether in England, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Mexico, or the United States.

We find that overweight women, measured by their own standard, show practically the same mortality as overweight men. They are fewer in number, for women do not often permit themselves to become fat.

Underweight Less Harmful Than Overweight

Now, let us consider the effect of underweight. As long as the weight is not below 80 per cent of the standard, that is, not more than 20 per cent below the standard, the effect seems to be slight. The mortality rises slowly, but the increase is gradual and not alarming. Below this level, however, the mortality rises to a point where it is of consequence, especially in the younger ages. Among the young underweights, we can expect a mortality of 110 per cent when the weight is from 80 to 75 per cent of the standard. The older ages in this group show a uniform mortality of about 95 per cent. We should call this a fair mortality, not very bad, but on the other hand not very good.

In the next group, in which the weight ranges from 75 per cent to 70 per cent of the standard, that is, from 25 to 30 per cent below the standard, the number of entrants in my company below age 20 numbered only 30 in the 30 years from 1870 to 1899. This number is too small to furnish any figures of consequence. Even in the decade 20–29 the total number of exposures only amounted to 299, an average of less than 30 for each year. These gave 2 deaths as against 1.9 expected. The numbers are too small to be of consequence. In the decade 30–39 the number exposed rises to 1,391, and these give a mortality of 100 per cent. After this the mortality is fairly satisfactory, ranging from 90 to 95 per cent.

For weights below 70 per cent of the standard, that is, more than 30 per cent below the standard, our experience is very limited and too small to divide into different age periods. The actual deaths amounted to 12 and the expected to 13.5, showing that our selection was reasonably good. The number of entrants below age 40 was too small to give any information. Above age 40 we can only say that when they are picked with care, these extreme underweights live a good while.

As regards the other factors which modify the influence of underweight, we have to deal with a problem quite different from that of overweight. The influence of age is reversed among underweights. The younger ages are the ones most affected, while the older ages are but slightly disturbed.

The mortality increases as the weight diminishes, but even among those who are more than 30 per cent below the standard, the mortality is not excessive.

Underweight and Tuberculosis

The association of dyspepsia with underweight is a serious matter with the young, and will give us a mortality as high as 150 per cent. I have no doubt that the combination of dyspepsia and underweight in the young is often indicative of incipient tuberculosis, the extent of which is so small that it is not determined on physical examination.

The association of underweight and tuberculous family history has long been recognized as serious, especially in the younger ages. Thus, we find that this combination gives a mortality of 180 per cent in the ages below 35. Above that age the influence of tuberculosis depends upon the number of cases in the family. If we have two or more cases occurring in the family of an underweight, the mortality is 107 per cent for all ages above 35. In these older ages the underweight who has had only one case of consumption in his family runs little risk, perhaps for the reason that he takes better care of himself.

As regards women, we find that the lesser grades of underweight from 80 to 75 per cent of the standard give a mortality of only 77 per cent, an excellent result and practically uniform for all ages. For weights below this, the mortality becomes bad, in fact over 100 per cent, but the cases are so few that no deductions can be made from them. There is no reason to suppose, however, that underweight women are any worse than underweight men, and I have no doubt that they will give as good a mortality if selected under the same circumstances.

Diseases Peculiar to Overweights and Underweights

You have now seen when these overweights and underweights die, and it will certainly prove of interest to you to know how they die, or, in other words, what are the diseases that terminate their lives. The following table shows this very clearly. The causes of death are divided into twelve classes, eleven of which are shown

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in the table. Class VIII is omitted, for it includes those diseases that are peculiar to women, and the deaths in this table are only those of men. Under each class are named some of the more important diseases belonging to it. The figures in the other columns represent the percentage of deaths, the first column referring to overweights, the second to underweights, and the third to the general male experience of my company, as set forth in its mortality statistics from 1843 to 1898. By this term "percentage," I mean that out of every 100 deaths among the overweights, 4 would be due to typhoid fever, for example. It is very noticeable that no overweight died of obesity and no underweight of emaciation.

SHOWING THE PERCENTAGE OF DEATHS IN ALL CLASSES AND SOME INDIVIDUAL DISEASES AMONG OVERWEIGHTS, UNDERWEIGHTS, AND THE GENERAL EXPERIENCE OF THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

	Causes of Death	Over-weights	Under-weights	General Experience
Class I.	General Diseases—Acute	9.67	9.28	8.90
	Typhoid fever	4.00	3.06	3.94
	Malaria fever	1.27	1.21	1.24
	Influenza	1.47	2.04	1.00
Class II.	General Diseases—Chronic	13.07	24.59	19.56
	Tuberculosis	2.93	16.98	12.42
	Cancer	4.40	5.57	4.18
	Diabetes	3.40	0.65	1.25
Class III.	Diseases of the Nervous System,	19.08	12.16	17.44
	Cerebral Congestion and Hemorrhage — Cerebral Softening, Paralysis	14.14	8.47	12.32
	General Paralysis and other forms of mental alienation	1.80	0.84	1.30
Class IV.	Diseases of the Circulatory System	16.01	11.69	11.85
	Organic diseases of the heart	12.94	8.54	10.76
Class V.	Diseases of the Respiratory System	8.54	15.78	11.86
	Pneumonia	6.87	12.34	9.03
Class VI.	Diseases of the Digestive System	10.61	8.54	10.19
	Cirrhosis of Liver	3.47	0.65	1.00
Class VII.	Diseases of the Genito-urinary System	12.01	7.42	8.78
	Bright's Disease and Nephritis	11.07	5.30	6.66
Class IX.	Diseases of Skin and Cellular Tissue	1.20	0.47	0.50
Class X.	Old age	None	2.04	1.50
Class XI.	Violent causes	7.07	5.57	7.42
	Casualties	4.20	3.43	5.21
	Suicides	2.87	2.14	2.20
Class XII.	Ill defined	2.60	2.50	3.98

Class I—acute general diseases—includes all the acute infectious diseases except a few that are distinctly localized, like pneumonia. Overweights suffer a little more from these than underweights, the experience of the latter being nearly identical with the general experience. Typhoid fever shows a little better among the underweights, while malaria is about the same in both. Influenza is a little worse in both than in the general experience.

In Class II—chronic general diseases—overweights seem to secure a marked degree of immunity from tuberculosis, for we find among them not one-quarter of the amount of fatal tuberculosis that we find in our general experience and hardly one-sixth of what we find among the underweights. The large amount among the latter is partly due to the fact that the underweight in some cases was only a symptom of a tuberculosis which was not recognized at the time of the examination. After allowing for this, however, we are tempted to say that underweight predisposes to tuberculosis, or rather, to fatal tuberculosis, and the reverse is the case with overweight. This observation is particularly interesting, since it is a well-known physiological fact that overweights have a smaller breathing capacity than underweights. Hence, it follows that those whose lungs are expanded the least have also the lowest mortality from tuberculosis.

Cancer among overweights and underweights, men and women, shows no appreciable difference from the general experience.

Diabetics are scarce among the underweights, hardly one-half of the general experience, but they are five times as frequent among the overweights. Diabetes is due in many cases to overeating, especially of starches and sugar. It may be that this first causes the overweight, and then the overweight interferes with free exercise, and the lack of exercise prevents this excessive food from being properly burnt up in the system. As a result, it passes through the body with very little change, thereby causing diabetes.

In Class III—diseases of the nervous system—if we group together the different forms of cerebral congestions and hemorrhage, cerebral apoplexy and paralysis, we find that overweights are a little in excess as compared with the general experience, while the underweights are distinctly below the average in this group. Here again the difference between overweights and underweights can probably be ascribed to the excess of food taken by the former, but the excess in this case is of meats and meat extracts, such as consommé, stock soups, etc.

In Class IV—diseases of the circulatory system—organic diseases of the heart show a decided excess among overweights, and as great a deficiency among underweights. This may be due to the fatty infiltration of the heart that is often present in overweights.

In Class V—diseases of the respiratory system—pneumonia is nearly twice as fatal among underweights as among overweights, although the prognosis in pneumonia is usually regarded as more serious in an overweight than in an underweight. Taking these two factors into account, it would almost appear that over-

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weights have a certain immunity from the pneumococcus, while the underweights are more than usually susceptible.

In Class VI—diseases of the digestive system—cirrhosis of the liver is three and one-half times as prevalent among overweights as in our general experience. This undoubtedly points to alcoholism, for statisticians generally consider that hepatic cirrhosis is a very accurate index of the alcoholic habits of a class. Among the underweights it is below the normal, as are also the other diseases of the digestive system, thus showing their moderation in food as well as drink.

In Class VII—diseases of the genito-urinary system—Bright's disease and inflammation of the kidneys, both acute and chronic, are nearly twice as prevalent among overweights as in our general experience. This excess can probably be ascribed to the habit of overeating and overdrinking, which produces both the overweight and the Bright's disease. Among underweights it is a little below the average.

In Class IX—diseases of the skin and cellular tissue—there were eleven deaths from carbuncle among the overweights, where there should have been but two. This is a great excess, but I am inclined to think that many of these cases were associated with unrecognized diabetes, which would be properly described as the cause of death. If this surmise is correct, diabetes becomes a still more serious factor among overweights.

In Class XI — violent causes — casualties among both overweights and underweights are a little below the average. This may show that they take care to avoid injuries, or else it may be that the abnormal weight, whether above or below the standard, prevents them from entering occupations liable to fatal accidents.

No overweight, whether man or woman, died of old age or senility, according to our record. On the other hand, old age or senility caused 22 deaths among the male underweights and 5 among the female. Furthermore, it should be noted that no overweight attained the age of 80 years at death, while, on the other hand, 44 underweights passed this age, and two of them even reached the age of 90 before dying.

In conclusion, I think that I can do no better than to quote from the *Medical Record* the summary that ended my previous paper on this subject before the Medical Society of New Jersey:

Overweight a Burden, Not a Reserve Fund

"Now, let us sum up in a general way the differences between overweights and underweights. The mortality among all those, irrespective of age, who are between 20 and 30 per cent below the standard weight, is 96 per cent, while the mortality of all, irrespective of age, who are between 20 and 30 per cent above the standard, is 113 per cent. These figures alone would show that overweight is a much more serious condition than underweight. On the other hand, we must take into account the fact that until recent times overweights were accepted more freely by insurance companies than underweights. To put it in another way, underweights were selected with more rigid care than overweights. The old idea that an overweight had a reserve fund to draw upon in case there was a run on his bodily bank was prevalent, although it was recognized that excessive fat might be harmful and should exclude the risk on the ground, perhaps, that it was a form of capital which was not active. Similarly, an underweight was considered to be under-capitalized, and if his bodily bank had to go through a panic like pneumonia, or hard times like organic heart disease, he would become insolvent and bankrupt.

"As a result of this method of thought, our underweight mortality is rather better and our overweight mortality rather worse than if both sets had been accepted under exactly the same conditions. But, even if we make full allowance for the difference in selection, I am convinced that the same percentage of overweight is a more serious matter than if it were underweight. The excessive weight, whether it be fat or muscle, is not a storehouse of reserve strength, but it is a burden that has to be nourished, if muscle, and that markedly interferes with nutrition and function, if fat. This does not apply to the young, those below 25 years of age. Here a moderate degree of overweight is much more favorable than underweight. In fact, up to age 25 an overweight not to exceed 110 per cent of the standard is upon the whole good for the individual. It seems to indicate a certain hypernutrition and robustness of physique that is favorable to the subsequent life. Underweight among these young people, on the other hand, is unfavorable, and in some cases indicates commencing disease or the tendency thereto. But when we pass the age of 30 these conditions are reversed, and the difference between overweight and underweight in their influence upon vitality becomes more marked with each year of age.

"Of course, for the best interests of health, one should be as near standard weight as possible, and that is the sermon which you should preach to your patients. Impress upon them the advisability of their being within 10 per cent of the standard, for within that range is found the lowest mortality and the greatest vitality."

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THE LION AND THE TWO MacCARTHYS

BY

CATHERINE MARKHAM

JERRY changed his muddy brogans for slippers, and, like a votary entering a temple, took up his propitiatory bunch of early rhubarb and entered the tidy kitchen whose soft pine floor Delia had just scrubbed to the appearance of old rose felt.

"Well," he remarked, sitting down with a fine feint of ease, "I broached it to his Riverince today as he came by, when I was planting the inyuns——"

"It?" echoed Delia questioningly, a little quick tremor of long hope starting in her heart —that place where hope lives as long in the dark as the fabled seed lives hidden in the pyramid.

"Sure, the Circus," went on Jerry, ostentatiously careless, as he helped himself to a mealy potato smiling at him from the platter.

Delia, dishing out the crumpled cabbage, dropped the spoon on the ivory-white oil-cloth, catching her breath in chagrin. The two, the housekeeper and the man-of-all-work, were all alone in the small, shining kitchen of the Priest's house.

"Wisha thin, Jerry,"—the tart tongue that he dreaded was on him now—"is it that deluthering circus is still in your mouth? God betune us and harm, it's like a man throubled by the Little People you are, with the circus every spring your heart's desire. An' what had Father Callan to say av it? Sure, it's aiquil to pinance I'm thinkin' it, to be dhrawin' up to him such a fool av a subject."

"Well, thin, his Riverince was mild enough," explained Jerry, with delicately implied rebuke, to the pitiless Delia. "Sez I to him, spadin' up my patch o' land, sez I, 'Father, dear, an' would it be a scandal on me an' my position here, I do' know, for me to go down to New York to be afther seeing the circus?'

"An' sez he, wid the laughter dancin' in his eyes, 'Is it some new jokes you'd be gethering up to clap alongside of thim you brought out from Bandon, or is it the lady riding O's and S's on her head on the bicycle that you do be wantin' to see?'

"'God forbid, Father,' sez I. 'It isn't mesilf,' sez I, 'would want to be encouragin' any woman tempting death as the likes av thim crathers does.' An' thin I told him, as many a time have I told you in this room, Delia, that since I was a barefooted gossoon in Macroom it has been a wish in the bottom av me heart to see a live lion. An' sez I to him, 'Saint Jerome that my uncle the parish priest at Kilmichael christened me for, as our family, bein' large, had used up the most av the importantest saints' names before my turn, this Saint Jerome av mine has always a livin' lion wid him in the pictures. An' it always comes to me as I think av that holy man up in heaven that this same lion is maybe follyin' him there as Fido here does be follyin' at my heels all day long. And all me life I have been wishin' to come face to face wid a lion, a beautiful, sthrong lion such as him that tuk up wid me namesake above.' As I tould his Riverince this, the laughin' wint out av his eyes, and sez he, 'Go on, thin, to your circus, an' God bless you, Jerry. 'Tis you isn't far from the childther our holy Saviour said they had the likes av in Heaven. I think Saint Jerome would count such pious journey aiquil to askin' his prayers!'"

"It's azy seen his Riverince knows little av circuses and cities," was Delia's caustic comment. "I think it's his guardian angels do have the busy job kapin' him out av throuble with his soft heart."

"April the first," Jerry continued, ignoring the scorn, "it says in the papers the circus will open up in New York. That is of a Chuesday next. An' now, as the plowin' is done, an' the ground too wet to put in the pittatyies, I think I'll be goin' to see the beginnin' av it, God willin'."

"It's a long and expinsive journey," Delia remarked, "to see the hide av an animal that's in any picther-book."

"But I'm tellin' you, Delia," pleaded Jerry, "that iver since I knew my pathern saint, I have had a cravin' to see the lion face to face, as I see that black cat forninst the stove. Sure, isn't he the baste that is to be converted whin the lion and the lamb will lie down side by side? It's no ither baste gets a prophecy like that."

"It's many a lamb will be mutton before that

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day," scoffed Delia. "An' if it's the animals av the Bible ye want to clap eyes on, isn't the ox, an' the ass, an' the sheep, an' the hin, an' the chickens in it, too? An' wasn't it such as thim, an' not the roarin' an' lashin' ould felly av a lion that was in the stable with the Young Child? An' maybe the hin layin' a bit av an egg for the Mother; an' the lamb lyin' agin the Baby to kape him warrm. Why can't you be continted with thim common crathers here in our own barnyard, that was the Little Wan's furst frinds?"

"Sure enough," admitted Jerry, "it's thim was in good company, an' Saint Joseph himself makin' a pet av the lamb. But Saint Joseph is not my namesake, an' somehow afther bringin' that idea av seein' Saint Jerome's lion all the way over the sea wid me, it seems now to be grown into a kind av a promise in me mind; an' I don't believe, Delia, I could lie azy in me shroud that my mother made for me in Ireland, an' that's up in me thrunk in the camphor paper, if I didn't come face to face before I die wid the lion such as used to be in me little black prayer-book in Macroom."

There was a touch of solemnity about this that for a moment silenced the more prosaic Delia — some devotion to the ideal that made her gasp in the thin air of it.

"Arrah, go on wid ye thin, for an innocint dhramer," she said, "an' may your Saint Jerome bring you back safe for clanin' the church and plantin' the garden for uz."

Since she could not hold him from the yawning Babylon beyond, Delia, with many misgivings, helped him get ready to go to the circus. She ironed his best shirt, pressed his best suit, whose shining elbows and knees and ageing greenishness, "like the dure-steps in Ireland," she had often deplored.

"It 'ud be fitter for you to be buyin' yerself a new suit av clothes than be throwin' money to the lions," she railed. "It's not less than four dollars an' a half — a good nip on a suit — your railroad ticket and your circus ticket 'll take out av ye," she reckoned.

"I'm well contint to go without the new suit," Jerry answered cheerfully. "Sure, there's no wan but you, Delia, has an eye on me clothes, an' there's the brown shroud in me thrunk all blessed and ready when I'm called for the thrip in the dark——"

"Don't be shpakin' so azy av that shroud," she complained. "It gives me the feelin' av the banshees we was bothered with in Donegal. An' maybe," she continued with doleful apprehensiveness, "the use av that rag av a shroud ain't so far off from you afther all. Ain't the papers full av railroad accidents ivery day av the year — thrains runnin' into ach other, thrains jumpin' off av the thracks, thrains fallin' through bridges; an' besides, don't thrains be stopped many's the time, an' the passengers murdhered and robbed? Wisha, man, it's into dangers galore you're rushin' blind," and Delia stopped, startled at her own array of terrors.

Jerry glanced at her, so trim and plump in her blue calico, as she stood deftly washing up the dishes, and felt a little warm place at his heart that she should be so interested in his safety. But the wanderlust was on him, and he must fare forth.

"God save us, Delia," he parried, "sure, the ould women niver out av sight av their chimley stones in Ireland couldn't call up more danger nor you that's found the way to America for yourself."

"It's because av me thravels I know danger," she retorted. "An' besides, there's no more dangerous city in the wurrld than New York is, especially for sthrangers an' innocints like yourself, Jerry. Sure, many's the time I have heard my uncle Terrence, the hack driver in Newark, tell av the blacklegs waiting at every depot to swingle thim they can intice. People has been abducticated an' never seen again, or poisoned, or dhrownded, or marooneyed to the world's ind, or arrested an' trun in prison for life. An' if you miss thim dangers, there's autymobiles runnin' you down ivery hour av the day, an' mad dogs roamin' the sthrates to hyderphobe you, an' policemen arrestin' you at every corner if you don't move on. It's beyant me, Jerry, God betune us and harm, how the likes av you, always dhramin' an' moonin', can iver escape doin' something in New York to get into throuble for yerself, an' disgrace to yer frinds."

"Sure, I'm not that grane intirely, Delia," protested Jerry. "It's nine years I've been in America come Ladyday, and haven't I me natural papers tuk out, an' me a full Dimmycrat votin' ivery year to make the laws? They can't put the comether on me so azy altogether, Delia me gurrl."

"An' how much money will you be carryin', Jerry?" she inquired.

"I have in the gray stockin' in me room a hundred dollars," replied Jerry, "makin' ready to send twelve pounds to me widdy sister for the childther for the winter next. Sure, I thought I'd take it all wid me, to have the feelin' av plinty on me — not that I'd spind any more ——"

"God save you, Jerry, 'tis you makes the heart jump out av me," gasped Delia. "Glory be to your St. Jerome, but he'll have the full av his devotions to watch over you. Sure, riches like that would tempt every rapscallion av a

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villyun in the country. They'd smell it on you. Do you mark me words an' take only the four or five dollars you will need, an' lave the rest in my kapin' for you. Do this, an' the widdy an' fatherless will be safe to get the good av what you don't squandther."

But Jerry was obstinate. "I'll take out what you say and kape it handy," he said, "in the outside av me wallet in a safe pocket. I'd feel lost without that wallet I brought over in the ship wid me, an' it's a good feelin' to know you have wid you as much as the best you meet."

"But you will be tempted to spind it if it's wid you," deplored Delia. "You can't move without expinse in New York. For the shortest step av a ride, or for a bit to ate or dhrink, it's the hand in the pocket."

"Spind it, I will not," said Jerry. "I'm as stingy av that little pile for me sister's childther as e'er a miser. I'll put the money all but five in the middle av the purse, an' hasp it, an' never touch it till I come back. But I want to walk the sthrates carryin' me head like a man av fortune."

So Delia said no more. She knew when Jerry's head was set like "the pigs av Drogheda." Monday night Jerry went to bed at dark to get ready for an early start. He was up at dawn Tuesday to milk the cows and feed the horse. Delia had his breakfast ready; and as he gulped down his egg and toast, she repeated warnings and directions: "Kape your purse in your safest pocket." "Don't lave your hand off av it in a crowd." "Folly Peter Williams that's goin' down to-day for his spring stock."

Watching all night for the daylight, Jerry hadn't slept well, and the morning was raw. The world outside seemed big and inhospitable, and Delia had peopled it with horrors forbidding as the Anthropophagi of the old Unknown. It was indeed safe and cosy in the kitchen, with the capable, rosy-cheeked Delia to plan every move. Jerry's spirit was low, and for a moment he had a wild thought of giving up the journey and staying at home to clean the cellar. But the old call of the lion prevailed. Hadn't Father Callan said the trip would be like a little pilgrimage for St. Jerome's sake? So he scalded down his coffee, and shook hands solemnly with Delia, as if the parting were to be for weeks instead of hours.

"God bless you, Jerry," said Delia fervently, her eyes a little wet, as he turned toward the luring lion, his hand already clamped on the coat-tail pocket containing his treasure.

Lonesome and perturbed, she watched him out of sight, then fell on her knees and out of the little prayer-book kept on the clock shelf read painstakingly the litany for those in danger of death, this being, she thought, the strongest and most appropriate petition for the case in hand.

Those who venture into peril are proverbially happier than those who watch and wait at home. It was Jerry's first ride on the cars since he had come up to New Jersey from the Battery nine years before, to be Father Callan's man-of-all-work, and soon he forgot his trepidations in the delight of adventure and newness. He warded off a "likely lad" who besought him to buy books and sweets. Delia had warned him against the smooth-tongued vender and his "six prices."

He was astonished at the continuous stream of people getting in at every station, all for New York, no doubt, for the opening day of the circus. All too soon the train stopped, and he followed the crowd into the big ferry-boat as Delia had directed. He had kept the tail of his eye on Peter Williams, intending to follow that gentleman; but an automobile in waiting engulfed this one familiar form, and went honking off into the world, leaving Jerry in that deepest aloneness—solitude in a crowd.

For one panicky five minutes the traveler wished himself back with Delia—Delia at that moment saying a rosary for the benefit of those in need of the prayers of the church. Here he was within hail of his lion; but how to find the long-sought one in this wilderness of people? As his heart-beats slowed down, he recalled that he had the advertisement of the circus, together with other documents, in his pocket-book with his money. He started to draw out the wallet, fat with precious savings, when suddenly there flashed upon him Delia's warning to let no living soul see him take out his pocket-book and thus call suspicion on himself as a moneyed man. So furtively he thrust the protuberant wallet back, meantime dropping from his pocket his last letter from his cousin Dennis of Corrigbee. Here was a dilemma: he must not look at the purse, to expose his treasure-place, and yet how could he find the way to the circus without that advertisement?

As he stood pondering, a pleasant-looking man standing near said "most mannerly," as Jerry told Delia afterward, "I think this is a letter you dropped, my friend. You seem to be in some anxiety. Can I do anything to help you?"

Jerry, won immediately by the courtesy, replied trustingly: "Sure, I am down from the country for the day to see the circus, an' I do clane forget the name av the place they are giving it. It was a name like Medicine Garden, Delia said, but where is that I do' know."

"Oh, is that all?" went on the stranger graciously. "Why, I am going to the circus myself. I can not afford to miss being in the crowd on a

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day like this. I shall be pleased to guide you on your way. We will go together."

Jerry gratefully acquiesced, not at all surprised at this politeness. It was the old friendly Irish manner of the Fair-Day in Bandon, and, of course, New Yorkers would all be going to the circus.

"It is too early yet for the circus," said his guide. "Let us stroll about the streets awhile. I think you are from the South of Ireland," he ventured pleasantly, as they walked on.

"Musha, the saints be praised, an' how did you know I was an Irishman at all, at all?" Jerry marveled. "Indade, thin, I *am* from the South like all my blood and breed for many a year before me."

"And are you a MacCarthy or a MacCaffery?" went on the amazing stranger.

"Sure, 'tis you do be the mind-reader intirely," beamed Jerry. "I am a MacCarthy, av the MacCarthy Mores and straight down from Cormac av Blarney Castle."

"I thought as much," approved the questioner. "You have a MacCarthy nose and upper lip, not to say the accent of thim champeens. My father was a MacCarthy Rudh, an' we do be distant cousins by that same token."

This tie of blood completed Jerry's trust. All care was cast aside under this protecting kinsman's guidance, and talk of Ireland poured out as they walked, though MacCarthy of Jersey did most of the talking, at the skilful questioning of the MacCarthy Rudh.

At noon they began to pass the steaming restaurants, and Jerry, hungry enough, looked longingly at the food-filled windows. The newfound friend noted the gaze and declared that as the old MacCarthys had often eaten together at wakes and weddin's of Cork, so their long-separated descendants would to-day eat in honor of their ancestors, and eat with the quality of America in one of the biggest restaurants. "An' it's meself knows ivery joint av thim from the Bowery to Sherry's," the kinsman declared. "But first how would a taste of rale ould Dublin whisky go down?"

"It's there I stop," said Jerry firmly. "It's Delia an' me are both Father Macchew people from Ireland, an' the pledge is on us for good an' all."

"Well, thin," assented the other liberally, "we'll drink to the MacCarthys in tay only, but we will put the good will into that."

Jerry, secure in the care of so generous and experienced a friend, resigned himself to pure enjoyment, now and then wishing that Delia herself were with him to see how pleasant it was, and giving a quick clutch to be sure that the corpulent wallet was safe. They went into a splendid white place, afterward described to Delia as "a room with the front all one window, and full inside of marble tables like rows of white tombstones at Macroom, and with marble floors and walls, an' the walls thick with looking-glasses that doubled the crowd and the atin', till it seemed thousands was there. An' there was the provisions they had, all printed out on a sthrip av paper. MacCarthy read off the rayport to me; an' 'tis he that was the fine slick reader, not a word stopped him. Faith, I was hungry for iverything he mentioned, an' I said so. An' sez he to me, 'Well, fill up an' charge it to me. It's many a dinner I'll eat yet bein' glad I met you, MacCarthy More.' An' we had soup, an' eggs, an' mate, an' fish, an' plenty av bread, an' the yallowest butter ye ever clapped eyes on—as yallow as the gold itself—an' three kinds av pie an' some small cakes, an' at the ind the couldest pudding out av Greenland. I ate more than MacCarthy Rudh, for he was that busy askin' questions about me wages an' me savings, an' the rich people where we lived, an' you an' Father Callan, an' troth it's the good name I gev to you, Delia, an' your cookin' an' clanin', an' your little pile laid up in the ould blue sugar-bowl.

"'Wisha,' sez I to MacCarthy Rudh, when I saw him handin' out his three dollars and gettin' no change, 'Wisha, this is the expinsive place intirely. Sure, Delia would never listen to steppin' in here. A quarter is what she bid me give for dinner.'

"'Well,' sez he, 'when friend meets friend across the wurrld, the laste the one in his own town can do is to ask the thraveler has he a mouth on him and give him the best while his appytite lasts. An' I well feel it's good luck to me to come across you. It'll be made up to me what thrifle I put out in my rayjoicement.' 'Tis he had the blandishin' ways wid him."

From the restaurant they went on to the circus. Already the sidewalks along Madison Garden were thronged. The crush and clamor of this was up to Jerry's idea of what city bustle ought to be. People surged and shouted. Magnificently tall and fierce policemen were ordering them back or forward. The two MacCarthys pushed on together. Jerry's hand was upon the wallet, Delia's warning coming fresh to his mind—an astral reminder, perhaps, for Delia at this hour was at the sink repeating an Act of Hope with all her thoughts upon the wandering Jerry.

"Look out for your purse," he hissed to his friend, as MacCarthy of Manhattan pressed affectionately near him. "'Tis in the skurry av a crowd Delia sez the crooks do be thick."

"Divil a doubt av that," assented the other.

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"I've known many a pocket imptied here. Is your pile in your vest or your coat?"

"I have it in me tail pocket," answered Jerry, "but niver will me hand lave go av it at the circus, an' that I promised Delia."

At this MacCarthy Rudh got separated from Jerry and wedged in between some women huddled together. Jerry saw him in a moment, across the lobby, directing a couple of foreigners. He helped them to push through the crowd and then worked his way back to his "cousin."

At the window Jerry would have bought his own ticket. "Divil a nip do you pay today," said the city friend. "And kape hould av that wallet: it's easy it'd be lifted from you here. I see Butterfinger Bill out there now sizin' up fat. No, Jerry, me lad, I am personally conducting you this day and keepin' your money together for you, in honor av the good times the grandfathers av us had on many a Fair Day, God rest their bones."

Jerry's heart was beating eagerly as they went in and got the first scent of the wet sawdust, and the keen odors of the wild beasts. He trembled excitedly as the dull roar broke on his ears—the strange sounds of animals, the jargon of people. The camels fascinated him. "Wisha, God knows they look as if they could raymimber the beginning av the wurrld. It's both wise and tired they seem. Sure, I saw that look wance on the face av a wise woman av Ballyshee. This woman was one that could foresee things and bring down charrms. They said she was a changeling baby left in a Killarney cradle."

The monkeys which his friend fed with munificent store of peanuts were a delight. "That end fellow he is the dead spit av Dennis Clancey av Kilmichael; and the little wan could be Timothy Mulligan himself whin he gets a joke on a neighbor. Sure, it 'ud be only another grind av a machine to make the likes av thim into people with shilleghas instead av tails," quoth Jerry, unconsciously putting himself in class with Wallace and Darwin as a discoverer of Evolution.

The hippopotamus he thought "a slouch av a craythe r, good for nothing but maybe to thramp down a road." The elephant he declared could be tidied up a bit to his own advantage, and the giraffe must have "found it convaynient during the flood to kape a lookout for the rest." But at none of their cages was he willing to tarry. It was for the lion he panted. "Let us make haste to the lion's dure," he kept entreating. "It is the lion av St. Jerome brought me here today."

And around a corner they came upon the gilded cage, and there stood the superb male lion alert and tawny, and looking a wild welcome into Jerry's awed eyes.

Involuntarily Jerry lifted his hat and crossed himself with a little quick zigzag. "God bless you, lion, dear," he said, forgetful of curious onlookers and elate with the feeling of prayer he had at early mass on Sunday. "And you are the craythe r St. Jerome leads around. Sure, it's only a fine man could be the master av you. I have waited long to get acquainted with you meself. An' her inside is your mate. Well, you had good taste in pickin' her out. I'd like to see the both av yous out an' leapin' or lazein' free in your long yallow desert. It's a shame to bring you here all cramped up like this—an animal that a saint himself tuk up for a companion." Jerry would have lingered here the rest of the day, but MacCarthy of Manhattan did not relish the attention that was being fixed upon him and his companion. By dint of tug and prod and pleading, Jerry finally was induced to move on, looking back over his shoulder to the lion with a confidential "Dominus Vobiscum"—the most sacred and sonorous and final utterance he knew.

To divert him his host MacCarthy led the way into the freak department. The midgets made him gasp with wonder. "The likes av thim little people ought to be put out under the hawthornes in the raths wid the fairy races," he said earnestly, "instead av in here shut from fields and skies. Troth, an' I'd be azy persuaded they are dayscindants av thim that marched out av the fields av Ireland when the ould families were banished by Cromwell. Sure, we know they vanished, but where? Didn't my grandfather's uncle, Thige Haley, God rest him under the Shandon Bells, didn't he see a company av thim at full moon av a midsummer night takin' lave av the bogs an' glens they had always owned, an' startin' over the hills for lands unbeknownst, an' the air filled with their keen little cryin' and callin'——"

"Tut, tut, man, don't be talkin' such things in America. People 'ud only laugh at you. Your uncle maybe had had a sup av the mountain dew, an' the fairies he heard was the crickets in the grass an' the frogs in the rushes——"

"God forgive you, MacCarthy," ejaculated Jerry with commiseration. "It's your own forefathers 'ud cry you down if they heard you. Spake azy an' don't draw their wrath on uz. Faix, I hardly dare look at thim little ones there. Lookin' twice at wan av the Little People av Ireland was a good chance to go blind; but faith, they do dhraw the eyes av a man."

MacCarthy Rudh did not care to follow this dissertation. He muttered a word that sounded like "batty" and dragged his kinsman on.

Finally there was a mighty blare of the calliope; and the megaphone ordered all to their seats. "God bless us," gasped Jerry, "'tis that fellow has the voice in him that aiquils Gabriel's that'll wake us on the Last Day."

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They filed to their seats in the front row, Jerry clutching his pocket-book. The ring was full of grotesques preluding the performance proper—bewildered country folk looking for seats; men walking on stilts, or riding backwards on donkeys, or struggling on bicycles that came to pieces. The clown in his gorgeous inflation of thigh and arm, his robe covered with cryptic symbols dating perhaps from Aryan ceremonies, was lurching about unsteadily, speaking to people here and there in the audience. He singled out the responsive countenance of Jerry and called mournfully, "I've lost my wife. Did you see her anywhere?"

"Wisha, God knows," answered Jerry. "It's many a fine woman is here. What was she like at all, at all?"

There was an ecstatic shout from the listeners near, and a flush of mortification on the face of the city MacCarthy.

"Say no more," hissed the cicerone. "They are laughing at you. Don't you see?"

"Musha, it's azy enough to lose a woman here," said Jerry unperturbed. "An' phwat harrum to answer a civil question?"

Presently the nondescripts vanished and the grand Oriental pageant swept by—"the kings and queens av the wurrld," Jerry told Delia, "with diamonds and rubies like white and red currants on the bushes, an' horses under thim so proud it was a sin."

The tight-rope performance distressed him; why should these persons risk their lives walking on clothes-lines, and hanging from towel-racks? "It's no fit business for a woman anyhow," Jerry commented. "The time they put in gettin' the hang av that thrade would make thim good cooks in a comfortable kitchen wid a full dhress to their backs."

The tricks of the animals did not amaze him. He did not know but that walking on balls was an elephant's mode of locomotion in the jungle, and hadn't he seen many a pig in the ould country so intelligent that he would almost spake wid you, an' company for the whole house wid his knowin' ways?" On the whole the performance bored him as well as MacCarthy Rudh, who confessed that he enjoyed mixing free with the crowd, but not sitting "on his behavior" in a row, packed like herrings on a string.

The crowd closed around them as they came out, at five o'clock, and Jerry clutched the coat-tail pocket containing the pudgy purse.

"Well, what next, me brave bouchal," said the guide and friend.

"I'm obliged to you, I am indeed," replied Jerry, "for treating me like a prince this day and loading me wid compliments; but now I'll be takin' the thrain for home, if you'll turn me towards me thrack."

He was thinking that it was milking time now, as the sun was slipping off, and Delia would have to do the milking, and that little new milch mooley was like as not to kick at a strange hand on her bag. It was a shame for him to put that danger on Delia, and her not used to cows this many a day.

But the friendly lion—he was glad he had seen him at last. How was it that people called lions fierce? Sure, this wan had a mild soft look on him, av thim thinkin' great thoughts.

As he mused, MacCarthy of Ballyshee had bought an evening paper and was looking at the time-table. "The next train goes at 6.30," announced the kinsman. "There's time and to spare for that," and he seemed loth to let Jerry go.

They had stopped in front of a large window full of men's clothing with red placards inscribed, "Fire-sale," "Cut to the Quick," "Come in and carry them off."

"What would you think," asked city MacCarthy, "av stepping into this Emporium av misery to see if they'd have a suit av clothes to your mind we could take out of their way? Sure, it's many sheep was sheared since the cloth on you grew."

"Thrue for you," said Jerry, "Delia does be always tormintin' me to get a new suit, for the shamrock, she sez, do be sprouting on this. In God's name, let us go in. I'm sorry to take advantage av any man's misfortunes, but the owner seems implorin' people to clane up the lavin's."

The two walked in. The clerk, sizing up Jerry, would have offered a cheap shoddy. "No, no, Abraham, me hearty," interposed MacCarthy Rudh, "none av your cotton broadcloth for uz, an' none av your hand-me-downs from your fire before last. Give me a good diagonal, something now that'll touch the man's body. You won't find a better pair av shoulders in New York than thim two to spread your stock on. Here, Jerry, peel off your coat an' let Isaac do his endayvors on a figger av a man from the place where good figgers are built."

He helped Jerry pull off the venerable garment, flinging it carelessly over his own arm, while he stood shouting objections and directions as the minions of the store fetched and carried garments at his orders.

"Good," he approved at last, as the slender shoulders were covered by a garment to his taste. "Twenty-five dollars and fifty cents? Arrah, be azy. Fifteen dollars I'll give you for this and deliver it to us now. Yes, I understand, Jacob, you are doing alms by selling this way.

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These fires and floods that folly you up and these donations to the public ought to put you in the Poor Farm; but fifteen dollars is my limit."

Jerry was aghast at even the lower price, declaring it to be impossible, and he began to explain about the widowed sister, but MacCarthy Rudh would not hear a word.

"Your company to me this day is worth more to me than this dhrib," he cried munificently. "Let this be a token av rayspect to the dead and gone MacCarthys that wore the frieze of County Munster. An' do you kape the new suit on your back, Jerry, an' go home to thim like a gentleman. We'll have this ould wan put in a bundle for you to carry. Come on, Moses, do me a nate package av this wid a handle to it. I'll go wid you to see it done right."

When the two emerged from the store, MacCarthy Rudh bent every energy to getting his country cousin on a car started for home. He would listen to no thanks. "No, no," he said, "I want to be sure that you are dhressed worthy av thim in the Kilmichael graveyard. I'll get pay enough through matin' up wid you this day, an' don't you be consarned.

"An' here is your thrain puffin' to carry you. Do you jump on the platform while I buy your ticket. No, no, this is my town an' I do be doin' the honors in the name av the MacCarthys livin' an' dead."

As he thrust the ticket into Jerry's hand, he said, "Now, do you go in an' pick yourself a good seat and have little conversation wid any wan. 'Mum' is the word that is best in the thraveler's mouth. Raymimber me kindly to Delia an' tell her to come wid you herself next time. Good-by to ye, an' never let the mimory av this day go from you."

It was nine o'clock when Delia, listening eagerly, at last heard the footsteps she had persuaded herself she would never hear again.

"An' is the lion-tamer home from his rangin'? she cried, with joy in her voice, standing in the kitchen door with the lamp in her hand, her best black alpaca dress on, her bog-oak pin in her collar, and her black hair banded like satin.

"He is that," called Jerry, "after a day fit for a king. An' sure, Delia, that lion met me like an ould friend, an' him that noble an' razonable you'd think he'd make a speech like Danyell O'Connell. I am glad I saw him, but thanks be to God I'm home again and fine contented to stay."

"Come in, come in," beamed Delia, as he lingered scraping his boots. "Glory be, what magic has come over the looks av you," and she stared at the new suit in amazement. "What miracle is this? Sure, you had only fifty cents to spare after your expenses. How came you by the clothes av a millionaire?"

And then Jerry poured out the story of his meeting a man of the MacCarthys, a fifth cousin —"A fine open-hearted man," he dilated. "Sure, the day didn't cost me a cent. He paid me way to dinner, an' to the circus, an' home on the thrain, an' he pressed this illigant suit on me, an' all in mimory av the MacCarthys whose blood is in us both."

"Wisha, but fifth cousins is the skim milk to give such fine cream," observed Delia, a little jealous of this new idol. "Cousins beyant the degree av consanguinity it mentions in the Catechism!—it don't seem natural for such to warm up to aich other in that way, Jerry. An' still, he done you a good turn. An' did you throw away your old suit in your prosperity, an' your own bit av money, did you bring that home safe?"

"I never opened me wallet," triumphed Jerry. "'Tis safe in me old coat-tail pocket in this bundle they tied so nate for me," and he untied the package to show it intact. But in the coat-tail pocket—Jerry whitened as he drew it out under Delia's searching, scathing eyes—there was only a carefully folded evening paper of just the dimensions of the portly wallet from Bandon.

"God betune us an' harrm," he whispered. "It was there when we went into the store. I well raymimber the feel av it as I stood at the door. It never left the pocket without the hard pull. The coat was never out av me hand, but when I was fitting on the suit, an' then MacCarthy himself was holdin' it."

"Maybe it's a paper that you tuk from here," suggested Delia, "an' left your purse behind you upstairs."

"Faith, it's not," said Jerry emphatically, as he opened the paper. "It's the very same paper MacCarthy bought off av an Italian lad loaded down with the like. I raymimber well this picther av a man hangin' on a gallus on the first leaf, and this large red print 'Jerked to Glory,' standin' alongside av it."

"Jerry," cried Delia impressively, "only the mercy av God, maybe jogged in his mimory by your St. Jerome, has brought you back safe. That MacCarthy was the villyun av the wurrld——"

"But, Delia," protested the bewildered victim, "in the name av St. Pathrick, how did he ever know I was a MacCarthy in the first place, an' why would he think the likes av me was carrying a little fortune in me coat-tail pocket?"

"Sure, villyuns like thim has their eyes peeled for phlunder. He got your name from the invelop from your cousin Dennis you say you let fall, an' he thought the bulk av the wallet he caught the wan glimpse av would mane full an' plinty

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av money, an' so he stuck to you thryin' to find manes av gettin' the wallet you held onto. 'Twas for the black threachery he enticed the coat off av you an' thin put in his tidy paper to feel all right in its place, an' you conversin' innocintly wid the clarks av the store."

"God forgive me," cried Jerry, "for me pride that wanted to carry me little fortune wid me. 'Tis that divil's pride has robbed me poor sisther av her rint on Barrett's plowland, an' her childher av their porridge an' clothes. 'Tis a pinance on me. But that don't feed the hungry an' cover the naked—how can I make it up to thim, God forgive me?"

"You had the fair warnin' av danger, Jerry," said Delia, mercilessly rubbing in the rue. "It's a wonder your food wasn't poisoned in the restaurant by that blaggard, or you sand-bagged an' trun in the river an' niver seen again."

Jerry had no defence. He sat, the picture of misery, hurt to the quick and humbled by adversity. Even the memory of the lion had lost its virtue. To find out you have loved one who was only "deludhering" you, is to experience the shock of stepping on air and nothingness, when you have expected foothold of granite.

"Arrah wirra, but he was the companionable man, that bloody scoundrel," Jerry deplored. "Phy thin did he load me with compliments an' prisents only to rob me av me widowed sisther's money? An' not alone the money, but that wallet itself that I had from me brother Barry at Bandon as we was partin'? An' in it was prayers and acts and meditations I've been pickin' up since I was confirmed. An' there was all thim fine ould ballads, 'The Banks av Corrigbee,' an' 'Irish Molly O,' an' twinty other 'Come-all-yees.' Ochone, an' poor indade he has left me av money an' thresure!"

"Thrue for you, an' Sin an' Death hung over you the day long," agreed Delia, a Cassandra somewhat consoled by her own prescience. "I had warnings in me dreams for three nights last week. An' the house was full av tokens all day. Fido howled till there was no rist, an' a bone wouldn't hush him; an' the speckled hin crew three times. 'Tis I kep' the rosaries and litanies goin' for you till I heard you back at the gate."

"But your prayers didn't hould the money for me, Delia," responded Jerry a little ungratefully. "Why wouldn't it have been as azy to thim above to save me money for the widdy an' orphans as to lave it go to a black villyun like that MacCarthy?"

"Well, thin, Jerry," quoth Delia with conviction, "there's some things so simple the saints don't need to bother their minds wid thim. They expect some sinse in people below. It was put into me heart all along, by your hard-worked guardian angel, as like as not, that you was bound to be plundhered. So this morning, an' it seems tin years ago now, up I goes to your room as you was milkin' the cow, an' I grabs your pocket-book an' takes out all but four dollars av your money to kape for you as I asked you to do yourself. An' here in the tea-cannister is the money just as I found it, safe an' sure for you. You had giv' me your word, Jerry, not to open that hasp, an' I knew you wouldn't miss the money all day, an' I was goin' to watch my chanst to steal it back an' say nothin'. So glory be, there is your money in spite av yoursilf."

Jerry had listened in joyous amazement, and he grasped the bills wrapped and tied as he had left them, and counted them with little gasps and gurgles, and then clasped Delia's two hands in his own.

"The money safe after all," he cried, his spirits lark-glad. "Arrah wisha, Delia, 'tis you has the head av a gineral on you. Phat 'ud I do widout you at all, at all, now? Sure, my mind was runnin' back to you all day long. That villyun MacCarthy—I misdoubt faix that he was a MacCarthy at all, but maybe wan av thim Orangemin playin' to be av a daycint family—but sez he, 'Raymimber me kindly to Delia, an' tell her to come wid you herself next time.' He saw I needed care, an' God knows I do. Wisha, Delia, thin, would you take the job for good an' all?"

Delia's face had flushed and softened to girlish sweetness. "Sure, Jerry, you do bewildther me," she said, really surprised, although she had served seven years hoping some day to hear this same invitation. "But 'tis I will be good an' true to you, an' not spare you advice, an' plaze God we'll have the banns called next Sunday."

As they sat drinking their tea, after a blissful supper of Delia's best, Father Callan came in to hear of the lion. Jerry poured out his impressions and adventures, ending with the theft of the wallet told in dramatic recital.

The priest listened with keen interest. But at the story of the lost wallet, Father Callan, to Jerry's surprise, showed neither grief nor wrath. Instead, the kitchen rang with the priest's laughter.

"So, Jerry, my boy, instead of the crook's working you, you worked the crook," he cried, laughing again and again. "You and Delia and St. Jerome worked the poor crook for nearly forty dollars. By the fighting St. Michael, I'd like to have seen that light-fingered lad when he found, after his strenuous day, instead of the golden reward of industry and courtesy, only the Bandon wallet full of songs and prayers. Jerry, Jerry," he roared, "I little thought the likes of you was going down to work the crooks of New York."

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EDITORIAL

THE KUROPATKIN MEMOIRS

The publication in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE of General Kuropatkin's History of the Russo-Japanese War has elicited a storm of newspaper controversy in Europe. Reviews have come into the office of this magazine by hundreds, and all the great Continental newspapers have published digests and summaries of the articles.

Mr. Kennedy, the Associate Press Correspondent, writes from Tokio:

"MY DEAR MR. McCLURE:

"Allow me to congratulate you and thank you. The Kuropatkin thing has taken the whole place by storm out here, and with a little more judicious advertising you will have to send about twenty times the number of magazines to Japan, and I doubt if that would fill the order. Every vernacular paper has taken the thing up. I sent my two copies to-day to Komura at Denison's request. They had cabled to San Francisco from the Foreign Office, but Denison said I would help them if I let them have my copies and they would pay me back. The foreign newspapers, too, are reprinting large wads of the stuff, and altogether it is quite cheerful to see the avidity with which it is being gobbled up in all languages."

La Guerre Sociale, of Paris, says:

"As in all wars, one suspected that the one which set Russia and Japan against each other had some unclean secret history.

"To-day we have the evidence itself. In an essay appearing in the American review, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, General Kuropatkin reveals the true origin of that butchery."

The Swiss *Libérale* (Neuchâtel) prefaces a long digest of the first Kuropatkin article as follows:

"The sensation of the day is the first installment of the Memoirs of General Kuropatkin, published in an American review, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

"Kuropatkin's revelations of the immediate cause of the Russo-Japanese War provoked in Russia a redoubling of wrath against the responsible authors of that tragic adventure. These are some of the high personages of the Emperor's entourage. The Imperial family itself is bespatted. The Tsar presents therein his usual figure of a man, good, but weak and deceived, whom unscrupulous people drag along in their machinations. . . .

"Kuropatkin's revelations are going to be passionately exploited against the Russian autocracy and against the Camarilla which surrounds the Tsar and the grand dukes."

Badische Landszeitung (Mannheim):

"Can one imagine any disclosure that would more strikingly picture the carelessness and light-mindedness of the court circles of Russia than this report of the Minister of War, who himself, even in his heavy anxiety, did not begin to realize the immensity of the catastrophe awaiting his country?

"These revelations of Kuropatkin are a proof that warnings in plenty were given to the influential circles of Russia and that they steered into destruction not blindly but with open eyes."

L'Intransigeant (Paris) says editorially:

"Kuropatkin publishes in America, after having put himself in shelter from the Imperial lightnings, a study of the Russian War which is destined to cause a sensation.

"From this study, from the documents that accompany it, and from the recitals there presented, one reaches the conclusion that the war was wanted, was rendered inevitable by speculators, by Russian stock jobbers who had the shrewdness to attach to their cause the grand dukes, the directors of Russian politics, and, as Kuropatkin affirms, the Emperor himself.

"The Russian stock jobbers lost Corea, but they made millions in the sale to the Russian army and navy of cannons which did not go off, of burned coat cloth, of bad coal, of oils floating on the top of barrels which were filled three-quarters with water."

The *Tablet* (London):

"It is small wonder that General Kuropatkin's memoirs have been suppressed in Russia. The extracts now published in America in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE confirm the worst suspicions as to the sordid origin of the war with Japan."

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